THE LUCUBRATIONS OF *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

VOL. IV.

THE LUCUBRATIONS OF *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq;

Revised and Corrected by the Author.

VOL. IV.

Οὐ χρὴ παννύχιον εὕδειν βουληφόρον ἄνδρα.

Homer.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARES

Lord Hallifax.

My LORD, *From the Hovel at* Hampton-Wick, April 7. 1711.

WHEN I first resolved upon doing my self this Honour, I could not but indulge a certain Vanity in dating from this little Covert, where I have frequently had the Honour of your Lordship's Company, and receive from you very many Obligations. The elegant Solitude of this Place, and

the greateſt Pleaſures of it I owe to its being ſo near thoſe Beautiful Mannors wherein you ſometimes reſide: It is not retiring from the World, but enjoying its moſt valuable Bleſſings, when a Man is permitted to ſhare in your Lordſhip's Converſations in the Country. All the bright Images which the Wits of paſt Ages have left behind them in their Writings, the noble Plans which the greateſt Stateſmen have laid down for Adminiſtration of Affairs, are equally the familiar Objects of your Knowledge. But what is peculiar to your Lordſhip above all the illuſtrious Perſonages that have appeared in any Age, is, that Wit and Learning have from your Example fallen into a new *Æra.* Your Patronage has produced thoſe Arts, which before ſhunned the Commerce of the World, into the Service of Life; and it is to you we owe that the Man of Wit has turned himſelf to be a Man of Buſineſs. The falſe Delicacy of Men of Ge-

nius, and the Objections which o-
thers were apt to inſinuate againſt
their Abilities for entring into Af-
fairs, have equally vaniſhed. And
Experience has ſhown, that Men of
Letters are not only qualify'd with
a greater Capacity, but alſo a grea-
ter Integrity in the Diſpatch of Bu-
ſineſs. Your own Studies have been
diverted from being the higheſt Or-
nament, to the higheſt Uſe to Man-
kind, and the Capacities which would
have rendered you the greateſt Poet
of your Age, have to the Advan-
tage of *Great Britain* been employ'd
in Purſuits which have made you
the moſt able and unbiaſſed Patriot.
A vigorous Imagination, an exten-
five Apprehenſion, and a ready Judg-
ment, have diſtinguiſhed you in all
the illuſtrious Parts of Adminiſtra-
tion, in a Reign attended with ſuch
Difficulties, that the ſame Talents
without the ſame Quickneſs in the
Poſſeſſion of them would have been
incapable of Conquering. The natural
Succeſs of ſuch Abilities has advan-

ced you to a Seat in that illustrious House, where you were received by a Crowd of your Relations. Great as you are in your Honours, and Personal Qualities, I know you will forgive, an humble Neighbour, the Vanity of pretending to a Place in your Friendship, and subscribing himself,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obliged, and

Most Devoted Servant,

Richard Steele.

THE

PREFACE.

IN the laſt Tatler I promiſed ſome Explanation of Paſſages and Perſons mention'd in this Work, as well as ſome Account of the Aſſiſtances I have had in the Performance. I ſhall do this in very few Words; for when a Man has no Deſign but to ſpeak plain Truth, he may ſay a great deal in a very narrow Compaſs. I have in the Dedication of the Firſt Volume made my Acknowledgments to Dr. Swift, whoſe pleaſant Writings, in the Name of Bickerſtaff, created an Inclination in the Town towards any Thing that could appear in the ſame Diſguiſe. I muſt acknowledge alſo, that at my firſt entring upon this Work, a certain uncommon Way of Thinking, and a Turn in Converſation peculiar to that agreeable Gentleman, rendered his Company very advantageous to one whoſe Imagination was to be continually employed upon obvious and common Subjects, though at the ſame Time obliged to treat of them in a new and unbeaten Method. His Verſes on the Shower in Town, and the Deſcription of the Morning, are Inſtances of the Happineſs of that Genius, which could raiſe ſuch Pleaſing Idea's upon Occaſions ſo barren to an ordinary In[illegible]

When

The Preface.

When I am upon the House of Bickerstaff, *I must not forget that Genealogy of the Family sent to me by the Post, and written, as I since understand, by Mr.* Twisden, *who died at th[e] Battle of* Mons, *and has a Monument in* West[m]inster-Abbey *suitable to the Respect wh[ich i]s due to his Wit and his Valour. Ther[e] are through the Course of the Work very [m]any Incidents which were written by un[kn]own Correspondents. Of this Kind is the Tal[e] in the Second* Tatler, *and the Epistle from [Mr.]* Downes *the Prompter, with others which were very well received by the Publick. But I have only one Gentleman, who will be nameless, to thank for any frequent Assistance to me, which indeed it would have been barbarous in him to have denied to one with whom he has lived in an Intimacy from Childhood, considering the great Ease with which he is able to dispatch the most entertaining Pieces of this Nature. This good Office he performed with such Force of Genius, Humour, Wit and Learning, that I fared like a distressed Prince wh[o ca]lls in a powerful Neighbour to his Aid; I [wa]s undone by my Auxiliary; when I had on[ce c]alled him in, I could not subsist without [D]ependance on him.*

The same Hand writ the distinguishing Characters of M[e]n and Women under the Names of Musi[ca]l Instr[um]ents, the Distress of the News-Writers, the [In]ventory of the Playhou[s]e, a[nd th]e Descr[ipti]on of the Thermometer, *which I cannot b[ut loo]k upon as the greatest Embellishments of this W[or]k.*

Thus

Thus far I thought necessary to say relating to the great Hands which have been concerned in these Volumes, with Relation to the Spirit and Genius of the Work; and am far from pretending to Modesty in making this Acknowledgment. What a Man obtains from the good Opinion and Friendship of worthy Men, is a much greater Honour than he can possibly reap from any Accomplishments of his own. But all the Credit of Wit which was given me by the Gentlemen above-mentioned (with whom I have now accounted) has not been able to attone for the Exceptions made against me for some Raillery in Behalf of that learned Advocate for the Episcopacy of the Church, and the Liberty of the People, Mr. Hoadley. *I mention this only to defend my self against the Imputation of being moved rather by Party than Opinion; and I think it is apparent, I have with the utmost Frankness allowed Merit wherever I found it, though joined in Interests different from those for which I have declared my self. When my Favourite is acknowledged to be Dr.* Smalridge, *and the amiable Character of the Dean in the Sixty sixth* Tatler *drawn for Dr.* Atterbury, *I hope I need say no more as to my Impartiality.*

I really have acted in these Cases with Honesty, and am concerned it should be thought otherwise: For Wit, if a Man had it, unless it be directed to some useful End, is but a wanton frivolous Quality; all that one should value himself upon in this Kind is, that he had some honourable Intention in it.

As

As for this Point, never Hero in Romance was carried away with a more furious Ambition to conquer Giants and Tyrants, than I have been in extirpating Gamesters and Duellists. And indeed, like one of those Knights too, though I was calm before, I am apt to fly out again, when the Thing that first disturbed me is presented to my Imagination. I shall therefore leave off when I am well, and fight with Windmills no more: Only shall be so Arrogant as to say of my self, that in Spite of all the Force of Fashion and Prejudice, in the Face of all the World, I alone bewailed the Condition of an English *Gentleman, whose Fortune and Life are at this Day precarious; while His Estate is liable to the Demands of Gamesters, through a false Sense of Justice; and to the Demands of Duellists, through a false Sense of Honour. As to the First of these Orders of Men, I have not one Word more to say of them: As to the latter, I shall conclude all I have more to offer aginst them (with Respect to their being prompted by the Fear of Shame) by applying to the Duellist what I think Dr.* South *says somewhere of the Lyar,* He is a Coward to Man, and a Brave to God.

THE

THE [N° 190.

TATLER:

BY

Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq*;

4 VOL. IV.

——*Timeo Danaos & Dona ferentes.* Virg.

From *Saturday June* 24. to *Tueſday June* 27. 1710.

Sheer-Lane, June 26.

THERE are ſome Occaſions in Life, wherein Regards to a Man's ſelf is the moſt pitiful and contemptible of all Paſſions; and ſuch a Time certainly is when the true publick Spirit of a Nation is run into a Faction againſt their Friends and Benefactors. I have hinted heretofore ſome Things which diſcover the real Sorrow I am in at the Obſervation, that it is now very much ſo in *Great Britain*, and have had the Honour to be pelted with ſeveral Epiſtles to expoſtulate with me on that Subject. Among others, one from a Perſon of the Number of thoſe they call *Quakers*, who ſeems to admoniſh me out of pure Zeal and Good-will. But as there is no Character ſo unjuſt as that of talking in Party upon all Occaſions, without Reſpect to Merit or Worth on the

contrary Side, so there is no Part we can act so justifiable as to speak our Mind when we see Things urged to Extremity, against all that is Praise-worthy or valuable in Life, upon general and groundless Suggestions. But if I have talked too frankly upon such Reflections, my Correspondent has laid before me, in his Way, the Error of it in a Manner that makes me indeed thankful for his Kindness, but the more inclinable to repeat the Imprudence from the Necessity of the Circumstance.

Friend *Isaac*, *The 23d of the 6th Month, which is the Month* June.

'FOrasmuch as I love thee, I cannot any longer refrain declaring my Mind unto thee concerning some Things. Thou didst thy self indite the Epistle inserted in one of thy late Lucubrations, as thou wouldst have us call them: For verily thy Friend of Stone, and I speak according to Knowledge, hath no Fingers; and tho' he hath a Mouth, yet speaketh he not therewith; nor yet did that Epistle at all come unto thee from the Mansion-house of the Scarlet Whore. It is plain therefore, that the Truth is not in thee: But since thou wouldst lye, couldst thou not lye with more Discretion? Wherefore shouldst thou insult over the Afflicted, or add Sorrow unto the Heavy of Heart? Truly this Gall proceedeth not from the Spirit of Meekness. I tell thee moreover, the People of this Land be marvellously given to Change; insomuch that it may lightly come to pass, that before thou art many Years nearer to thy Dissolution, thou mayst behold him sitting on a high Place whom thou now laughest to Scorn: And then how wilt thou be glad to humble thy self to the Ground, and lick the Dust of his Feet, that thou mayst find Favour in his Sight? If thou didst meditate as much upon the Word as

' thou

'thou dost upon the prophane Scribblings of the
'wise Ones of this Generation, thou wouldst have
'remembred what happened unto *Shimei*, the
'Son of *Gera* the *Benjamite*, who cursed the
'good Man *David* in his Distress. *David* par-
'doned his Transgression, yet was he afterwards
'taken as in a Snare by the Words of his own
'Mouth, and fell by the Sword of *Solomon* the
'chief Ruler. Furthermore, I do not remember
'to have heard in the Days of my Youth and
'Vanity, when, like thine, my Conversation
'was with the Gentiles, that the Men of *Rome*,
'which is *Babylon*, ever sued unto the Men of
'*Carthage* for Tranquility, as thou dost aver:
'Neither was *Hannibal*, the Son of *Hamilcar*,
'called Home by his Countrymen, till these saw
'the Sword of their Enemies at their Gates;
'And then was it not Time for him, thinkest
'thou, to return? It appeareth therefore that
'thou dost prophesy backwards, thou dost row
'one Way, and look another; and indeed in all
'Things art thou too much a Time-server; yet
'seemest thou not to consider what a Day may
'bring forth. Think of this, and take Tobacco.

Thy Friend,

Aminadab.

If the zealous Writer of the above Letter has any Meaning, it is of too high a Nature to be the Subject of my Lucubrations. I shall therefore wave such high Points, and be as useful as I can to Persons of less Moment than any he hints at. When a Man runs into a little Fame in the World, as he meets with a great deal of Reproach which he does not deserve, so does he also a great deal of Esteem to which he has in himself no Pretensions. Were it otherwise, I am sure no one would offer to put a Law-Case to me: But because I am an Adept in Physick and Astrology,

they will needs perſwade me that I am no leſs Proficient in all other Sciences. However, the Point mentioned in the following Letter is ſo plain a one, that I think I need not trouble my ſelf to caſt a Figure to be able to diſcuſs it.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*,

‘IT is ſome Years ago ſince the Entail of the ‘Eſtate of our Family was altered, by paſſing ‘a Fine in Favour of me (who now am in Poſ‘ſeſſion of it) after ſome others deceaſed. The ‘Heirs-General, who live beyond Sea, were ex‘cluded by this Settlement, and the whole Eſtate ‘is to paſs in a new Channel after me and my ‘Heirs. Bnt ſeveral Tenants of the Lordſhip ‘perſwade me to let them hereafter hold their ‘Lands of me according to the old Cuſtoms of ‘the Barony, and not oblige them to act by the ‘Limitations of the laſt Settlement. This, they ‘ſay, will make me more popular among my ‘Dependants, and the ancient Vaſſals of the ‘Eſtate, to whom any Deviation from the Line ‘of Succeſſion is always invidious.

Yours, &c.

SIR, *Sheer-Lane, June* 24.

‘YOU have by the Fine a plain Right, in ‘which none elſe of your Family can be your ‘Competitor; for which Reaſon, by all Means ‘demand Vaſſalage upon that Title. The con‘trary Advice can be given for no other Purpoſe ‘in Nature but to betray you, and favour other ‘Pretenders, by making you place a Right which ‘is in you only, upon a Level with a Right ‘which you have in common with others. I ‘am,

SIR,

Your moſt Faithful
Servant till Death,

I. B.

There

There is nothing so dangerous or so pleasing, as Compliments made to us by our Enemies: And my Correspondent tells me, That though he knows several of those who give him this Counsel were at first against passing the Fine in Favour of him; yet he so touched with their Homage to him, that he can hardly believe they have a Mind to set it aside, in order to introduce the Heirs-General into his Estate.

These are great Evils; but since there is no proceeding with Success in this World, without complying with the Arts of it, I shall use the same Method as my Correspondent's Tenants did with him, in Relation to one whom I never had a Kindness for; but shall, notwithstanding, presume to give him my Advice.

Isaac Bickerstaff *Esq*; *of* Great Britain, *to* Lewis XIV. *of* France.

SIR,

"YOUR Majesty will pardon me while I take the Liberty to acquaint you, that some Passages written from your Side of the Water do very much obstruct your Interests. We take it very unkindly that the Prints of *Paris* are so very partial in Favour of one Set of Men among us, and treat the others as irreconcileable to your Interests. Your Writers are very large in recounting any Thing which relates to the Figure and Power of one Party, but are dumb when they should represent the Actions of the other. This is a trifling Circumstance many here are apt to lay some Stress upon; therefore I thought fit to offer it to your Consideration before you dispatch the next Courier.

I. B.

The TATLER. [N° 191.

——*Propter Vitam vivendi perdere Causas.* Juv.

From *Tuesday June* 27. to *Thursday June* 29. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 28.

OF all the Evils under the Sun, that of making Vice commendable is the greatest: For it seems to be the Basis of Society, that Applause and Contempt should be always given to proper Objects. But in this Age we behold Things for which we ought to have an Abhorrence, not only received without Disdain, but even valued as Motives of Emulation. This is naturally the Destruction of Simplicity of Manners, Openness of Heart, and Generosity of Temper. When one gives ones self the Liberty to range, and run over in ones Thoughts the different Genius's of Men which one meets in the World, one cannot but observe, that most of the Indirection and Artifice which is used among Men, does not proceed so much from a Degeneracy in Nature, as an Affectation of appearing Men of Consequence by such Practices. By this Means it is, that a cunning Man is so far from being ashamed of being esteemed such, that he secretly rejoices in it. It has been a Sort of Maxim, That the greatest Art is to conceal Art; but I know not how, among some People we meet with, their greatest Cunning is to appear cunning. There is *Polypragmon* makes it the whole Business of his Life to be thought a cunning Fellow, and thinks it a much greater Character to be terrible than agreeable. When it has once enter'd into a Man's Head to have an Ambition to be thought crafty, all other Evils are necessary Consequences. To deceive,

deceive, is the immediate Endeavour of him who is proud of the Capacity of doing it. It is certain, *Polypragmon* does all the Ill he possibly can, but pretends to much more than he performs. He is contented in his own Thoughts, and hugs himself in his Closet, that though he is locked up there and doing nothing, the World does not know but that he is doing Mischief. To favour this Suspicion, he gives Half-Looks and Shrugs in his general Behaviour, to give you to understand that you don't know what he means. He is also wonderfully adverbial in his Expressions, and breaks off with a Perhaps and a Nod of the Head, upon Matters of the most indifferent Nature. It is a mighty Practice with Men of this Genius to avoid frequent Appearance in Publick, and to be as mysterious as possible when they do come into Company. There is nothing to be done, according to them, the common Way; and let the Matter in Hand be what it will, it must be carried with an Air of Importance, and transacted, if we may so speak, with an ostentatious Secrecy. These are your Persons of long Heads, who would fain make the World believe their Thoughts and Idea's are very much superior to their Neighbours, and do not value what these their Neighbours think of them, provided they do not reckon them Fools. These have such a Romantick Touch in Business, that they hate to perform any Thing like other Men. Were it in their Choice, they had rather bring their Purposes to bear by over-reaching the Persons they deal with, than by a plain and simple Manner. They make Difficulties for the Honour of surmounting them. *Polypragmon* is eternally busied after this Manner, with no other Prospect than that he is in Hopes to be thought the most cunning of all Men, and fears the Imputation of Want of Understanding much more than that of the Abuse of it. But alas! How contemptible is

ſuch an Ambition, which is the very Reverſe of all that is truly laudable; and the very Contradiction to the only Means to a juſt Reputation, Simplicity of Manners? Cunning can in no Circumſtance imaginable be a Quality worthy a Man, except in his own Defence, and meerly to conceal himſelf from ſuch as are ſo; and in ſuch Caſes it is no longer Craft, but Wiſdom. The monſtrous Affectation of being thought artful, immediately kills all Thoughts of Humanity and Goodneſs, and gives Men a Senſe of the ſoft Affections and Impulſes of the Mind (which are imprinted in us for our mutual Advantage and Succour) as of meer Weakneſſes and Follies. According to the Men of Cunning, you are to put off the Nature of a Man as faſt as you can, and acquire that of a Dæmon, as if it were a more eligible Character to be a powerful Enemy, than an able Friend. But it ought to be a Mortification to Men affected this Way, that there wants but little more than Inſtinct to be conſiderable in it; for when a Man has arrived at being very bad in his Inclination, he has not much more to do, but to conceal himſelf, and he may revenge, cheat, and deceive, without much Employment for Underſtanding, and go on with great Chearfulneſs with the high Applauſe of being a prodigious cunning Fellow. But indeed, when we arrive at that Pitch of falſe Taſte, as not to think Cunning a contemptible Quality, it is, methinks, a very great Injuſtice that Pickpockets are had in ſo little Veneration, who muſt be admirably well turned, not only for the Theoretick, but alſo the Practical Behaviour of cunning Fellows. After all the Endeavour of this Family of Men, whom we call cunning, their whole Work falls to Pieces, if others will lay down all Eſteem for ſuch Artifices, and treat it as an unmanly Quality, which they forbear to practiſe only becauſe they abhor it. When the Spider is ranging in the

the different Apartments of his Web, it is true that he only can weave so fine a Thread; but it is in the Power of the meerest Drone that has Wings to fly through and destroy it.

Will's Coffee-house, June 28.

Tho' the Taste of Wit and Pleasure is at present but very low in this Town, yet there are some that preserve their Relish undebauched with common Impressions, and can distinguish between Reality and Imposture. A Gentleman was saying here this Evening, That he would go to the Play to Morrow Night to see Heroism, as it has been represented by some of our Tragedians, represented in Burlesque. It seems, the Play of *Alexander* is to be then turned into Ridicule for its Bombast, and other false Ornaments in the Thought as well as the Language. The Bluster *Alexander* makes, is as much inconsistent with the Character of an Hero, as the Roughness of *Clytus* an Instance of the Sincerity of a bold artless Soldier. To be plain is not to be rude, but rather inclines a Man to Civility and Deference; nor indeed to show it in the Gestures of the Body, but in the Sentiments of the Mind. It is among other Things from the impertinent Figures unskilful Dramatists draw of the Characters of Men, that Youth are bewildered and prejudiced in their Sense of the World, of which they have no Notions but what they draw from Books and such Representations. Thus talk to a very young Man, let him be of never so good Sense, and he shall smile when you speak of Sincerity in a Courtier, good Sense in a Soldier, or Honesty in a Politician. The Reason of this is, That you hardly see one Play wherein each of these Ways of Life is not drawn by Hands that know nothing of any one of them: And the Truth is so far of the opposite Side to what they paint, that it is more impracticable to live in Esteem in Courts than any where else without Sincerity. Good

Senſe is the great Requiſite in a Soldier, and Honeſty the only Thing that can ſupport a Politician. This Way of Thinking made the Gentleman of whom I was juſt now ſpeaking ſay, He was glad any one had taken upon him to depreciate ſuch unnatural Fuſtian as the Tragedy of *Alexander*. The Character of that Prince indeed was, That he was unequal, and given to Intemperance; but in his ſober Moments, when he had warm in his Imagination the Precepts of his great Inſtructor, he was a Pattern of generous Thoughts and Diſpoſitions, in Oppoſition to the ſtrongeſt Deſires which are incident to a Youth and Conqueror. But inſtead of repreſenting that Hero in the glorious Character of Generoſity and Chaſtity, in his Treatment of the beauteous Family of *Darius*, he is drawn all along as a Monſter of Luſt, or of Cruelty; as if the Way to raiſe him to the Degree of an Hero, were to make his Character as little like that of a worthy Man as poſſible. Such rude and indigeſted Draughts of Things are the proper Objects of Ridicule and Contempt, and depreciating *Alexander*, as we have him drawn, is the only Way of reſtoring him to what he was in himſelf. It is well contrived of the Players to let this Part be followed by a true Picture of Life, in the Comedy call'd, *The Chances*, wherein Don *John* and *Conſtantia* are acted to the utmoſt Perfection. There need not be a greater Inſtance of the Force of Action than in many Incidents of this Play, where indifferent Paſſages, and ſuch that conduce only to the tacking of the Scenes together, are enlivened with ſuch an agreeable Geſture and Behaviour, as apparently ſhows what a Play might be, tho' it is not wholly what a Play ſhould be.

The

The TATLER. [N° 192.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens. Hor.

From *Thursd. June* 29. to *Saturd. July* 1. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 30.

SOme Years since I was engaged with a Coach full of Friends to take a Journey as far as the *Land's-End*. We were very well pleased with one another the first Day, every one endeavouring to recommend himself by his good Humour and Complaisance to the rest of the Company. This good Correspondence did not last long; one of our Party was sowred the very first Evening by a Plate of Butter which had not been melted to his Mind, and which spoiled his Temper to such a Degree, that he continued upon the Fret to the End of our Journey. A Second fell off from his good Humour the next Morning, for no other Reason that I could imagine, but because I chanced to step into the Coach before him, and place my self on the shady Side. This however was but my own private Guess, for he did not mention a Word of it, nor indeed of any Thing else, for Three Days following. The rest of our Company held out very near half the Way, when of a sudden Mr. *Sprightly* fell asleep; and instead of endeavouring to divert and oblige us, as he had hitherto done, carried himself with an unconcerned, careless, drowzy Behaviour, till we came to our last Stage. There were Three of us who still held up our Heads, and did all we could to make our Journey agreeable; but, to my Shame be it spoken, about Three Miles on this Side *Exeter*, I was taken with an unaccountable

Fit of Sullenneſs, that hung upon me for above Threeſcore Miles; whether it were for Want of Reſpect, or from an accidental Tread upon my Foot, or from a fooliſh Maid's calling me *The old Gentleman*, I cannot tell. In ſhort, there was but one who kept his good Humour to the *Land's-End*.

There was another Coach that went along with us, in which I likewiſe obſerved, that there were many ſecret Jealouſies, Heart-burnings, and Animoſities: For when we joined Companies at Night, I could not but take Notice, that the Paſſengers neglected their own Company, and ſtudied how to make themſelves eſteemed by us, who were altogether Strangers to them; till at length they grew ſo well acquainted with us, that they liked us as little as they did one another. When I reflect upon this Journey, I often fancy it to be a Picture of Humane Life, in Reſpect to the ſeveral Friendſhips, Contracts, and Alliances, that are made and diſſolved in the ſeveral Periods of it. The moſt delightful and moſt laſting Engagements are generally thoſe which paſs between Man and Woman; and yet upon what Trifles are they weakened, or entirely broken? Sometimes the Parties fly aſunder, even in the Midſt of Courtſhip, and ſometimes grow cool in the very Honey Month. Some ſeparate before the Firſt Child, and ſome after the Fifth; others continue good till Thirty, others till Forty; while ſome few, whoſe Souls are of an happier Make, and better fitted to one another, travel on together to the End of their Journey in a continual Intercourſe of kind Offices and mutual Endearments.

When we therefore chuſe our Companions for Life, if we hope to keep both them and our ſelves in good Humour to the laſt Stage of it, we muſt be extreamly careful in the Choice we make, as well as in the Conduct on our own

Part.

Part. When the Persons to whom we join our selves can stand an Examination, and bear the Scrutiny, when they mend upon our Acquaintance with them, and discover new Beauties the more we search into their Characters, our Love will naturally rise in Proportion to their Perfections.

But because there are very few possessed of such Accomplishments of Body and Mind, we ought to look after those Qualifications both in our selves and others, which are indispensibly necessary towards this happy Union, and which are in the Power of every one to acquire, or at least to cultivate and improve. These, in my Opinion, are Chearfulness and Constancy. A chearful Temper joined with Innocence, will make Beauty attractive, Knowledge delightful, and Wit good-natured. It will lighten Sickness, Poverty, and Affliction; convert Ignorance into an amiable Simplicity, and render Deformity it self agreeable.

Constancy is natural to Persons of even Tempers and uniform Dispositions, and may be acquired by those of the greatest Fickleness, Violence and Passion, who consider seriously the Terms of Union upon which they come together, the mutual Interest in which they are engaged, with all the Motives that ought to incite their Tenderness and Compassion towards those who have their Dependance upon them, and are embarked with them for Life in the same State of Happiness or Misery. Constancy, when it grows in the Mind upon Considerations of this Nature, becomes a Moral Virtue, and a kind of good Nature, that is not subject to any Change of Health, Age, Fortune, or any of those Accidents which are apt to unsettle the best Dispositions that are founded rather in Constitution than in Reason. Where such a Constancy as this is wanting, the most enflamed Passion may fall away into Coldness

neſs and Indifference, and the moſt melting Tenderneſs degenerate into Hatred and Averſion. I ſhall conclude this Paper with a Story that is very well known in the North of *England*.

About Thirty Years ago, a Packet-Boat that had ſeveral Paſſengers on Board was caſt away upon a Rock, and in ſo great Danger of ſinking, that all who were in it endeavoured to ſave themſelves as well at they could, though only thoſe who could ſwim well had a bare Poſſibility of doing it. Among the Paſſengers there were Two Women of Faſhion, who ſeeing themſelves in ſuch a diſconſolate Condition, begged of their Husbands not to leave them. One of them choſe rather to die with his Wife, than to forſake her; the other, though he was moved with the utmoſt Compaſſion for his Wife, told her, That for the Good of their Children it was better one of them ſhould live, than both periſh. By a great Piece of good Luck, next to a Miracle, when one of our good Men had taken the laſt and long Farewel in order to ſave himſelf, and the other held in his Arms the Perſon that was dearer to him than Life, the Ship was preſerved. It is with a ſecret Sorrow and Vexation of Mind that I muſt tell the Sequel of the Story, and let my Reader know, that this faithful Pair who were ready to have died in each others Arms, about Three Years after their Eſcape, upon ſome trifling Diſguſt, grew to a Coldneſs at firſt, and at length fell out to ſuch a Degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other Couple lived together in an uninterrupted Friendſhip and Felicity; and what was remarkable, the Husband whom the Shipwreck had like to have ſeparated from his Wife, died a few Months after her, not being able to ſurvive the Loſs of her.

I muſt confeſs, there is ſomething in the Changeableneſs and Inconſtancy of Humane Nature, that very often both dejects and terrifies

me.

me. Whatever I am at present, I tremble to think what I may be. While I find this Principle in me, How can I assure my self that I shall be always true to my God, my Friend, or my self? In short, without Constancy there is neither Love, Friendship, or Virtue, in the World.

The TATLER. [Nº 193.

Qui didicit Patriæ quid debeat, & quid Amicis,
Quo sit Amore Parens, quo Frater Amandus, & Hospes
Scribere Personæ scit Convenientia cuique. Hor.

From *Saturday July* 1. to *Tuesday July* 4. 1710.

Will's Coffee-house, July 3.

I Have of late received many Epistles, wherein the Writers treat me as a mercenary Person for some late Hints concerning Matters which they think I should not have touched upon but for sordid Considerations. It is apparent, that my Motive could not be of that Kind; for when a Man declares him self openly on one Side, that Party will take no more Notice of him, because he is sure; an d the Set of Men whom he declares against, for the same Reason are violent against him. Thus it is Folly in a Plain-Dealer to expect, that either his Friends will reward him, or his Enemies forgive him. For which Reason, I thought it was the shortest Way to Impartiality, to put my self beyond further Hopes or Fears, by declaring my self, at a Time when the Dispute is not about Persons and Parties, but Things and Causes. To relieve my self from the Vexation which naturally attends such Reflections, I came hither this Evening to give my Thoughts quite

quite a new Turn, and converse with Men of Pleasure and Wit, rather than those of Business and Intrigue. I had hardly entered the Room, when I was accosted by Mr. *Thomas Dogget*, who desired my Favour in Relation to the Play which was to be acted for his Benefit on *Thursday*. He pleased me in saying it was *The Old Batchelor*, in which Comedy there is a necessary Circumstance observ'd by the Author, which most other Poets either overlook or do not understand, that is to say, the Distinction of Characters. It is very ordinary with Writers to indulge a certain Modesty of believing all Men as witty as themselves, and making all the Persons of the Play speak the Sentiments of the Author, without any Manner of Respect to the Age, Fortune, or Quality, of him that is on the Stage. Ladies talk like Rakes, and Footmen make Similes: But this Writer knows Men. which makes his Plays reasonable Entertainments, while the Scenes of most others are like the Tunes between the Acts. They are perhaps agreeable Sounds, but they have no Idea's affixed to them. *Dogget* thanked me for my Visit to him in the Winter, and, after his Comick Manner, spoke his Request with so arch a Leer, that I promised the Drole I would speak to all my Acquaintance to be at his Play.

Whatever the World may think of the Actors, whether it be that their Parts have an Effect on their Lives, or whatever it is, you see a wonderful Benevolence among them towards the Interests and Necessities of each other. *Dogget* therefore would not let me go, without delivering me a Letter from poor old *Downes* the Prompter, wherein that Retainer to the Theatre desires my Advice and Assistance in a Matter of Concern to him. I have sent him my private Opinion for his Conduct; but the Stage and the State Affairs being so much canvassed by Parties and Factions, I shall for some Time hereafter take Leave of

of Subjects which relate to either of them, and employ my Care in the Consideration of Matters which regard that Part of Mankind who live without interesting themselves with the Troubles or Pleasures of either. However, for a meer Notion of the present Posture of the Stage, I shall give you the Letter at large as follows:

Honoured Sir, *July* 1. 1710.

'Finding by divers of your late Papers, that 'you are a Friend to the Profession of which 'I was many Years an unworthy Member, I the 'rather make bold to crave your Advice, touching a Proposal that has been lately made me of 'coming again into Business, and the Sub-Administration of Stage Affairs. I have, from my Youth, 'been bred up behind the Curtain, and been a 'Prompter from the Time of the Restoration. 'I have seen many Changes, as well of Scenes 'as of Actors, and have known Men within my 'Remembrance arrive to the highest Dignities 'of the Theatre, who made their Entrance in the 'Quality of Mutes, Joint-stools, Flower-pots, 'and Tapestry Hangings. It cannot be unknown 'to the Nobility and Gentry, That a Gentleman 'of the Inns of Court, and a deep Intriguer, 'had some Time since worked himself into the 'sole Management and Direction of the Theatre. 'Nor is it less notorious, That his restless Ambition, and subtle Machinations, did manifestly 'tend to the Extirpation of the good old *British* 'Actors, and the Introduction of foreign Pretenders; such as Harlequins, *French* Dancers, 'and *Roman* Singers; which, though they impoverish'd the Proprietors, and imposed on the 'Audience, were for some Time tolerated, by 'Reason of his dextrous Insinuations, which prevailed upon a few deluded Women, especially 'the Vizard Masks, to believe that the Stage 'was in Danger. But his Schemes were soon

'ex-

'exposed, and the Great Ones that supported 'him withdrawing their Favour, he made his 'Exit, and remained for a Season in Obscurity. 'During this Retreat the Machiavilian was not 'idle, but secretly fomented Divisions, and 'wrought over to his Side some of the inferior 'Actors, reserving a Trap Door to himself, to 'which only he had a Key. This Entrance se- 'cured, this cunning Person, to compleat his 'Company, bethought himself of calling in the 'most eminent of Strollers from all Parts of the 'Kingdom. I have seen them all ranged toge- 'ther behind the Scenes; but they are many of 'them Persons that never trod the Stage before, 'and so very aukward and ungainly, that it is 'impossible to believe the Audience will bear 'them. He was looking over his Catalogue of 'Plays, and indeed picked up a good tolerable 'Set of grave Faces for Counsellors, to appear 'in the famous Scene of *Venice Preserv'd*, when 'the Danger is over; but they being but meer 'Outsides, and the Actors having a great Mind 'to play *The Tempest*, there is not a Man of them, 'when he is to perform any Thing above Dumb 'Show, is capable of acting with a good Grace 'so much as the Part of *Trincalo*. However, the 'Master persists in his Design, and is fitting up 'the old Storm; but I am afraid he will not be 'able to procure able Sailors or experienced Offi- 'cers for Love or Money.

'Besides all this, when he comes to cast the 'Parts, there is so great a Confusion amongst them 'for Want of proper Actors, that for my Part I 'am wholly discouraged. The Play with which 'they design to open is, *The Duke and no Duke*; 'and they are so put to it, that the Master him- 'self is to act the Conjurer, and they have no 'one for the General but honest *George Powell*.

'Now, Sir, they being so much at a Loss for 'the *Dramatis Personæ*, viz. the Persons to enact,

'and

'and the whole Frame of the House being de-
'signed to be altered, I desire your Opinion,
'whether you think it advisable for me to un-
'dertake to prompt 'em? For though I can
'clash Swords when they represent a Battle, and
'have yet Lungs enough left to huzza their Victo-
'ries, I question, if I should prompt 'em right,
'whether they would act accordingly. I am

Your Honour's most humble Servant,

J. Downes.

'P. S. Sir, Since I writ this, I am credibly in-
'formed, That they design a new House in *Lin-
'colns-Inn-Fields*, near the Popish Chapel, to be
'ready by *Michaelmas* next; which indeed is but
'repairing an old one that has already failed.
'You know the honest Man who kept the Office
'is gone already.

The TATLER. [N° 194.

Militat omnis amans. Ovid.

From *Tuesday July* 4. to *Thursday July* 6. 1710.

From my own Apartment, July 5.

I Was this Morning reading the Tenth Canto in the Fourth Book of *Spencer*, in which Sir *Scudamore* relates the Progress of his Courtship to *Amoret* under a very beautiful Allegory, which is one of the most natural and unmixed of any in that most excellent Author. I shall transprose it, to use Mr. *Bays*'s Term, for the Benefit of many *English* Lovers, who have by frequent Letters desired me to lay down some Rules for the Conduct of their virtuous Amours; and shall only

only premiſe, That by the Shield of Love, is meant a generous, conſtant Paſſion for the Perſon beloved.

When the Fame, ſays he, of this celebrated Beauty firſt flew Abroad, I went in Purſuit of her to the *Temple of Love.* This Temple, continues he, bore the Name of the Goddeſs *Venus*, and was ſeated in a moſt fruitful Iſland, walled by Nature againſt all Invaders. There was a ſingle Bridge that led into the Iſland, and before it a Caſtle garriſon'd by Twenty Knights. Near the Caſtle was an open Plain, and in the midſt of it a Pillar, on which was hung the Shield of Love; and underneath it, in Letters of Gold, was this Inſcription:

Happy the Man who well can uſe his Bliſs;
Whoſe ever be the Shield, Fair Amoret *be his.*

My Heart panted upon reading the Inſcription: I ſtruck upon the Shield with my Spear. Immediately iſſued forth a Knight well mounted, and compleatly armed, who, without ſpeaking, ran fiercely at me. I received him as well as I could, and by good Fortune threw him out of the Saddle. I encountered the whole Twenty ſucceſſively, and leaving them all extended on the Plain, carried off the Shield in Token of Victory. Having thus vanquiſh'd my Rivals, I paſſed on without Impediment, till I came to the outermoſt Gate of the Bridge, which I found locked and barred. I knocked and called, but could get no Anſwer. At laſt I ſaw one on the other Side of the Gate, who ſtood peeping through a ſmall Crevice. This was the Porter; he had a double Face reſembling a *Janus*, and was continually looking about him, as if he miſtruſted ſome ſudden Danger. His Name, as I afterwards learned, was *Doubt*. Over-againſt him ſat *Delay*, who entertained Paſſengers with ſome idle Story, while they loſt ſuch Opportunities as were never

to

to be recovered. As ſoon as the Porter ſaw my Shield, he opened the Gate; but upon my entring, *Delay* caught hold of me, and would fain have made me liſten to her Fooleries. However, I ſhook her off, and paſſed forward till I came to the Second Gate, *The Gate of good Deſert*, which always ſtood wide open, but in the Porch was an hideous Giant, that ſtop'd the Entrance: His Name was *Danger*. Many Warriors of good Reputation, not able to bear the Sternneſs of his Look, went back again. Cowards fled at the firſt Sight of him, except ſome few, who watching their Opportunity, ſlipt by him unobſerv'd. I prepared to aſſault him; but upon the firſt Sight of my Shield, he immediately gave Way. Looking back upon him, I found his hinder Parts much more deformed and terrible than his Face; *Hatred, Murther, Treaſon, Envy*, and *Detraction*, lying in Ambuſh behind him, to fall upon the Heedleſs and Unwary.

I now entered *The Iſland of Love*, which appeared in all the Beauties of Art and Nature, and feaſted every Senſe with the moſt agreeable Objects. Amidſt a pleaſing Variety of Walks and Allies, ſhady Seats, and flowry Banks, ſunny Hills, and gloomy Valleys, were Thouſands of Lovers ſitting, or walking together in Pairs, and ſinging Hymns to the Deity of the Place.

I could not forbear envying this happy People, who were already in Poſſeſſion of all they could deſire. While I went forward to the Temple, the Structure was beautiful beyond Imagination. The Gate ſtood open. In the Entrance ſat a moſt amiable Woman, whoſe Name was *Concord*.

On either Side of her ſtood Two young Men, both ſtrongly armed, as if afraid of each other. As I afterwards learned they were both her Sons, but begotten of her by Two different Fathers; their Names, *Love* and *Hatred*.

The Lady so well tempered and reconciled them both, that she forced them to join Hands; tho' I could not but observe, that *Hatred* turned aside his Face, as not able to endure the Sight of his younger Brother.

I at length entered the Inmost Temple, the Roof of which was raised upon an Hundred Marble Pillars, decked with Crowns, Chains, and Garlands. The Ground was strowed with Flowers. An Hundred Altars, at each of which stood a Virgin Priestess cloathed in White, blazed all at once with the Sacrifice of Lovers, who were perpetually sending up their Vows to Heaven in Clouds of Incense.

In the Midst stood the Goddess her self, upon an Altar, whose Substance was neither Gold nor Stone, but infinitely more precious than either. About her Neck flew numberless Flocks of little *Loves*, *Joys*, and *Graces*; and all about her Altar lay scattered Heaps of *Lovers*, complaining of the Disdain, Pride, or Treachery, of their Mistresses. One among the rest, no longer able to contain his Griefs, broke out into the following Prayer:

'*Venus*, Queen of Grace and Beauty, Joy of ' Gods and Men, who with a Smile becalmest ' the Seas, and renewest all Nature; Goddess, ' whom all the different Species in the Universe ' obey with Joy and Pleasure, grant I may at last ' obtain the Object of my Vows.

The impatient Lover pronounced this with great Vehemence; but I in a soft Murmur besought the Goddess to lend me her Assistance. While I was thus praying, I chanced to cast my Eye on a Company of Ladies, who were assembled together in a Corner of the Temple waiting for the Anthem.

The foremost seemed something elder, and of a more composed Countenance than the rest, who all appeared to be under her Direction. Her Name was *Womanhood*. On one Side of her sat

Shame-

Shamefacedneſs, with Bluſhes riſing in her Cheeks, and her Eyes fixed upon the Ground: On the other was *Chearfulneſs*, with a ſmiling Look, that infuſed a ſecret Pleaſure into the Hearts of all that ſaw her. With theſe ſat *Modeſty*, holding her Hand on her Heart; *Courteſie*, with a graceful Aſpect, and obliging Behaviour; and the Two Siſters, who were always linked together, and reſembled each other, *Silence* and *Obedience*.

Thus ſat they all around in ſeemly Rate,
And in the Midſt of them a goodly Maid;
Ev'n in the Lap of Womanhood *there ſate,*
The which was all in Lilly-white array'd,
Where Silver Streams among the Linen ſtray'd;
Like to the Morn, when firſt her ſhining Face
Hath to the Gloomy World it ſelf bewray'd.
That ſame was faireſt Amoret *in Place,*
Shining with Beauty's Light, and Heav'nly Virtue's Grace.

As ſoon as I beheld the charming *Amoret*, my Heart throbbed with Hopes. I ſtepped to her, and ſeized her Hand; when *Womanhood* immediately riſing up, ſharply rebuked me for offering in ſo rude a Manner to lay hold on a Virgin. I excuſed my ſelf as modeſtly as I could, and at the ſame Time diſplayed my Shield; upon which, as ſoon as ſhe beheld the God emblazoned with his Bow and Shafts, ſhe was ſtruck mute, and inſtantly retired.

I ſtill held faſt the fair *Amoret*, and turning my Eyes towards the Goddeſs of the Place, ſaw that ſhe favoured my Pretenſions with a Smile, which ſo emboldened me, that I carried off my Prize.

The Maid, ſometimes with Tears, ſometimes with Smiles, entreated me to let her go: But I led her through the Temple-Gate, where the Goddeſs *Concord*, who had favoured my Entrance, befriended my Retreat.

This

This Allegory is so natural, that it explains it self. The Persons in it are very artfully describ'd, and dispos'd in proper Places. The Posts assigned to *Doubt*, *Delay*, and *Danger*, are admirable. The Gate of *Good Desert* has something noble and instructive in it. But above all, I am most pleased with the beautiful Grouppe of Figures in the Corner of the Temple. Among these, *Womanhood* is drawn like what the Philosophers call an Universal Nature, and is attended with beautiful Representatives of all those Virtues that are the Ornaments of the Female Sex, considered in its natural Perfection and Innocence.

The TATLER. [N° 195.

From *Thursd. July* 6. to *Saturd. July* 8. 1710.

Grecian Coffee-house, July 7.

THE Learned World are very much offended at many of my Ratiocinations, and have but a very mean Opinion of me as a Politician. The Reason of this is, That some erroneously conceive a Talent for Politicks to consist in the Regard to a Man's own Interest; but I am of quite another Mind, and think the first and essential Quality towards being a Statesman is to have a publick Spirit. One of the Gentlemen who are out of Humour with me, imputes my falling into a Way wherein I am so very aukward to a Barrenness of Invention, and has the Charity to lay new Matter before me for the future. He is at the Bottom my Friend, but is at a Loss to know whether I am a Fool or a Physician, and is pleased to expostulate with me with Relation to the latter. He falls heavy upon Licentiates, and seems to point more particularly at us who are

 not

not regularly of the Faculty. But ſince he has been ſo civil to me as to meddle only with thoſe who are employed no further than about Men's Lives, and not reflected upon me as of the Aſtrological Sect, who concern our ſelves about Lives and Fortunes alſo, I am not ſo much hurt as to ſtifle any Part of his fond Letter.

SIR,

'I Am afraid there is ſomething in the Suſpicions of ſome People, that you begin to be ſhort of Matter for your Lucubrations. Tho' ſeveral of them now and then did appear ſomewhat dull and inſipid to me, I was always charitably inclined to believe the Fault lay in my ſelf, and that I wanted the true Key to uncipher your Myſteries, and remember your Advertiſement upon this Account. But ſince I have ſeen you fall in an unpardonable Error, yea, with a Relapſe: I mean, ſince I have ſeen you turn Politician in the preſent unhappy Diſſentions, I have begun to ſtagger, and could not chuſe but leſſen the great Value I had for the Cenſor of our Iſle. How is it poſſible that a Man, whom Intereſt did naturally lead to a conſtant Impartiality in theſe Matters, and who hath Wit enough to judge, that his Opinion was not like to make many Proſelytes? How is it poſſible, I ſay, that a little Paſſion (for I have ſtill too good an Opinion of you to think you was bribed by the Staggering Party) could blind you ſo far as to offend the very better half of the Nation, and to leſſen off ſo much the Number of your Friends? Mr. *Morphew* will not have Cauſe to thank you, unleſs you give over, and endeavour to regain what you have loſt. There is ſtill a great many Themes you have left untouched; ſuch as the ill Managements of Matters relating to Law and Phyſick, the ſetting down Rules for knowing the Quacks

'in both Professions. What a large Field is there 'left in discovering the Abuses of the College, 'who had a Charter and Privileges granted them 'to hinder the creeping in and prevailing of 'Quacks and Pretenders; and yet grant Licences 'to Barbers, and write Letters of Recommenda- 'tion in the Country Towns, out of the Reach 'of their Practice, in Favour of meer Boys; va- 'luing the Health and Lives of their Country- 'men no farther than they get Money by them. 'You have said very little or nothing about the 'Dispensation of Justice in Town and Country, 'where Clerks are the Counsellors to their Ma- 'sters.

'But as I can't expect that the Censor of *Great 'Britain* should publish a Letter, wherein he is 'censured with too much Reason himself; yet I 'hope you will be the better for it, and think 'upon the Themes I have mentioned, which 'must certainly be of greater Service to the 'World, your self, and Mr. *Morphew*, than to 'let us know whether you are a *Whig* or a *Tory*. 'I am still

Your Admirer and Servant,

Cato Junior.

This Gentleman and I differ about the Words, Staggering and Better Part; but instead of answering to the Particulars of this Epistle, I shall only acquaint my Correspondent, That I am at present forming my Thoughts upon the Foundation of Sir *Scudamore*'s Progress in *Spencer*, which has led me from all other Amusements, to consider the State of Love in this Island; and from the Corruptions in the Government of that, to deduce the chief Evils of Life. In the mean Time that I am thus employed, I have given positive Orders to Don *Saltero* of *Chelsea* the Tooth-Drawer, and Dr. *Thomas Smith* the Corn-Cutter of *King-street*, *Westminster*, (who have the Modesty

desty to confine their Pretensions to Manual Operations) to bring me in, with all convenient Speed, compleat Lists of all who are but of equal Learning with themselves, and yet administer Physick beyond the Feet and Gums. These Advices I shall reserve for my future Leisure; but have now taken a Resolution to dedicate the remaining Part of this Instant *July* to the Service of the Fair Sex, and have almost finished a Scheme for settling the whole Remainder of that Sex who are unmarried, and above the Age of Twenty five.

In order to this good and publick Service, I shall consider the Passion of Love in its full Extent, as it is attended both with Joys and Inquietudes; and lay down, for the Conduct of my Lovers, such Rules as shall banish the Cares, and heighten the Pleasures, which flow from that amiable Spring of Life and Happiness. There is no less than an absolute Necessity that some Provision be made to take off the dead Stock of Women in City, Town, and Country. Let there happen but the least Disorder in the Streets, and in an Instant you see the Inequality of the Numbers of Males and Females. Besides that the Feminine Crowd on such Occasions is more numerous in the open Way, you may observe them also to the very Garrets huddled together, Four at least at a Casement. Add to this, that by an exact Calculation of all that have come to Town by Stage-Coach or Waggon for this Twelvemonth last, Three Times in Four the treated Persons have been Males. This over-stock of Beauty, for which there are so few Bidders, calls for an immediate Supply of Lovers and Husbands; and I am the studious Knight-Errant who have suffer'd long Nocturnal Contemplations to find out Methods for the Relief of all *British* Females, who at present seem to be devoted to involuntary Virginity. The Scheme upon which I design to act,

I have communicated to none but a beauteous young Lady, (who has for some Time left the Town) in the following Letter:

To Amanda *in* Kent.

MADAM,

'I Send with this, my Discourse of Ways and 'Means for encouraging Marriage, and re- 'peopling the Island. You will soon observe, 'that according to these Rules, the mean Consi- 'derations (which make Beauty and Merit cease 'to be the Objects of Love and Courtship) will 'be fully exploded. I have unanswerably pro- 'ved, that Jointures and Settlements are the 'Bane of Happiness; and not only so, but the 'Ruin even of their Fortunes who enter into 'them. I beg of you therefore to come to 'Town upon the Receipt of this, where I pro- 'mise you, you shall have as many Lovers as 'Toasters; for there needed nothing but to make 'Men's Interests fall in with their Inclinations, 'to render you the most courted of your Sex. 'As many as love you will now be willing to 'marry you: Hasten then, and be the honoura- 'ble Mistress of Mankind. *Cassander*, and many 'others, stand in *the Gate of Good Desert* to re- 'ceive you. I am,

MADAM,

Your most Obedient,

Most Humble Servant,

Isaac Bickerstaff.

The

The TATLER. [N° 196.

Dulcis inexperto cultura potentis Amici
Expertus metuit —— Hor.

From *Saturd. July* 8. to *Tuesd. July* 11. 1710.

From my own Apartment, July 10.

THE intended Course of my Studies was altered this Evening by a Visit from an old Acquaintance, who complained to me, mentioning one upon whom he had long depended, that he found his Labour and Perseverance in his Patron's Service and Interests wholly ineffectual; and he thought now, after his best Years were spent in a professed Adherence to him and his Fortunes, he should in the End be forced to break with him, and give over all further Expectations from him. He sighed, and ended his Discourse, by saying, 'You, Mr. Censor, some 'Time ago, gave us your Thoughts of the Beha'viour of great Men to their Creditors.' This Sort of Demand upon them, for what they invite Men to expect, is a Debt of Honour, which, according to Custom, they ought to be most careful of paying, and would be a very worthy Subject for a Lucubration.

Of all Men living, I think, I am the most proper to treat of this Matter; because in the Character and Employment of Censor, I have had Encouragement so infinitely above my Desert, that what I say cannot possibly be supposed to arise from Peevishness, or any Disappointment in that Kind which I my self have met with. When we consider Patrons and their Clients, those who receive Addresses, and those who are

addreſſed to, it muſt not be underſtood that the Dependants are ſuch as are worthleſs in their Natures, abandoned to any Vice or Diſhonour, or ſuch as without a Call thruſt themſelves upon Men in Power; nor when we ſay Patrons, do we mean ſuch as have it not in their Power, or have no Obligation to aſſiſt their Friends; but we ſpeak of ſuch Leagues where there are Power and Obligation on the one Part, and Merit and Expectation on the other. Were we to be very particular on this Subject, I take it, that the Diviſion of Patron and Client may include a Third Part of our Nation. The Want of Merit and real Worth will ſtrike out about Ninety nine in the Hundred of theſe, and Want of Ability in the Patron will diſpoſe of as many of that Order. He who out of meer Vanity to be applied to will take up another's Time and Fortune in his Service, where he has no Proſpect of returning it, is as much more unjuſt as thoſe who took up my Friend the Upholder's Goods without paying him for them. I ſay, he is much more unjuſt, as our Life and Time is more valuable than our Goods and Moveables. Among many whom you ſee about the Great, there is a contented well-pleaſed Set, who ſeem to like the Attendance for its own Sake, and are early at the Abodes of the powerful, out of meer Faſhion. This Sort of Vanity is as well grounded, as if a Man ſhould lay aſide his own plain Suit, and dreſs himſelf up in a gay Livery of another's.

There are many of this Species who exclude others of juſt Expectation, and make thoſe proper Dependants appear impatient, becauſe they are not ſo chearful as thoſe who expect nothing. I have made uſe of the Penny-Poſt for the Inſtruction of theſe voluntary Slaves, and informed them, that they will never be provided for; but they double their Diligence upon Admonition. *Will Afterday* [illegible] told his Friends, that he was

to have the next Thing these Ten Years; and *Harry Linger* has been Fourteen within a Month of a considerable Office. However, the fantastick Complaisance which is paid to them may blind the Great from seeing themselves in a just Light, they must needs (if they in the least reflect) at some Times have a Sense of the Injustice they do in raising in others a false Expectation. But this is so common a Practice in all the Stages of Power, that there are not more Cripples come out of the Wars, than from the Attendance of Patrons. You see in one a settled Melancholy, in another a bridled Rage, a Third has lost his Memory, and a Fourth his whole Constitution and Humour. In a Word, when you see a particular Cast of Mind or Body, which looks a little upon the Distracted, you may be sure the poor Gentleman has formerly had great Friends. For this Reason, I have thought it a prudent Thing to take a Nephew of mine out of a Ladies Service, where he was a Page, and have bound him to a Shoemaker.

But what of all the Humours under the Sun is the most pleasant to consider, is, That you see some Men lay as it were a Set of Acquaintance with them, to converse with when they are out of Employment, who had no Effect of their Power when they were in. Here Patrons and Clients both make the most fantastical Figure imaginable. Friendship indeed is most manifested in Adversity; but I do not know how to behave my self to a Man who thinks me his Friend at no other Time but that. *Dick Reptile* of our Club had this in his Head t'other Night, when he said, I am afraid of ill News when I am visited by any of my old Friends. These Patrons are a little like some fine Gentlemen, who spend all their Hours of Gaiety with their Wenches, but when they fall sick, will let no one come near them but their Wives. It seems, T[illegible] and Honour

are Companions too sober for Prosperity. It is certainly the most black Ingratitude to accept of a Man's best Endeavours to be pleasing to you, and return it with Indifference.

I am so much of this Mind, that *Dick Eastcourt* the Comedian, for coming one Night to our Club, tho' he laughed at us all the Time he was there, shall have our Company at his Play on *Thursday.* A Man of Talents is to be favoured, or never admitted. Let the ordinary World truck for Money and Wares, but Men of Spirit and Conversation should in every Kind do others as much Pleasure as they receive from them. But Men are so taken up with outward Forms, that they do not consider their Actions; else how should it be, that a Man shall deny that to the Entreaties and almost Tears of an old Friend, which he shall solicit a new one to accept of? I remember, when I first came out of *Staffordshire,* I had an Intimacy with a Man of Quality, in whose Gift there fell a very good Employment. All the Town cry'd, There's a Thing for Mr. *Bickerstaff!* When, to my great Astonishment, I found my Patron had been forced upon Twenty Artifices to surprize a Man with it who never thought of it: But sure it is a Degree of Murder to amuse Men with vain Hopes. If a Man takes away another's Life, where is the Difference, whether he does it by taking away the Minutes of his Time, or the Drops of his Blood? But indeed, such as have Hearts barren of Kindness are served accordingly by those whom they employ, and pass their Lives away with an empty Shew of Civility for Love, and an insipid Intercourse of a Commerce in which their Affections are no way concerned. But on the other Side, How beautiful is the Life of a Patron who performs his Duty to his Inferiors? A worthy Merchant, who employs a Crowd of Artificers? A great Lord, who is generous and merciful to the several Necessities

ceſſities of his Tenants? A Courtier, who uſes his Credit and Power for the Welfare of his Friends? Theſe have in their ſeveral Stations a quick Reliſh of the exquiſite Pleaſure of doing Good. In a Word, good Patrons are like the Guardian Angels of *Plato,* who are ever buſy, though unſeen, in the Care of their Wards; but ill Patrons are like the Deities of *Epicurus,* ſupine, indolent, and unconcerned, though they ſee Mortals in Storms and Tempeſts even while they are offering Incenſe to their Power.

The TATLER. [N° 197.

Semper ego Auditor tantum? —— Juv.

From *Tueſday July* 11. to *Thurſday July* 13. 1710.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, July 12.

WHEN I came hither this Evening, the Man of the Houſe delivered me a Book finely bound. When I received it, I over-heard one of the Boys whiſper another, and ſay, It was a fine Thing to be a great Scholar! What a pretty Book that is! It has indeed a very gay Outſide, and is dedicated to me by a very ingenious Gentleman, who does not put his Name to it. The Title of it (for the Work is in *Latin*) is, *Epiſtolarum Obſcurorum Virorum, ad Dm. M. Ortuinum Gratium, Volumina* II. *&c.* "The Epi-" ſtles of the Obſcure Writers to *Ortuinus, &c.* The Purpoſe of the Work is ſignified in the Dedication, in very elegant Language, and fine Raillery. It ſeems, this is a Collection of Letters which ſome profound Blockheads, who lived before our Times, have written in Honour of each

other, and for their mutual Information in each others Abſurdities. They are moſtly of the *German* Nation, whence from Time to Time Inundations of Writers have flow'd, more pernicious to the Learned World than the Swarms of *Goths* and *Vandals* to the Politick. It is, methinks, wonderful, that Fellows could be awake, and utter ſuch incoherent Conceptions, and converſe with great Gravity like learned Men, without the leaſt Taſt of Knowledge or good Senſe. It would have been an endleſs Labour to have taken any other Method of expoſing ſuch Impertinencies, than by an Edition of their own Works, where you ſee their Follies, according to the Ambition of ſuch Virtuoſi, in a moſt correct Edition.

Looking over theſe accompliſh'd Labours, I could not but reflect upon the immenſe Load of Writings which the Commonalty of Scholars have puſhed into the World, and the Abſurdity of Parents, who educate Crowds to ſpend their Time in Purſuit of ſuch cold and ſprightleſs Endeavours to appear in Publick. It ſeems therefore a fruitleſs Labour to attempt the Correction of the Taſt of our Contemporaries, except it was in our Power to burn all the ſenſeleſs Labours of our Anceſtors. There is a ſecret Propenſity in Nature from Generation to Generation in the Blockheads of one Age to admire the Folly of another; and Men of the ſame Imperfections are as great Admirers of each other, as thoſe of the ſame Abilities.

This great Miſchief of voluminous Follies proceeds from a Misfortune which happens in all Ages, that Men of barren Genius's, but fertile Imaginations, are bred Scholars. This may at firſt appear a Paradox; but when we conſider the talking Creatures we meet in publick Places, it will no longer be ſuch. *Ralph Shallow* is a young Fellow, that has not by Nature any the leaſt Propenſity to ſtrike into what has not been obſerv'd

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and said every Day of his Life by others; but with that Inability of speaking any Thing that is uncommon, he has a great Readiness at what he can speak of, and his Imagination runs into all the different Views of the Subject he treats of in a Moment. If *Ralph* had Learning added to the common Chit-Chat of the Town, he would have been a Disputant upon all Topicks that ever were considered by Men of his own Genius. As for my Part, I never am teazed by an empty Town-Fellow, but I bless my Stars that he was not bred a Scholar. This Addition, we must consider, would have made him capable of maintaining his Follies. His being in the Wrong would have been protected by suitable Arguments; and when he was hedged in by Logical Terms, and false Appearances, you must have owned your self convinced before you could then have got rid of him, and the Shame of his Triumph had been added to the Pain of his Impertinence.

There is a Sort of Littleness in the Minds of Men of wrong Sense, which makes them much more insufferable than meer Fools, and has the further Inconvenience of being attended by an endless Loquacity. For which Reason, it would be a very proper Work, if some Well-wisher to humane Society would consider the Terms upon which People meet in publick Places, in order to prevent the unseasonable Declamations which we meet with there. I remember, in my Youth it was an Humour at the University, when a Fellow pretended to be more eloquent than ordinary, and had formed to himself a Plot to gain all our Admiration, or triumph over us with an Argument, to either of which he had no Manner of Call; I say, in either of these Cases, it was the Humour to shut one Eye. This whimsical Way of taking Notice to him of his Absurdity, has prevented many a Man from being a Coxcomb. If amongst us, on such an Occasion each Man offered

fered a voluntary Rhetorician ſome Snuff, it would probably produce the ſame Effect. As the Matter now ſtands, whether a Man will or no, he is obliged to be informed in whatever another pleaſes to entertain him with, tho' the Preceptor makes theſe Advances out of Vanity, and not to inſtruct, but inſult him.

There is no Man will allow him who wants Courage to be called a Soldier; but Men who want good Senſe, are very frequently not only allowed to be Scholars, but eſteemed for being ſuch. At the ſame Time it muſt be granted, that as Courage is the natural Parts of a Soldier, ſo is a good Underſtanding of a Scholar. Such little Minds as theſe, whoſe Productions are collected in the Volume to which I have the Honour to be Patron, are the Inſtruments for artful Men to work with, and become popular with the unthinking Part of Mankind. In Courts, they make tranſparent Flatterers; in Camps, oſtentatious Bullies; in Colleges, unintelligible Pedants; and their Faculties are uſed accordingly by thoſe who lead them.

When a Man who wants Judgment is admitted into the Converſation of reaſonable Men, he ſhall remember ſuch improper Circumſtances, and draw ſuch groundleſs Concluſions from their Diſcourſe, and that with ſuch Colour of Senſe, as would divide the beſt Set of Company that can be got together. It is juſt thus with a Fool who has a Familiarity with Books, he ſhall quote and recite one Author againſt another, in ſuch a Manner as ſhall puzzle the beſt Underſtanding to refute him; tho' the moſt ordinary Capacity may obſerve, that it is only Ignorance which makes the Intricacy. All the true Uſe of that we call Learning, is to ennoble and improve our natural Faculties, and not to diſguiſe our Imperfections. It is therefore in vain for Folly to attempt to conceal it ſelf by the Refuge of Learned Languages. Li-

terature

terature does but make a Man more eminently the Thing which Nature made him; and *Polyglottes*, had he studied less than he has, and writ only in his Mother Tongue, had been known only in *Great Britain* for a Pedant.

Mr. Bickerstaff *thanks* Dorinda, *and will both answer her Letter, and take her Advice.*

The TATLER. [N° 198.

Quale sit id quod amas celeri circumspice Mente,
Et tua cæsura substrahe Colla Jugo. Hor.

From *Thursday July* 13. to *Saturday July* 15. 1710.

From my own Apartment, July 14.

The History of Cælia.

IT is not necessary to look back into the First Years of this young Lady, whose Story is of Consequence only as her Life has lately met with [illegible]ges very uncommon. She is now in the Twentieth Year of her Age, and owes a strict, but chearful Education, to the Care of an Aunt, to whom she was recommended by her dying Father, whose Decease was hastened by an inconsolable Affliction for the Loss of her Mother. As *Cælia* is the Offspring of the most generous Passion that has been known in our Age, she is adorned with as much Beauty and Grace as the most celebrated of her Sex possess; but her Domestick Life, moderate Fortune, and religious Education, gave her but little Opportunity, and less Inclination, to be admired in publick Assemblies. Her Abode has been for some Years a convenient Distance from the Cathedral of St. *Paul's*, where

where her Aunt and she chose to reside, for the Advantage of that rapturous Way of Devotion which gives Extasy to the Pleasures of Inncence, and, in some Measure, is the immediate Possession of those Heavenly Enjoyments for which they are addressed.

As you may trace the usual Thoughts of Men in their Countenances, there appeared in the Face of *Cælia* a Chearfulness, the constant Companion of unaffected Virtue; and a Gladness, which is as inseparable from true Piety. Her every Look and Motion spoke the peaceful, mild, resigning, humble Inhabitant, that animated her beauteous Body. Her Air discovered her Body a meer Machine of her Mind, and not that her Thoughts were employed in studying Graces and Attractions for her Person. Such was *Cælia* when she was first seen by *Palamede* at her usual Place of Worship. *Palamede* is a young Man of Two and twenty, well-fashioned, learned, genteel, and discreet, the Son and Heir of a Gentleman of a very great Estate, and himself possessed of a plentiful one by the Gift of an Unkle. He became enamoured with *Cælia*, and after having learned her Habitation, had Address enough to communicate his Passion and Circumstances with such an Air of good Sense and Integrity, as soon obtain'd Permission to visit and profess his Inclinations towards her. *Palamede's* present Fortune and future Expectations were no Way prejudicial to his Addresses; but after the Lovers had passed some Time in the agreeable Entertainments of a successful Courtship, *Cælia* one Day took Occasion to interrupt *Palamede* in the Midst of a very pleasing Discourse of the Happiness he promised himself in so accomplished a Companion, and assuming a serious Air, told him, there was another Heart to be won before he gained hers, which was that of his Father. *Palamede* seemed much disturbed at the Overture, and lamented to him

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That his Father was one of thoſe too provident Parents, who only place their Thoughts upon bringing Riches into their Families by Marriages, and are wholly inſenſible of all other Conſiderations. But the Strictneſs of *Cælia*'s Rules of Life made her inſiſt upon this Demand; and the Son, at a proper Hour, communicated to his Father the Circumſtances of his Love, and the Merit of the Object. The next Day the Father made her a Viſit. The Beauty of her Perſon, the Fame of her Virtue, and a certain irreſiſtible Charm in her whole Behaviour on ſo tender and delicate an Occaſion, wrought ſo much upon him, in Spight of all Prepoſſeſſions, that he haſtened the Marriage with an Impatience equal to that of his Son. Their Nuptials were celebrated with a Privacy ſuitable to the Character and Modeſty of *Cælia*, and from that Day, till a fatal one of laſt Week, they lived together with all the Joy and Happineſs which attend Minds entirely united.

It ſhould have been intimated, That *Palamede* is a Student of the *Temple*, and uſually retired thither early in a Morning, *Cælia* ſtill ſleeping.

It happened a few Days ſince, that ſhe followed him thither to communicate to him ſomething ſhe had omitted in her redundant Fondneſs to ſpeak of the Evening before. When ſhe came to his Apartment, the Servant there told her, ſhe was coming with a Letter to her. While *Cælia* in an Inner Room was reading an Apology from her Husband, That he had been ſuddenly taken by ſome of his Acquaintance to dine at *Brentford*, but that he ſhould return in the Evening, a Country Girl, decently clad, asked, If thoſe were not the Chambers of Mr. *Palamede*? She was anſwered, They were, but that he was not in Town. The Stranger asked, When he was expected at Home? The Servant replied, She would go in and ask his Wife. The young Woman repeated the Word Wife, and fainted. This Accident raiſed no leſs Curioſity than

when Amazement in *Cælia*, who caused her to be removed into the Inner Room. Upon proper Applications to revive her, the unhappy young Creature returned to her self, and said to *Cælia*, with an earnest and beseeching Tone, Are you really Mr. *Palamede*'s Wife? *Cælia* replies, I hope I do not look as if I were any other in the Condition you see me. The Stranger answers, No, Madam, he is my Husband. At the same Instant she threw a Bundle of Letters into *Cælia*'s Lap, which confirmed the Truth of what she asserted. Their mutual Innocence and Sorrow made them look at each other as Partners in Distress, rather than Rivals in Love. The Superiority of *Cælia*'s Understanding and Genius gave her an Authority to examine into this Adventure as if she had been offended against, and the other the Delinquent. The Stranger spoke in the following Manner:

Madam,

'If it shall please you, Mr. *Palamede* having an 'Unkle of a good Estate near *Winchester*, was bred 'at the School there, to gain the more his good 'Will by being in his Sight. His Unkle died, and 'left him the Estate, which my Husband now has. 'When he was a meer Youth he set his Affections 'on me; but when he could not gain his Ends he 'married me, making me and my Mother, who 'is a Farmer's Widow, swear we would never 'tell it upon any Account whatsoever; for that 'it would not look well for him to marry such 'a one as me; besides, that his Father would 'cut him off of the Estate. I was glad to have 'him in an honest Way, and he now and then 'came and stay'd a Night and away at our House. 'But very lately he came down to see us, with a 'fine young Gentleman his Friend, who stay'd 'behind there with us, pretending to like the 'Place for the Summer; but ever since Master '*Palamede* went he has attempted to abuse me, 'and

'and I ran hither to acquaint him with it, and 'avoid the wicked Intentions of his falſe Friend.

Cælia had no more Room for Doubt, but left her Rival in the ſame Agonies ſhe felt her ſelf. *Palamede* returns in the Evening, and finding his Wife at his Chambers, learned all that had paſſed, and haſtened to *Cælia*'s Lodgings.

It is much eaſier to imagine than expreſs the Sentiments of either the Criminal or the Injured at this Encounter.

Aſſoon as *Palamede* had found Way for Speech, he confeſſed his Marriage, and his placing his Companion on Purpoſe to vitiate his Wife, that he might break through a Marriage made in his Nonage, and devote his riper and knowing Years to *Cælia*. She made him no Anſwer; but retired to her Cloſet. He returned to the *Temple*, where he ſoon after received from her the following Letter:

S I R,

YOU, who this Morning were the beſt, are now the worſt of Men who beath vital Air. I am at once overwhelmed with Love, Hatred, Rage, and Diſdain. Can Infamy and Innocence live together? I feel the Weight of the one too ſtrong for the Comfort of the other. How bitter, Heaven, how bitter is my Portion? How much have I to ſay; but the Infant which I bear about me ſtirs with my Agitation. I am, Palamede, *to live in Shame, and this Creature be Heir to it. Farewel for ever.*

The

The TATLER. [N° 199.

From *Saturd. July* 15. to *Tueſd. July* 18. 1710.

WHEN we revolve in our Thoughts ſuch Cataſtrophes as that in the Hiſtory of the unhappy *Cælia*, there ſeems to be ſomething ſo hazardous in the changing a ſingle State of Life into that of Marriage, that (it may happen) all the Precautions imaginable are not ſufficient to defend a Virgin from Ruin by her Choice. It ſeems a wonderful Inconſiſtence in the Diſtribution of publick Juſtice, that a Man who robs a Woman of an Ear-ring or a Jewel, ſhould be puniſhed with Death; but one who by falſe Arts and Inſinuations ſhould take from her her very ſelf, is only to ſuffer Diſgrace. This excellent young Woman has nothing to conſolate her ſelf with, but the Reflection that her Sufferings are not the Effect of any Guilt or Miſconduct, and has for her Protection the Influence of a Power which, amidſt the unjuſt Reproach of all Mankind, can give not only Patience, but Pleaſure to Innocence in Diſtreſs.

As the Perſon who is the Criminal againſt *Cælia* cannot be ſufficiently puniſhed according to our preſent Law, ſo are there numberleſs unhappy Perſons without Remedy according to preſent Cuſtom. That great Ill which has prevailed among us in theſe latter Ages, is the making even Beauty and Virtue the Purchaſe of Money. The Generality of Parents, and ſome of thoſe of Quality, inſtead of looking out for introducing Health of Conſtitution, Frankneſs of Spirit, or Dignity of Countenance, into their Families, lay out all their Thoughts upon finding out Matches for their Eſtates, and not their Children. You ſhall have

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one form a Plot for the Good of his Family, that there ſhall not be Six Men in *England* capable of pretending to his Daughter. A Second ſhall have a Son obliged, out of meer Diſcretion, for fear of doing any Thing below himſelf, follow all the Drabs in Town. Theſe ſage Parents meet; and as there is no Paſs, no Courtſhip, between the young Ones, it is no unpleaſant Obſervation to behold how they proceed to Treaty. There is ever in the Behaviour of each ſomething that denotes his Circumſtance; and honeſt *Coupler* the Conveniencer ſays, he can diſtinguiſh upon Sight of the Parties, before they have opened any Point of their Buſineſs, which of the Two has the Daughter to ſell. *Coupler* is of our Club, and I have frequently heard him declaim upon this Subject, and aſſert, that the Marriage-Settlements which are now uſed have grown faſhionable even within his Memory.

When the Theatre in ſome late Reigns owed its chief Support to thoſe Scenes which were written to put Matrimony out of Countenance, and render that State terrible, then was it that Pin-Money firſt prevailed, and all the other Articles inſerted which create a Diffidence; and intimate to the young People, that they are very ſoon to be in a State of War with each other: Tho' this had ſeldom happened, except the Fear of it had been expreſſed. *Coupler* will tell you alſo, that Jointures were never frequent till the Age before his own; but the Women were contented with the Third Part of the Eſtate the Law allotted them, and ſcorned to engage with Men whom they thought capable of abuſing their Children. He has alſo informed me, that thoſe who were the oldeſt Benchers when he came to the *Temple* told him, the firſt Marriage-Settlement of conſiderable Length was the Invention of an old Serjeant, who took the Opportunity of Two Teſty Fathers, who were ever ſquabbling to bring about an Alliance between their Children. These Fellows knew each other

other to be Knaves, and the Serjeant took hold of their mutual Diffidence, for the Benefit of the Law, to extend the Settlement to Three Skins of Parchment.

To this great Benefactor to the Profeſſion is owing the preſent Price Current of Lines and Words. Thus is Tenderneſs thrown out of the Queſtion; and the great Care is, What the young Couple ſhall do when they come to hate each other? I do not queſtion but from this one Humour of Settlements, might very fairly be deduced not only our preſent Defection in Point of Morals, but alſo our Want of People. This has given Way to ſuch unreaſonable Gallantries, that a Man is hardly reproachable that deceives an innocent Woman, tho' ſhe has never ſo much Merit, if ſhe is below him in Fortune. The Man has no Diſhonour following his Treachery; and her own Sex are ſo debaſed by Force of Cuſtom, as to ſay in the Caſe of the Woman, How could ſhe expect he would marry her?

By this Means the good Offices, the Pleaſures and Graces of Life, are not put into the Ballance: The Bridegroom has given his Eſtate out of himſelf, and he has no more left but to follow the blind Decree of his Fate, whether he ſhall be ſucceeded by a Sot, or a Man of Merit, in his Fortune. On the other Side, a fine Woman, who has alſo a Fortune, is ſet up by Way of Auction; her firſt Lover has Ten to One againſt him. The very Hour after he has opened his Heart and his Rent-Roll, he is made no other Uſe of, but to raiſe her Price. She and her Friends loſe no Opportunity of publiſhing it to call in new Bidders. While the poor Lover very innocently waits till the Plenipotentiaries at the Inns of Court have debated about the Alliance, all the Partiſans of the Lady throw Difficulties in the Way, till other Offers come in; and the Man who came firſt is not put in Poſſeſſion, till ſhe has been refuſed by half the Town.

'T

If an Abhorrence to ſuch mercenary Proceedings were well ſettled in the Minds of my Fair Readers, thoſe of Merit would have a Way opened to their Advancement; nay, thoſe who abound in Wealth only, would in Reality find their Account in it. It would not be in the Power of their Prude Acquaintance, their Waiters, their Nurſes, Couſins and Whiſperers, to perſwade them, that there are not above Twenty Men in a Kingdom, (and thoſe ſuch as perhaps they may never ſet Eyes on) whom they can think of with Diſcretion. As the Caſe ſtands now, let any one conſider, how the great Heireſſes, and thoſe to whom they were offered, for no other Reaſon but that they could make them ſuitable Settlements, live together. What can be more inſipid, if not loathſome, than for Two Perſons to be at the Head of a Crowd, who have as little Regard for them as they for each other, and behold one another in an affected Senſe of Proſperity, without the leaſt Reliſh of that exquiſite Gladneſs at meeting, that ſweet Inquietude at parting, together with the Charms of Voice, Look, Geſture, and that general Benevolence between well choſen Lovers, which makes all Things pleaſe, and leaves not the leaſt Trifle indifferent.

But I am diverted from theſe Sketches for future Eſſays, in Behalf of my numerous Clients of the Fair Sex, by a Notice ſent to my Office in *Sheer-Lane*, That a blooming Widow, in the Third Year of her Widowhood, and Twenty ſix of her Age, deſigns to take a Colonel of Twenty eight. The Parties requeſt I would draw up their Terms of coming together, as having a Regard to my Opinion againſt long and diffident Settlements; and I have ſent them the following Indenture:

'We *John* - - - and *Mary* - - - having Eſtates for
' Life, reſolve to take each other. I *John* will
' venture my Life to enrich thee *Mary*; and I
' *Mary* will conſult my Health to nurſe thee
' *John*. To which we have interchangeably
' ſet our Hands, Hearts, and Seals, this 17th of
' *July*, 1710.

The TATLER. [Nº 200.

From *Tueſday July* 18. to *Thurſday July* 20. 1710.

From my own Apartment, July 19.

HAving devoted the greater Part of my Time to the Service of the Fair Sex, I muſt ask Pardon of my Men Correſpondents if I poſtpone their Commands, when I have any from the Ladies which lie unanſwered. That which follows is of Importance.

SIR,

' YOU can't think it ſtrange if I, who know
' little of the World, apply to you for Ad-
' vice in the weighty Affair of Matrimony, ſince
' you your ſelf have often declared it to be of that
' Conſequence as to require the utmoſt Delibera-
' tion. Without farther Preface therefore, give me
' Leave to tell you, that my Father at his Death
' left me a Fortune ſufficient to make me a Match
' for any Gentleman. My Mother (for ſhe is ſtill
' alive (is very preſſing with me to marry; and I
' am apt to think, to gratify her, I ſhall venture
' upon One of Two Gentlemen who at this Time
' make their Addreſſes to me. My Requeſt is, that
' you would direct me in my Choice; which that
' you may the better do, I ſhall give you their
' Characters; and to avoid Confuſion, deſire you
' to call them by the Names of *Philander* and *Sil-*

‘ *vius*. *Philander* is young, and has a good Eſtate;
‘ *Silvius* is as young, and has a better. The for-
‘ mer has had a liberal Education, has ſeen the
‘ Town, is retired from thence to his Eſtate in the
‘ Country, is a Man of few Words, and much gi-
‘ ven to Books. The latter was brought up un-
‘ der his Father's Eye, who gave him juſt Learn-
‘ ing enough to enable him to keep his Accounts;
‘ but made him withal very expert in Country
‘ Buſineſs, ſuch as Ploughing, Sowing, Buying,
‘ Selling, and the like. They are both very ſo-
‘ ber Men, neither of their Perſons is diſagreea-
‘ able, nor did I know which to prefer till I had
‘ heard them diſcourſe; when the Converſation
‘ of *Philander* ſo much prevailed, as to give him
‘ the Advantage, with me, in all other Reſpects.
‘ My Mother pleads ſtrongly for *Silvius*, and uſes
‘ theſe Arguments, That he not only has the lar-
‘ ger Eſtate at preſent, but by his good Husban-
‘ dry and Management increaſes it daily; That
‘ his little Knowledge in other Affairs will make
‘ him eaſy and tractable; whereas (according
‘ to her) Men of Letters know too much to
‘ make good Husbands. To Part of this I ima-
‘ gine I anſwer effectually, by ſaying, *Philander*'s
‘ Eſtate is large enough; That they who think
‘ 2000 *l*. a Year ſufficient, make no Difference be-
‘ tween that and Three. I eaſily believe him leſs
‘ converſant in thoſe Affairs, the Knowledge of
‘ which ſhe ſo much commends in *Silvius*; but I
‘ think them neither ſo neceſſary or becoming in a
‘ Gentleman as the Accompliſhments of *Philander*.
‘ It is no great Character of a Man to ſay, He
‘ rides in his Coach and Six, and underſtands as
‘ much as he who follows his Plough. Add to
‘ this, That the Converſation of theſe Sort of Men
‘ ſeems ſo diſagreeable to me, that tho' they may
‘ make good Bailiffs, I can hardly be perſwaded
‘ they can be good Companions. 'Tis poſſible I
‘ may ſeem to have odd Notions, when I ſay I am
‘ not

'not fond of a Man only for being of (what is 'called) a Thriving Temper. To conclude, I own 'I am at a Loss to conceive how good Sense should 'make a Man an ill Husband, or conversing with 'Books less complaisant.

CÆLIA.

The Resolution which this Lady is going to take, she may very well say is founded on Reason: For after the Necessities of Life are served, there is no manner of Competition between a Man of Liberal Education and an Illiterate. Men are not altered by their Circumstances, but as they give them Opportunities of exerting what they are in themselves; and a powerful Clown is a Tyrant in the most ugly Form he can possibly appear. There lies a seeming Objection in the thoughtful Manner of *Philander*: But let her consider which she shall oftner have Occasion to wish, that *Philander* would speak, or *Silvius* hold his Tongue.

The Train of my Discourse is prevented by the urgent Hast of another Correspondent.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*, *July* 14.

'THis comes to you from one of those Virgins 'of Twenty five Years old and upwards, 'that you, like a Patron of the Distressed, pro-'mised to provide for; who makes it her hum-'ble Request, that no Occasional Stories or Sub-'jects may (as they have for Three or Four of 'your last Days) prevent your publishing the 'Scheme you have communicated to *Amanda*, 'for every Day and Hour is of the greatest Con-'sequence to Damsels of so advanced an Age. 'Be quick then, if you intend to do any Service 'for

Your Admirer,

Diana Forecast.

In this important Affair, I have not neglected the Proposals of others. Among them is the following Sketch of a Lottery for Persons. The Author of it has proposed very ample Encouragement, not only to my self, but also to *Charles Lillie* and *John Morphew*. If the Matter bears, I shall not be unjust to his Merit: I only desire to enlarge his Plan; for which Purpose I lay it before the Town, as well for the Improvement as Encouragement of it.

The Amicable Contribution for raising the Fortunes of Ten young Ladies.

' *Imprimis*, It is proposed to raise 100000 Crowns ' by Way of Lots, which will advance for each ' Lady 2500 *l.* which Sum, together with one of ' the Ladies, the Gentleman that shall be so happy as to draw a Prize, (provided they both ' like) will be entitled to, under such Restrictions hereafter mentioned. And in case they do ' not like, then either Party that refuses shall be ' entitled to 1000 *l.* only, and the Remainder to ' him or her that shall be willing to marry, the ' Man being first to declare his Mind. But it is ' provided, That if both Parties shall consent to ' have one another, the Gentleman shall, before ' he receives the Money thus raised, settle 1000 *l.* ' of the same in substantial Hands, (who shall ' be as Trustees for the said Ladies) and shall ' have the whole and sole Disposal of it for her ' Use only.

' *Note*, Each Party shall have Three Months ' Time to consider, after an Interview had, which ' shall be within Ten Days after the Lots are ' drawn.

' *Note also*, The Name and Place of Abode of ' the Prize shall be placed on a proper Ticket.

'*Item*, They shall be Ladies that have had a 'liberal Education, between Fifteen and Twenty 'three, all genteel, witty, and of unblameable 'Characters.

'The Money to be raised shall be kept in an 'Iron Box, and when there shall be 2000 Sub-'scriptions, which amounts to 500 *l.* it shall be 'taken out and put into a Goldsmith's Hands, 'and the Note made payable to the proper Lady, 'or her Assigns, (with a Clause therein to hin-'der her from receiving it, till the fortunate 'Person that draws her shall first sign the Note) 'and so on till the whole Sum is subscribed for: 'And as soon as 100000 Subscriptions are com-'pleated, and 200 Crowns more to pay the 'Charges, the Lottery shall be drawn at a pro-'per Place, to be appointed a Fortnight before the 'Drawing.

'*Note*, Mr. *Bickerstaff* objects to the marriage-'able Years here mentioned; and is of Opi-'nion, they should not commence till after 'Twenty three. But he appeals to the 'Learned, both of *Warwick-Lane* and *Bishops-*'*gate-Street*, on this Subject.

The TATLER. [Nº 201.

From *Thursd. July* 20. to *Saturd. July* 22. 1710.

White's Chocolate-house, July 21.

IT has been often asserted in these Papers, That the great Source of our wrong Pursuits is the impertinent Manner with which we treat Women, both in the common and important Circumstances of Life. In vain do we say, the whole Sex would run into *England*, while the Privileges which are allowed them, do no way ballance the

Inconveniencies ariſing from thoſe very Immunities. Our Women have very much indulged to them in the Participation of our Fortunes and our Liberty; but the Errors they commit in the Uſe of either, are by no means ſo impartially conſidered, as the falſe Steps which are made by Men. In the Commerce of Lovers, the Man makes the Addreſs, aſſails, and betrays, and yet ſtands in the ſame Degree of Acceptance as he was in before he committed that Treachery: The Woman, for no other Crime but believing one whom ſhe thought loved her, is treated with Shineſs and Indifference at the beſt, and commonly with Reproach and Scorn. He that is paſt the Power of Beauty, may talk of this Matter with the ſame Unconcern as of any other Subject: Therefore I ſhall take upon me to conſider the Sex, as they live within Rules, and as they tranſgreſs them. The ordinary Claſs of the Good or the Ill have very little Influence upon the Actions of others; but the Eminent in either Kind are thoſe who lead the World below them. The Ill are employed in communicating Scandal, Infamy, and Diſeaſe, like Furies; the Good diſtribute Benevolence, Friendſhip, and Health, like Angels. The Ill are damped with Pain and Anguiſh at the Sight of all that is laudable, lovely, or happy. The Virtuous are touched with Commiſeration toward the Guilty, the Diſagreeable, and the Wretched. There are thoſe who betray the Innocent of their own Sex, and ſollicit the Lewd of ours. There are thoſe who have abandoned the very Memory, not only of Innocence, but Shame. There are thoſe who never forgave, nor could ever bear being forgiven. There are alſo who viſit the Beds of the Sick, lull the Cares of the Sorrowful, and double the Joys of the Joyful. Such is the deſtroying Fiend, ſuch the Guardian Angel, Woman.

The Way to have a greater Number of the amiable Part of Womankind, and leſſen the Crowd of the other Sort, is to contribute what we can to the Succeſs of well-grounded Paſſions; and therefore I comply with the Requeſt of an enamoured Man in inſerting the following Billet:

MADAM,

MR. Bickerſtaff *you always read, tho' me you will never hear. I am obliged therefore to his Compaſſion for the Opportunity of imploring yours—— I ſigh for the moſt Accompliſhed of her Sex. That is ſo juſt a Diſtinction of her to whom I write, that the owning I think ſo is no Diſtinction of me who write. Your good Qualities are peculiar to you, my Admiration in common with Thouſands. I ſhall be preſent when you read this, but fear every Woman will take it for her Character, ſooner than ſhe who deſerves it.*

If the next Letter which preſents it ſelf ſhould come from the Miſtreſs of this modeſt Lover, and I make them break through the Oppreſſion of their Paſſions, I ſhall expect Gloves at their Nuptials.

Mr. Bickerſtaff,

YOU *that are a Philoſopher know very well the Make of the Mind of Woman, and can beſt inſtruct me in the Conduct of an Affair which highly concerns me. I never can admit my Lover to ſpeak to me of Love, yet think him impertinent when he offers to talk of any Thing elſe. What ſhall I do with a Man that always believes me? 'Tis a ſtrange Thing, this Diſtance in Men of Senſe; Why do not they always urge their Fate? If we are ſincere in our Severity, you loſe nothing by attempting. If we are Hypocrites, you certainly ſucceed.*

From

From my own Apartment, July 21.

Before I withdraw from Business for the Night, it is my Custom to receive all Addresses to me, that others may go to Rest as well as my self, at least as far as I can contribute to it. When I called to know if any would speak with me, I was informed that Mr. *Mills*, the Player, desired to be admitted. He was so, and with much Modesty acquainted me, as he did other People of Note, that *Hamlet* was to be acted on *Wednesday* next for his Benefit. I had long wanted to speak with this Person, because I thought I could admonish him of many Things which would tend to his Improvement. In the General I observed to him, That though Action was his Business, the Way to that Action was not to study Gesture, for the Behaviour would follow the Sentiments of the Mind.

Action to the Player, is what Speech is to an Orator. If the Matter be well conceived, Words will flow with Ease: And if the Actor is well possessed of the Nature of his Part, a proper Action will necessarily follow. He informed me, That *Wilks* was to act *Hamlet*, I desired him, to request of him in my Name, That he would wholly forget Mr. *Betterton*; for that he failed in no Part of *Othello*, but where he had him in View. An Actor's forming himself by the Carriage of another, is like the Trick among the Widows, who lament their Husbands as their Neighbours did theirs, and not according to their own Sentiments of the Deceased.

There is a Fault also in the Audience which interrupts their Satisfaction very much, that is, the figuring to themselves the Actor in some Part wherein they formerly particularly liked him, and not attending to the Part he is at that Time performing. Thus, whatever *Wilks*, (who is

N. B. *No Man is to tell above one Story in the same Evening; but has Liberty to tell the same the Night following.*

Mr. Bickerstaff *desires his Love Correspondents to vary the Names they shall assume in their future Letters, for that he is overstock'd with* Philanders.

The TATLER. [N° 202.

——— *Est hic,*
Est ulubris Animus si te non deficit æquus. Hor.

From *Saturd, July* 22. to *Tuesd. July* 25. 1710.

From my own Apartment, July 24.

THIS Afternoon I went to visit a Gentleman of my Acquaintance at *Mile-End*, and passing through *Stepney* Church-yard, I could not forbear entertaining my self with the Inscriptions on the Tombs and Graves. Among others, I observed one with this notable Memorial:

Here lies the Body of T. B.

This fantastical Desire of being remembred only by the Two first Letters of a Name, led me into the Contemplation of the Vanity and imperfect Attainments of Ambition in general. When I run back in my Imagination all the Men whom I have ever known and conversed with in my whole Life, there are but very few who have not used their Faculties in the Pursuit of what it is impossible to acquire, or left the Possession of what they might have been (at their setting out) Masters, to search for it where it was out of their Reach. In this Though it was not possible to for-

forget the Instance of *Pyrrhus*, who proposing to himself in Discourse with a Philosopher, one, and another, and another Conquest, was asked, What he would do after all that? Then, says the King, we will make merry. He was well answered, What hinders your doing that in the Condition you are already? The restless Desire of exerting themselves above the common Level of Mankind is not to be resisted in some Tempers; and Minds of this Make may be observed in every Condition of Life. Where such Men do not make to themselves or meet with Employment, the Soil of their Constitution runs into Tares and Weeds. An old Friend of mine, who lost a Major's Post Forty Years ago, and quitted, has ever since studied Maps, Encampments, Retreats, and Countermarches, with no other Design but to feed his Spleen and Ill-Humour, and furnish himself with Matter for arguing against all the successful Actions of others. He that at his first setting out in the World was the gayest Man in our Regiment, ventured his Life with Alacrity, and enjoyed it with Satisfaction, encouraged Men below him, and was courted by Men above him, has been ever since the most froward Creature breathing. His warm Complexion spends it self now only in a general Spirit of Contradiction; for which he watches all Occasions, and is in his Conversation still upon Sentry, treats all Men like Enemies, with every other Impertinence of a speculative Warrior.

He that observes in himself this natural Inquietude, should take all imaginable Care to put his Mind in some Method of Gratification, or he will soon find himself grow into the Condition of this disappointed Major. Instead of courting proper Occasions to rise above others, he will be ever studious of pulling others down to him: It being the common Refuge of disappointed Ambition, to ease themselves by Detraction. It would

be

be no great Argument against Ambition, that there are such mortal Things in the Disappointment of it; but it certainly is a forcible Exception, that there can be no solid Happiness in the Success of it. If we value popular Praise, it is in the Power of the meanest of the People to disturb us by Calumny. If the Fame of being happy, we cannot look into a Village but we see Crowds in actual Possession of what we seek only the Appearance. To this may be added, that there is I know not what Malignity in the Minds of ordinary Men to oppose you in what they see you fond of; and it is a certain Exception against a Man's receiving Applause, that he visibly courts it. However this is not only the Passion of great and undertaking Spirts, but you see it in the Lives of such as one would believe were far enough removed from the Ways of Ambition. The Rural Squires of this Nation even eat and drink out of Vanity. A vain-glorious Fox-hunter shall entertain half a County for the Ostentation of his Beef and Beer, without the least Affection for any of the Crowd about him. He feeds them, because he thinks it a Superiority over them that he does so; and they devour him, because they know he treats them out of Insolence. This indeed is Ambition in Grotesque, but may figure to us the Condition of politer Men, whose only Pursuit is Glory. When the Superior acts out of a Principle of Vanity, the Dependant will be sure to allow it him; because he knows it destructive of the very Applause which is courted by the Man who favours him, and consequently makes him nearer himself.

But as every Man living has more or less of this Incentive, which makes Men impatient of an unactive Condition, and urges Men to attempt what may tend to their Reputation, it is absolutely necessary they should form to themselves an Ambition which is in every Man's Power to

gratify. This Ambition would be independent, and would consist only in acting what to a Man's own Mind appears most great and laudable. It is a Pursuit in the Power of every Man, and is only a regular Prosecution of what he himself approves. It is what can be interrupted by no outward Accidents, for no Man can be robbed of his good Intention. One of our Society of the *Trumpet* therefore started last Night a Notion which I thought had Reason in it. It is, methinks, said he, an unreasonable Thing, that Heroick Virtue should (as it seems to be at present) be confined to a certain Order of Men, and be attainable by none but those whom Fortune has elevated to the most conspicuous Stations. I would have every Thing to be esteemed as Heroick which is great and uncommon in the Circumstances in the Man who performs it. Thus there would be no Virtue in humane Life which every one of the Species would not have a Pretence to arrive at, and an Ardency to exert. Since Fortune is not in our Power, let us be as little as possible in hers. Why should it be necessary that a Man should be rich, to be generous? If we measured by the Quality, and not the Quantity, of Things, the Particulars which accompany an Action, is what should denominate it mean or great. The highest Station of humane Life is to be attained by each Man that pretends to it: For every Man can be as valiant, as generous, as wise, and as merciful, as the Faculties and Opportunities which he has from Heaven and Fortune will permit. He that can say to himself, I do as much good, and am as virtuous, as my most earnest Endeavours will allow me, whatever is his Station in the World, is to himself possessed of the highest Honour. If Ambition is not thus turned, it is no other than a continual Succession of Anxiety and Vexation. But when it has this Cast, it invigorates the Mind, and the Consciousness of its

its own Worth is a Reward which it is not in the Power of Envy, Reproach, or Detraction, to take from it. Thus the Seat of solid Honour is in a Man's own Bosom, and no one can want Support who is in Possession of an honest Conscience, but he who would suffer the Reproaches of it for other Greatness.

P. S. I was going on in my Philosophy, when Notice was brought me, that there was a great Crowd in my Antichamber, who expected Audience. When they were admitted, I found they all met at my Lodgings (each coming upon the same Errand) to know whether they were of the Fortunate in the Lottery which is now ready to be drawn. I was much at a Loss how to extricate my self from their Importunity; but observing the Assembly made up of both Sexes, I signified to them, that in this Case it would appear Fortune is not blind, for all the Lots would fall upon the Wisest and the Fairest. This gave so general a Satisfaction, that the Room was soon emptied, and the Company retired with the best Air, and the most pleasing Grace, I had any where observed. Mr. *Elliot* of St. *James*'s Coffee-house now stood alone before me, and signified to me, he had now not only prepared his Books, but had received a very great Subscription already. His Design was, to advertise his Subscribers at their respective Places of Abode, within an Hour after their Number is drawn, whether it was a Blank or Benefit, if the Adventurer lives within the Bills of Mortality, if he dwells in the Country, by the next Post. I encouraged the Man in his Industry, and told him, The ready Path to good Fortune, was to believe there was no such Thing.

The TATLER. [Nº 203.

Ut tu Fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus. Hor.

From *Tuesday July* 25. to *Thursday July* 27. 1710.

From my own Apartment, July 26.

IT is natural for the Imaginations of Men, who lead their Lives in too solitary a Manner, to prey upon themselves, and form from their own Conceptions Beings and Things which have no Place in Nature. This often makes an Adept as much at a Loss when he comes into the World as a meer Savage. To avoid therefore that Ineptitude for Society, which is frequently the Fault of us Scholars, and has to Men of Understanding and Breeding something much more shocking and untractable than Rusticity it self, I take Care to visit all publick Solemnities, and go into Assemblies as often as my Studies will permit. This being therefore the first Day of the Drawing of the Lottery, I did not neglect spending a considerable Time in the Crowd: But as much a Philosopher as I pretend to be, I could not but look with a Sort of Veneration upon the Two Boys which received the Tickets from the Wheels, as the impartial and equal Dispensers of the Fortunes which were to be distributed among the Crowd, who all stood expecting the same Chance. It seems at first Thought very wonderful, that one Passion should so universally have the Preeminence of another in the Possession of Men's Minds as that in this Case; all in general have a secret Hope of the great Ticket: And yet Fear in another Instance, as in going into a Battle shall

have

have ſo little Influence, as that though each Man believes there will be many Thouſands ſlain, each is confident he himſelf ſhall eſcape. This Certainty proceeds from our Vanity; for every Man ſees abundance in himſelf that deſerves Reward, and nothing which ſhould meet with Mortification. But of all the Adventurers that filled the Hall, there was one who ſtood by me, who I could not but fancy expected the Thouſand Pounds *per Annum*, as a meer Juſtice to his Parts and Induſtry. He had his Pencil and Table-Book, and was at the drawing of each Lot, counting how much a Man with Seven Tickets was now nearer the great Prize, by the ſtriking out another, and another Competitor. This Man was of the moſt particular Conſtitution I had ever obſerved; his Paſſions were ſo active, that he worked in the utmoſt Stretch of Hope and Fear. When one Rival fell before him, you might ſee a ſhort Gleam of Triumph in his Countenance, which immediately vaniſhed at the Approach of another. What added to the Particularity of this Man, was, that he every Moment caſt a Look, either upon the Commiſſioners, the Wheels, or the Boys. I gently whiſpered him, and asked, When he thought the Thouſand Pounds would come up? Pugh! ſays he, Who knows that? And then looks upon a little Liſt of his own Tickets, which were pretty high in their Numbers, and ſaid it would not come this Ten Days. This Fellow will have a good Chance, though not that which he has put his Heart on. The Man is mechanically turned, and made for getting. The Simplicity and Eagerneſs which he is in, argues an Attention to his Point; though what he is labouring at does not in the leaſt contribute to it. Were it not for ſuch honeſt Fellows as theſe, the Men who govern the reſt of their Species would have no Tools to work with: For the outward Show of the World is carried on by ſuch as can-

not

not find out that they are doing nothing. I left my Man with great Reluctance, seeing the Care he took to observe the whole Conduct of the Persons concerned, and compute the Inequality of the Chances with his own Hands and Eyes. Dear Sir, said I, they must rise early that cheat you. Ay, said he, there's nothing like a Man's minding his Business himself. 'Tis very true, said I, The Master's Eye makes the Horse fat.

As it is much the greater Number who are to go without Prizes, it is but very Expedient to turn our Lecture to the forming just Sentiments on the Subject of Fortune. One said this Morning, That the Chief Lot he was confident would fall upon some Puppy; but this Gentleman is one of those wrong Tempers who approve only the Unhappy, and have a natural Prejudice to the Fortunate. But as it is certain that there is a great Meanness in being attacked to a Man purely for his Fortune, there is no less a Meanness in disliking him for his Happiness. It is the same Perverseness under different Colours, and both these Resentments arise from meer Pride.

The true Greatness of Mind consists in valuing Men apart from their Circumstances, or according to their Behaviour in them. Wealth is a Distinction only in Traffick; but it must not be allowed as a Recommendation in any other Particular, but only just as it is applied. It was very prettily said, That we may learn the little Value of Fortune by the Persons on whom Heaven is pleased to bestow it. However, there is not a harder Part in Humane Life, than becoming Wealth and Greatness. He must be very well stock'd with Merit, who is not willing to draw some Superiority over his Friends from his Fortune; For it is not every Man that can entertain with the

the Air of a Gueſt, and do good Offices with the Mien of one that receives them.

I muſt confeſs, I cannot conceive how a Man can place himſelf in a Figure wherein he can ſo much enjoy his own Soul, and that greateſt of Pleaſures, the juſt Approbation of his own Actions, than as an Adventurer on this Occaſion, to ſit and ſee the Lots go off without Hope or Fear, perfectly unconcerned as to himſelf, but taking Part in the good Fortune of others.

I will believe there are happy Tempers in being, to whom all the Good that arrives to any of their Fellow-Creatures gives a Pleaſure. Theſe live in a Courſe of ſubſtantial and laſting Happineſs, and have the Satisfaction to ſee all Men endeavour to gratify them. This State of Mind not only lets a Man into certain Enjoyments, but relieves him from as certain Anxieties. If you will not rejoice with happy Men, you muſt repine at them. *Dick Reptile* alluded to this when he ſaid, He would hate no Man out of pure Idleneſs. As for my own Part, I look at Fortune quite in another View than the reſt of the World; and, by my Knowledge in Futurity, tremble at the approaching Prize, which I ſee coming to a young Lady for whom I have much Tenderneſs; and have therefore writ her the following Letter, to be ſent by Mr. *Elliot* with the Notice of her Ticket.

MADAM,

'YOU receive at the Inſtant this comes to
' your Hands, an Account of your having
' (what only you wanted) Fortune; and to admoniſh you, that you may not now want every
' Thing elſe. You had yeſterday Wit, Virtue,
' Beauty; but you never heard of them till to
' Day. They ſay Fortune is blind; but you will
' find ſhe has opened the Eyes of all your Beholders. I beſeech you, Madam, make uſe of the

' Ad-

'Advantages of having been educated without
'Flattery. If you can still be *Chloe*, Fortune
'has indeed been kind to you; if you are alter-
'ed, she has it not in her Power to give you an
'Equivalent.

Grecian Coffee-house, July 26.

Some Time ago a Virtuoso, my very good Friend, sent me a Plan of a covered Summer-house, which a little after was rallied by another of my Correspondents. I cannot therefore defer giving him an Opportunity of making his Defence to the Learned in his own Words.

To Isaac Bickerstaff *Esq*;

SIR, *July* 15. 1710.

'I Have been this Summer upon a Ramble to
'visit several Friends and Relations; which is
'the Reason I have left you, and our ingenious,
'unknown Friend of *South-Wales*, so long in
'your Error concerning the Grass-plots in my
'Green-house. I will not give you the Particu-
'lars of my Gardiner's Conduct in the Manage-
'ment of my covered Garden, but content my
'self with letting you know, that my little
'Fields within Doors, though by their Novelty
'they appear too extravagant to you to subsist
'even in a regular Imagination, are in the Effect
'Things that require no Conjuration. Your
'Correspondent may depend upon it, that under
'a sashed Roof, which lets in the Sun at all
'Times, and the Air as often as is convenient,
'he may have Grass-plots in the greatest Per-
'fection, if he will be at the Pains to water,
'mow, and roll them. Grass and Herbs in ge-
'neral, the less they are exposed to the Sun and
'Wind, the livelier is their Verdure. They re-
'quire only Warmth and Moisture; and if you
'were to see my Plots, your Eye would soon con-
'fess, that the Bowling-Green at *Marybone* wears
'not half so bright a Livery.

'The Motto with which the Gentleman has been 'pleased to furnish you, is so very proper, and 'pleases me so well, that I design to have it set 'upon the Front of my Green-house in Letters 'of Gold.

I am, Sir, &c.

The TATLER. [N° 204.

——Gaudent præ Nomine molles Auriculæ. ——

From *Thursd. July* 27. to *Saturday July* 29. 1710.

From my own Apartment, July 28.

MAny are the Inconveniencies which happen from the improper Manner of Address in common Speech, between Persons of the same or of different Quality. Among these Errors, there is none greater than that of the impertinent Use of Title, and a paraphrastical Way of saying, You. I had the Curiosity the other Day to follow a Crowd of People near *Billingsgate*, who were conducting a passionate Woman who sold Fish to a Magistrate, in order to explain some Words which were ill taken by one of her own Quality and Profession in the publick Market. When she came to make her Defence, she was so very full of, His Worship, and of, If it should please his Honour, that we could for some Time hardly hear any other Apology she made for her self, than that of attoning for the ill Language she had been accused of towards her Neighbour by the great Civilities she paid to her Judge. But this Extravagance in her Sense of doing Honour, was no more to be wondered at, than that her many Rings

Rings on each Finger were worn as Instances of Finery and Dress: The Vulgar may thus heap and huddle Terms of Respect, and nothing better be expected from them; but for People of Rank to repeat Appellatives insignificantly, is a Folly not to be endured, neither with Regard to our Times or our Understanding. It is below the Dignity of Speech to extend it with more Words or Phrases than are necessary to explain our selves with Elegance: And it is, methinks, an Instance of Ignorance, if not of Servitude, to be redundant in such Expressions.

I waited upon a Man of Quality some Mornings ago: He happened to be dressing; and his Shoemaker fitting him, told him, That if his Lordship would please to tread hard, or that if his Lordship would stamp a little, his Lordship would find his Lordship's Shoe will fit as easie as any Piece of Work his Lordship should see in *England*. As soon as my Lord was dressed, a Gentleman approached him with a very good Air, and told him, he had an Affair which had long depended in the Lower Courts, which, through the Inadvertency of his Ancestors on the one Side, and the ill Arts of their Adversaries on the other, could not possibly be settled according to the Rules of the Lower Courts: That therefore he designed to bring his Cause before the House of Lords next Session, where he should be glad if his Lordship should happen to be present; for he doubted not but his Cause would be approved by all Men of Justice and Honour. In this Place the Word Lordship was gracefully inserted, because it was applied to him in that Circumstance wherein his Quality was the Occasion of the Discourse, and wherein it was most useful to the one, and most honourable to the other.

This Way is so far from being disrespectful to the Honour of Nobles, that it is an Expedient

for,

for using them with greater Deference. I would not put Lordship to a Man's Hat, Gloves, Wig, or Cane; but to desire his Lordship's Favour, his Lordship's Judgment, or his Lordship's Patronage, is a Manner of speaking, which expresses an Alliance between his Quality and his Merit. It is this Knowledge which distinguished the Discourse of the Shoemaker from that of the Gentleman. The highest Point of good Breeding, if any one can hit it, is to show a very nice Regard to your own Dignity, and with that in your Heart express your Value for the Man above you.

But the silly Humour to the contrary has so much prevailed, that the slavish Addition of Title enervates Discourse, and renders the Application of it almost ridiculous. We Writers of Diurnals are nearer in our Styles to that of common Talk than any other Writers, by which Means we use Words of Respect sometimes very unfortunately. The *Post-Man*, who is one of the most celebrated of our Fraternity, fell into this Misfortune Yesterday in his Paragraph from *Berlin* of *July* 26. *Count* Wartemberg (says he) *Great Chamberlain, and Chief Minister of this Court, who on* Monday *last accompanied the King of* Prussia *to* Oranienburg, *was taken so very ill, that on* Wednesday *his Life was despaired of; and we had a Report, that his Excellency was dead.*

I humbly presume, that it flattens the Narration, to say his Excellency in a Case which is common to all Men; except you would infer what is not to be inferred, to wit, That the Author designed to say, All wherein he excelled others was departed from him.

Were Distinctions used according to the Rules of Reason and Sense, those Additions to Men's Names would be, as they were first intended, significant of their Worth, and not their Persons; so that in some Cases it might be proper to say,

The

The Man is dead, but his Excellency will never die. It is, methinks, very unjuſt to laugh at a Quaker, becauſe he has taken up a Reſolution to treat you with a Word, the moſt expreſſive of Complaiſance that can be thought of, and with an Air of good Nature and Charity calls you Friend. I ſay, it is very unjuſt to rally him for this Term to a Stranger, when you your ſelves, in all your Phraſes of Diſtinction, confound Phraſes of Honour into no Uſe at all.

Tom. Courtly, who is the Pink of Courteſy, is an Inſtance of how little Moment an undiſtinguiſhing Application of Sounds of Honour are to thoſe who underſtand themſelves. *Tom.* never fails of paying his Obeiſance to every Man he ſees, who has Title or Office to make him conſpicuous; but his Deference is wholly given to outward Conſiderations. I, who know him, can tell within half an Acre how much Land one Man has more than another by *Tom*'s Bow to him. Title is all he knows of Honour, and Civility of Friendſhip: For this Reaſon, becauſe he cares for no Man living, he is religiouſly ſtrict in performing what he calls his Reſpects to you. To this End he is very learned in Pedigree, and will abate ſomething in the Ceremony of his Approaches to a Man, if he is in any Doubt about the bearing of his Coat of Arms. What is the moſt pleaſant of all his Character is, That he acts with a Sort of Integrity in theſe Impertinencies; and though he would not do any Man any ſolid Kindneſs, he is wonderfully juſt and careful not to wrong his Quality. But as Integrity is very ſcarce in the World, I cannot forbear having Reſpect for the Impertinent: It is ſome Virtue to be bound by any Thing. *Tom.* and I are upon very good Terms for the Reſpect he has for the Houſe of *Bickerſtaff*. Tho' one cannot but laugh at his ſerious Conſideration of Things ſo little eſſential, one muſt have a Value even for a frivolous good Conſcience.

The

The TATLER. [Nº 205.

Νήπιοι ἐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντὸς,
Και ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ, ἠ ἀσφοδέλῳ μεγ' ὄνειαρ.
Hesiod.

From *Saturd. July* 29. to *Tuesd. Aug.* 1. 1710.

From my own Apartment, July 31.

NAture has implanted in us Two very strong Desires, Hunger for the Preservation of the Individual, and Lust for the Support of the Species; or, to speak more intelligibly, the former to continue our own Persons, and the latter to introduce others into the World. According as Men behave themselves with regard to these Appetites, they are above or below the Beasts of the Field, which are incited by them without Choice or Reflection. But reasonable Creatures correct these Incentives, and improve them into elegant Motives of Friendship and Society. It is chiefly from this homely Foundation, that we are under the Necessity of seeking for the agreeable Companion, and the honourable Mistress. By this Cultivation of Art and Reason, our Wants are made Pleasures, and the Gratification of our Desires, under proper Restrictions, a Work no way below our noblest Faculties. The wisest Man may maintain his Character, and yet consider in what Manner he shall best entertain his Friend, or divert his Mistress: Nay, it is so far from being a Derogation to him, that he can in no other Instances show so true a Tast of his Life, or his Fortune. What concerns one of the above-mentioned Appetites, as it is elevated into Love, I shall have abundant Occasion to discourse

of

of before I have provided for the numberless Crowd of Damsels I have proposed to take Care of. The Subject therefore of the present Paper shall be that Part of Society which owes its Beginning to the common Necessity of Hunger. When this is considered as the Support of our Being, we may take in under the same Head Thirst also; otherwise when we are pursuing the Glutton, the Drunkard may make his Escape. The true Choice of our Diet, and our Companions at it, seems to consist in that which contributes most to Chearfulness and Refreshment: And these certainly are best consulted by Simplicity in the Food, and Sincerity in the Company. By this Rule are in the first Place excluded from Pretence to Happiness all Meals of State and Ceremony, which are performed in dumb Shew, and greedy Sullenness. At the Boards of the Great, they say, you shall have a Number attending with as good Habits and Countenances as the Guests, which only Circumstance must destroy the whole Pleasure of the Repast: For if such Attendants are introduced for the Dignity of their Appearance, modest Minds are shocked by considering them as Spectators, or else look upon them as Equals, for whose Servitude they are in a Kind of Suffering. It may be here added, that the sumptuous Sideboard to an ingenious Eye has often more the Air of an Altar than a Table. The next absurd Way of enjoying our selves at Meals, is, where the Bottle is ply'd without being called for, where Humour takes Place of Appetite, and the good Company are too dull or too merry to know any Enjoyment in their Senses.

Tho' this Part of Time is absolutely necessary to sustain Life, it must be also considered, That Life it self is to the endless Being of Man but what a Meal is to this Life, not valuable for it self, but for the Purposes of it. If there be any Truth in this, the Expence of many Hours this

Way is ſomewhat unaccountable; and placing much Thought either in too great Sumptuouſneſs and Elegance in this Matter, or wallowing in Noiſe and Riot at it, are both, tho' not equally, unaccountable. I have often conſidered theſe different People with very great Attention, and always ſpeak of them with the Diſtinction of the Eaters, and the Swallowers. The Eaters ſacrifice all their Senſes and Underſtanding to this Appetite: The Swallowers hurry themſelves out of both, without pleaſing this or any other Appetite at all. The latter are improved Brutes, the former degenerated Men. I have ſometimes thought it would not be improper to add to my Dead and Living Men, Perſons in an intermediate State of Humanity, under the Appellation of Dozers. The Dozers are a Sect, who, inſtead of keeping their Appetites in Subjection, live in Subjection to them; nay, they are ſo truly Slaves to them, that they keep at too great a Diſtance ever to come into their Preſence. Within my own Acquaintance, I know thoſe that I dare ſay have forgot that they ever were hungry, and are no leſs utter Strangers to Thirſt and Wearineſs, who are beholden to Sauces for their Food, and to their Food for their Wearineſs.

I have often wondered, conſidering the excellent and choice Spirits that we have among our Divines, that they do not think of putting vicious Habits into a more contemptible and unlovely Figure than they do at preſent. So many Men of Wit and Spirit as there are in Sacred Orders, have it in their Power to make the Faſhion of their Side. The Leaders in humane Society are more effectually prevailed upon this Way than can eaſily be imagined. I have more than one in my Thoughts at this Time capable of doing this againſt all the Oppoſition of the moſt Witty, as well as the moſt Voluptuous. There may poſſibly be more acceptable Subjects, but ſure there are none more uſeful,

useful. It is visible, that tho' Mens Fortunes, Circumstances, and Pleasures, give them Prepossessions too strong to regard any Mention either of Punishments or Rewards, they will listen to what makes them inconsiderable or mean in the Imaginations of others, and by Degrees in their own.

It is certain such Topicks are to be touched upon in the Light we mean, only by Men of the most consummate Prudence, as well as excellent Wit: For these Discourses are to be made, if made to run into Example, before such as have their Thoughts more intent upon the Propriety than the Reason of the Discourse. What indeed leads me into this Way of Thinking, is, That the last Thing I read was a Sermon of the learned Dr. *South*, upon *the Ways of Pleasantness*. This admirable Discourse was made at Court, where the Preacher was too wise a Man not to believe, the greatest Argument, in that Place, against the Pleasures then in Vogue, must be, that they lost greater Pleasures by prosecuting the Course they were in. The Charming Discourse has in it whatever Wit and Wisdom can put together. This Gentleman has a Talent of making all his Faculties bear to the great End of his hallowed Profession. Happy Genius! He is the better Man for being a Wit. The best Way to praise this Author is to quote him; and, I think, I may defy any Man to say a greater Thing of him, or his Ability, than that there are no Paragraphs in the whole Discourse I speak of below these which follow.

After having recommended the Satisfaction of the Mind, and the Pleasure of Conscience, he proceeds:

'An ennobling Property of it is, That it is 'such a Pleasure as never satiates or wearies; for 'it properly affects the Spirit, and a Spirit feels 'no Weariness, as being privileged from the

'Causes

'Causes of it. But can the Epicure say so of any 'of the Pleasures he so much dotes upon? Do 'they not expire while they satisfy, and after a 'few Minutes Refreshment determine in Loath-'ing and Unquietness? How short is the Inter-'val between a Pleasure and a Burthen? How 'undiscernable the Transition from one to the o-'ther: Pleasure dwells no longer upon the Ap-'petite than the Necessities of Nature, which 'are quickly and easily provided for; and then 'all that follows is a Load and an Oppression. 'Every Morsel to a satisfied Hunger, is only a 'new Labour to a tired Digestion. Every Draught 'to him that has quenched his Thirst, is but a 'further quenching of Nature, and a Provision 'for Rheum and Diseases, a Drowning of the 'Quickness and Activity of the Spirits.

'He that prolongs his Meals, and sacrifices his 'Time, as well as his other Conveniencies, to his 'Luxury, How quickly does he outsit his Plea-'sure? And then, How is all the following Time 'bestowed upon Ceremony and Surfeit? Till at 'length, after a long Fatigue of Eating, and 'Drinking, and Babbling, he concludes the great 'Work of dining genteely, and so makes a Shift 'to rise from Table, that he may lie down upon 'his Bed; where, after he has slept himself into 'some Use of himself, by much ado he staggers 'to his Table again, and there acts over the same 'brutish Scene: So that he passes his whole Life 'in a dozed Condition, between sleeping and 'waking, with a Kind of Drowsiness and Con-'fusion upon his Senses, which, what Pleasure it 'can be, is hard to conceive. All that is of it 'dwells upon the Tip of his Tongue, and within 'the Compass of his Palate. A worthy Prize for 'a Man to purchase with the Loss of his Time, 'his Reason, and himself!

The TATLER. [Nº 206.

Metiri se quemque suo Modulo ac Pede verum est.
Hor.

From *Tuesday Aug.* 1. to *Thursday Aug.* 3. 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 2.

THE general Purposes of Men in the Conduct of their Lives, (I mean with relation to this Life only) end in gaining either the Affection or the Esteem of those with whom they converse. Esteem makes a Man powerful in Business, and Affection desirable in Conversation, which is certainly the Reason that very agreeable Men fail of their Point in the World; and those who are by no Means such, arrive at it with much Ease. If it be visible in a Man's Carriage that he has a strong Passion to please, no one is much at a Loss how to keep Measures with him, because there is always a Ballance in People's Hands to make up with him, by giving him what he still wants in Exchange for what you think fit to deny him. Such a Person asks with Diffidence, and ever leaves Room for Denial by that Softness of his Complexion. At the same Time he himself is capable of denying nothing, even what he is not able to perform. The other Sort of Man who courts Esteem, having a quite different View, has as different a Behaviour, and acts as much by the Dictates of his Reason, as the other does by the Impulse of his Inclination. You must pay for every Thing you have of him. He considers Mankind as a People in Commerce, and never gives out out of himself what he is sure will not come in with Interest from another. All his

Words and Actions tend to the Advancement of his Reputation and of his Fortune, toward which he makes hourly Progreſs, becauſe he laviſhes no Part of his good Will upon ſuch as do not make ſome Advances to merit it. The Man who values Affection, ſometimes becomes popular; he who aims at Eſteem, ſeldom fails of growing rich.

Thus far we have looked at theſe different Men, as Perſons who endeavour to be valued and beloved from Deſign, or Ambition; but they appear in quite another Figure, when you obſerve the Men who are agreeable and venerable from the Force of their natural Inclinations. We affect the Company of him who has leaſt Regard of himſelf in his Carriage, who throws himſelf into unguarded Gaiety, voluntary Mirth, and general good Humour; who has nothing in his Head but the preſent Hour, and ſeems to have all his Intereſts and Paſſions gratified, if every Man elſe in the Room is as unconcerned as himſelf. This Man uſually has no Quality or Character among his Companions, let him be born of whom he will, have what great Qualities he pleaſe, let him be capable of aſſuming for a Moment what Figures he pleaſes, he ſtill dwells in the Imagination of all who know him but as *Jack ſuch a One*. This makes *Jack* brighten up the Room wherever he enters, and change the Severity of the Company into that Gaiety and good Humour into which his Converſation generally leads them. It is not unpleaſant to obſerve even this Sort of Creature go out of his Character, to check himſelf ſometimes for his Familiarities, and pretend ſo aukwardly at procuring to himſelf more eſteem than he finds he meets with. I was the other Day walking with *Jack Gainly* towards *Lincoln's-Inn-Walks*. We met a Fellow who is a Lower Officer where *Jack* is in the Direction. *Jack* cries to him, So, How is it Mr.—

He anſwers, Mr. *Gainly*, I am glad to ſee you well. This Expreſſion of Equality gave my Friend a Pang, which appeared in a Fluſh of his Countenance. Prithee *Jack*, ſays I, do not be angry at the Man; for do what you will, the Man can only love you, be contented with the Image the Man has of thee; for if thou aimeſt at any other, it muſt be Hatred or Contempt. I went on, and told him, Look'ee, *Jack*, I have heard thee ſometimes talk like an Oracle for half an Hour, with the Sentiments of a *Roman*, the Cloſeneſs of a School-man, and the Integrity of a Divine; but then, *Jack*, while I admired thee, it was upon Topicks which did not concern thy ſelf, and where the Greatneſs of the Subject, (added to thy being perſonally unconcerned in it) created all that was great in thy Diſcourſe. I did not mind his being a little out of Humour, but comforted him, by giving him ſeveral Inſtances of Men of our Acquaintance, who had no one Quality in any Eminence, that were much more eſteemed than he was with very many: But the Thing is, if your Character is to give Pleaſure, Men will conſider you only in that Light, and not in thoſe Acts which turn to Eſteem and Veneration.

When I think of *Jack Gainly*, I cannot but reflect alſo upon his Siſter *Gatty*. She is young, witty, pleaſant, innocent. This is her natural Character; but when ſhe obſerves any one admired for what they call a Fine Woman, ſhe is all the next Day womanly, prudent, obſerving, and virtuous. She is every Moment asked in her prudential Behaviour, Whether ſhe is not well? Upon which ſhe as often anſwers in a Fret, Do People think one muſt be always romping, always a Jackpudding? I never fail to enquire of her, If my Lady ſuch a One, that awful Beauty, was not at the Play laſt Night? She knows the Connexion between that Queſtion and her Change

of

of Humour, and ſays, ' It would be very well, if ' ſome People would examine into themſelves as ' much as they do into others.' Or, ' Sure there ' is nothing in the World ſo ridiculous as an ' amorous old Man.

As I was ſaying, there is a Claſs which every Man is in by his Poſt in Nature, from which it is impoſſible for him to withdraw to another, and become it. Therefore it is neceſſary that each ſhould be contented with it, and not endeavour at any Progreſs out of that Tract. To follow Nature, is the only agreeable Courſe; which is what I would fain inculcate to thoſe jarring Companions, *Flavia* and *Lucia*. They are Mother and Daughter. *Flavia*, who is the Mamma, has all the Charms and Deſires of Youth ſtill about her, and not much turned of Thirty: *Lucia* is blooming and amorous, and but a little above Fifteen. The Mother looks very much younger than ſhe is, the Girl very much elder. If it were poſſible to fix the Girl to her ſick Bed, and preſerve the Portion (the Uſe of which the Mother partakes) the good Widow *Flavia* would certainly do it. But for fear of *Lucia*'s Eſcape, the Mother is forced to be conſtantly attended with a Rival, that explains her Age, and draws off the Eyes of her Admirers. The Jeſt is, they can never be together in Strangers Company, but *Lucy* is eternally reprimanded for ſomething very particular in her Behaviour; for which ſhe has the Malice to ſay, She hopes ſhe ſhall always obey her Parents. She carried her Paſſion and Jealouſy to that Height the other Day, that coming ſuddenly into the Room, and ſurpriſing Colonel *Lofty* ſpeaking Rapture on one Knee to her Mother, ſhe clapped down by him, and asked her Bleſſing.

I do not know whether it is ſo proper to tell Family Occurrences of this Nature; but we every Day ſee the ſame Thing happen in the publick Converſation in the World. Men cannot be con-

tent with what is laudable, but they must have all that is laudable. This Affectation is what destroys the familiar Man into Pretences to take State upon him, and the contrary Character to the Folly of aiming at being winning and complaisant. But in these Cases, Men may easily lay aside what they are, but can never arrive at what they are not.

As to the Pursuits after Affection and Esteem, the Fair Sex are happy in this Particular, that with them the one is much more nearly related to the other than in Men. The Love of a Woman is inseparable from some Esteem of her; and as she is naturally the Object of Affection, the Woman who has your Esteem has also some Degree of your Love. A Man that dotes on a Woman for her Beauty, will whisper his Friend, *That Creature has a great deal of Wit when you are well acquainted with her.* And if you examine the Bottom of your Esteem for a Woman, you will find you have a greater Opinion of her Beauty than any Body else. As to us Men, I design to pass most of my Time with the facetious *Harry Bickerstaff*; but *William Bickerstaff*, the most prudent Man of our Family, shall be my Executor.

The TATLER. [N° 207.

From *Thursd. Aug.* 3. to *Saturd. Aug.* 5. 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 4.

HAving Yesterday Morning received a Paper of *Latin* Verses, written with much Elegance in Honour of these my Papers, and being informed at the same Time that they were composed by a Youth under Age, I read them with much

much Delight, as an Instance of his Improvement. There is not a greater Pleasure to old Age, than seeing young People entertain themselves in such a Manner as that we can partake of their Enjoyments. On such Occasions we flatter our selves, that we are not quite laid aside in the World, but that we are either used with Gratitude for what we were, or honoured for what we are. A well inclined young Man, and whose good Breeding is founded upon the Principles of Nature and Virtue, must needs take Delight in being agreeable to his Elders, as we are truly delighted when we are not the Jest of them. When I say this, I must confess I cannot but think it a very lamentable Thing that there should be a Necessity for making that a Rule of Life, which should be, methinks, a meer Instinct of Nature. If Reflection upon a Man in Poverty, whom we once knew in Riches, is an Argument of Commiseration with generous Minds; sure old Age, which is a Decay from that Vigour which the Young possess, and must certainly (if not prevented against their Will) arrive at, should be more forcibly the Object of that Reverence which honest Spirits are inclined to from a Sense of being themselves liable to what they observe has already overtaken others.

My Three Nephews, whom in *June* last was Twelvemonth I disposed of according to their several Capacities and Inclinations, the first to the University, the Second to a Merchant, and the Third to a Woman of Quality as her Page, by my Invitation dined with me to-Day. It is my Custom often, when I have a Mind to give my self a more than ordinary Chearfulness, to invite a certain young Gentlewoman of our Neighbourhood to make one of the Company. She did me that Favour this Day. The Presence of a beautiful Woman of Honour, to Minds which are not trivially disposed, displays an Alacrity which is

not to be communicated by any other Object. It was not unpleasant to me to look into her Thoughts of the Company she was in. She smiled at the Party of Pleasure I had thought of for her, which was composed of an old Man and Three Boys. My Scholar, my Citizen, and my self, were very soon neglected; and the young Courtier, by the Bow he made to her at her Entrance, engaged her Observation without a Rival. I observed the *Oxonian* not a little discomposed at this Preference, while the Trader kept his Eye upon his Unkle. My Nephew *Will* had a Thousand secret Resolutions to break in upon the Discourse of his younger Brother, who gave my fair Companion a full Account of the Fashion, and what was reckoned most becoming to this Complexion, and what Sort of Habit appeared best upon t'other Shape. He proceeded to acquaint her, who of Quality was well or sick within the Bills of Mortality, and named very familiarly all his Lady's Acquaintance, not forgetting her very Words when he spoke of their Characters. Besides all this, he had a Road of Flattery; and upon her enquiring what Sort of Woman Lady *Lovely* was in her Person, Really Madam, says the Jackanapes, she is exactly of your Height and Shape; but as you are fair, she is a brown Woman. There was no enduring that this Fop should outshine us all at this unmerciful Rate, therefore I thought fit to talk to my young Scholar concerning his Studies; and because I would throw his Learning into present Service, I desired him to repeat to me the Translation he had made of some tender Verses in *Theocritus*. He did so, with an Air of Elegance peculiar to the College to which I sent him. I made some Exceptions to the Turn of the Phrases, which he defended with much Modesty, as believing in that Place the Matter was rather to consult the Softness of a Swain's Passion, than the Strength of his Expres-

sion.

fions. It foon appeared, that *Will* had out-ftripped his Brother in the Opinion of our young Lady. A little Poetry to one who is bred a Scholar, has the fame Effect that a good Carriage of his Perfon has on one who is to live in Courts. The Favour of Women is fo natural a Paffion, that I envied both the Boys their Succefs in the Approbation of my Gueft; and I thought the only Perfon invulnerable was my young Trader. During the whole Meal, I could obferve in the Children a mutual Contempt and Scorn of each other, arifing from their different Way of Life and Education, and took that Occafion to advertife them of fuch growing Diftafts, which might miflead them in their future Life, and difappoint their Friends, as well as themfelves, of the Advantages which might be expected from the Diverfity of their Profeffions and Interefts.

The Prejudices which are growing up between thefe Brothers from the different Ways of Education, are what create the moft fatal Mifunderftandings in Life. But all Diftinctions of Difparagement meerly from our Circumftances, are fuch as will not bear the Examination of Reafon. The Courtier, the Trader, and the Scholar, fhould all have an equal Pretenfion to the Denomination of a Gentleman. That Tradefman who deals with me in a Commodity which I do not underftand with Uprightnefs, has much more Right to that Character, than the Courtier who gives me falfe Hopes, or the Scholar who laughs at my Ignorance.

The Appellation of Gentleman is never to be affixed to a Man's Circumftances, but to his Behaviour in them. For this Reafon I fhall ever, as far as I am able, give my Nephews fuch Impreffions as fhall make them value themfelves rather as they are ufeful to others, than as they are confcious of Merit in themfelves. There are no Qualities from which we ought to pretend to the

Esteem of others, but such as render us serviceable to them; for *Free Men have no Superiors but Benefactors.* I was going on like a true old Fellow to this Purpose to my Guests, when I received the following Epistle:

SIR,

'I Have yours, with Notice of a Benefit-Ticket 'of 100 *l. per Annum, both enclosed by* Mr. *Elliot,* who had my Numbers for that Purpose. 'Your Philosophick Advice came very seasonably 'to me with that good Fortune; but I must be 'so sincere with you as to acknowledge, I owe 'my present Moderation more to my own Folly, 'than your Wisdom. You will think this strange 'till I inform you, that I had fixed my Thoughts 'upon the 1000 *l.* a Year, and had with that Expectation laid down so many agreeable Plans 'for my Behaviour towards my new Lovers and 'old Friends, that I have received this Favour of 'Fortune with an Air of Disappointment. This 'is interpreted by all who know not the Springs 'of my Heart as a wonderful Piece of Humility. 'I hope my present State of Mind will grow into that; but I confess my Conduct to be now 'owing to another Cause. However, I know 'you will approve my taking hold even of Imperfections to find my Way towards Virtue, 'which is so feeble in us at the best, that we are 'often beholden to our Faults for the first Appearances of it. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

CHLOE.

The

The TATLER. [N° 208.

Si dixeris æstuo, sudat.—— Juv.

From *Saturd. August* 5. to *Tuesd. August* 8. 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 7.

AN old Acquaintanc who met me this Morning seemed overjoyed to see me, and told me, I looked as well as he had known me do these Forty Years: But, continued he, not quite the Man you were when we visited together at Lady *Brightly*'s. Oh! *Isaac*, those Days are over. Do you think there are any such fine Creatures now living as we then conversed with? He went on with a Thousand incoherent Circumstances, which, in his Imagination, must needs please me; but they had the quite contrary Effect. The Flattery with which he began, in telling me how well I wore, was not disagreeable; but his indiscreet Mention of a Set of Acquaintance we had out-lived, recalled Ten Thousand Things to my Memory, which made me reflect upon my present Condition with Regret. Had he indeed been so kind as, after a long Absence, to felicitate me upon an indolent and easy old Age, and mentioned how much he and I had to thank for, who at our Time of Day could walk firmly, eat heartily, and converse chearfully, he had kept up my Pleasure in my self. But of all Mankind, there are none so shocking as these injudicious civil People. They ordinarily begin upon something that they know must be a Satisfaction; but then, for Fear of the Imputation of Flattery, they follow it with the last Thing in the World of which you would be reminded.

reminded. It is this that perplexes civil Persons. The Reason that there is such a general Outcry amongst us against Flatterers, is, that there are so very few good Ones. It is the nicest Art in this Life, and is a Part of Eloquence which does not want the Preparation that is necessary to all other Parts of it, That your Audience should be your Well-wishers: For Praise from an Enemy is the most pleasing of all Commendations.

It is generally to be observed, that the Person most agreeable to a Man for a Constancy is he that has no shining Qualities, but is a certain Degree above great Imperfections, whom he can live with as his Inferior, and who will either overlook or not observe his little Defects. Such an easy Companion as this, either now and then throws out a little Flattery, or lets a Man silently flatter himself in his Superiority to him. If you take Notice, there is hardly a rich Man in the World, who has not such a led Friend of small Consideration, who is a Darling for his Insignificancy. It is a great Ease to have one in our own Shape a Species below us, and who, without being listed in our Service, is by Nature of our Retinue. These Dependants are of excellent Use on a Rainy Day, or when a Man has not a Mind to dress, or to exclude Solitude, when one has neither a Mind to that or to Company. There are of this good-natured Order, who are so kind as to divide themselves, and do these good Offices to many. Five or Six of them visit a whole Quarter of the Town, and exclude the Spleen without Fees from the Families they frequent. If they do not prescribe Physick, they can be Company when you take it. Very great Benefactors to the Rich, or those whom they call People at their Ease, are your Persons of no Consequence. I have known some of them, by the Help of a little Cunning, make delicious Flatterers. They know the Court [illegible] Town, and the general Characters of Persons: By this

Means

Means they will sometimes tell the most agreeable Falshoods imaginable. They will acquaint you, that such a One of a quite contrary Party said, that tho' you were engaged in different Interests, yet he had the greatest Respect for your good Sense and Address. When one of these has a little Cunning, he passes his Time in the utmost Satisfaction to himself and his Friends: For his Position is never to report or speak a displeasing Thing to his Friend. As for letting him go on in an Error, he knows Advice against them is the Office of Persons of greater Talents and less Discretion.

The *Latin* Word for a Flatterer (*Assentator*) implies no more than a Person that barely consents; and indeed such a one, if a Man were able to purchase or maintain him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a one never contradicts you, but gains upon you, not by a fulsom Way of commending you in broad Terms, but liking whatever you propose or utter; at the same Time is ready to beg your Pardon, and gainsay you, if you chance to speak Ill of your self. An old Lady is very seldom without such a Companion as this, who can recite the Names of all her Lovers, and the Matches refused by her in the Days when she minded such Vanities, (as she is pleased to call them, tho' she so much approves the Mention of them.) It is to be noted, that a Woman's Flatterer is generally elder than her self, her Years serving at once to recommend her Patroness's Age, and to add Weight to her Complaisance in all other Particulars.

We Gentlemen of small Fortunes are extremely necessitous in this Particular. I have indeed one who smokes with me often; but his Parts are so low, that all the Incense he does me is to fill his Pipe with me, and to be out at just as many Whiffs as I take. This is all the Praise or Assent that he is capable of, yet there are more Hours when I

would

would rather be in his Company than that of the brighteſt Man I know. It would be an hard Matter to give an Account of this Inclination, to be flattered; but if we go to the Bottom of it, we ſhall find that the Pleaſure in it is ſomething like that of receiving Money which lay out. Every Man thinks he has an Eſtate of Reputation, and is glad to ſee one that will bring any of it Home to him: It is no Matter how dirty a Bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clowniſh a Meſſenger, ſo the Money is good. All that we want to be pleaſed with Flattery, is to believe that the Man is ſincere who gives it us. It is by this one Accident, that abſurd Creatures often outrun the more Skilful in this Art. Their Want of Ability is here an Advantage, and their Bluntneſs, as it is the ſeeming Effect of Sincerity, is the beſt Cover to Artifice.

Terence introduces a Flatterer talking to a Coxcomb whom he cheats out of a Livelihood, and a third Perſon on the Stage makes on him this pleaſant Remark, "This Fellow has an Art of making "Fools Madmen." The Love of Flattery is indeed ſometimes the Weakneſs of a great Mind; but you ſee it alſo in Perſons who otherwiſe diſcover no Manner of Reliſh of any Thing above meer Senſuality. Theſe latter it ſometimes improves, but always debaſes the former. A Fool is in himſelf the Object of Pity till he is flattered. By the Force of that his Stupidity is raiſed into Affectation, and he becomes of Dignity enough to be ridiculous. I remember a Drole, that upon one's ſaying, The Times are ſo ticklish that there muſt great Care be taken what one ſays in Converſation; anſwered with an Air of Surlineſs and Honeſty, If People will be free, let them be ſo in the Manner that I am, who never abuſe a Man but to his Face. He had no Reputation for ſaying dangerous Truths; therefore when it was repeated, You abuſe a Man but to his Face? Yes, ſays he, I flatter him.

It

It is indeed the greatest of Injuries to flatter any but the Unhappy, or such as are displeased with themselves for some Infirmity. In this latter Case we have a Member of our Club, that when Sir *Jeffery* falls asleep, wakens him with Snoring. This makes Sir *Jeffery* hold up for some Moments the longer, to see there are Men younger than himself among us, who are more Lethargick than he is.

When Flattery is practised upon any other Consideration, it is the most abject Thing in Nature; nay, I cannot think of any Character below the Flatterer, except he that envies him. You meet with Fellows prepared to be as mean as possible in their Condescentions and Expressions; but they want Persons and Talents to rise up to such a Baseness. As a Coxcomb is a Fool of Parts, so is a Flatterer a Knave of Parts.

The best of this Order that I know, is one who disguises it under a Spirit of Contradiction or Reproof. He told an errant Driveler the other Day, That he did not care for being in Company with him, because he heard he turned his absent Friends into Ridicule. And upon Lady *Autumn*'s disputing with him about something that happened at the Revolution, he replied with a very angry Tone, Pray, Madam, give me Leave to know more of a Thing in which I was actually concerned, than you who were then in your Nurse's Arms.

The TATLER. [N° 209.

From *Tuesd. August* 8. to *Thursd. August* 10. 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 9.

A Noble Painter, who has an Ambition to draw an History-Piece, has desired of me to give him a Subject on which he may show the utmost Force of his Art and Genius. For this Purpose I have pitched upon that remarkable Incident between *Alexander the Great* and his Physician. This Prince, in the Midst of his Conquests in *Persia*, was seized by a violent Fever; and according to the Account we have of his *vast* Mind, his Thoughts were more employed about his Recovery as it regarded the War, than as it concerned his own Life. He professed, a slow Method was worse than Death to him, because it was what he more dreaded, an Interruption of his Glory. He desired a dangerous, so it might be a speedy Remedy. During this Impatience of the King, it is well known that *Darius* had offered an immense Sum to any who should take away his Life. But *Philippus*, the most esteemed and most knowing of his Physicians, promised, that within Three Days Time he would prepare a Medicine for him which should restore him more expeditiously than could be imagined. Immediately after this Engagement, *Alexander* receives a Letter from the most considerable of his Captains, with Intelligence, That *Darius* had bribed *Philippus* to poison him. Every Circumstance imaginable favoured this Suspicion; but this Monarch, who did nothing but in an extraordinary Manner, concealed the Letter; and while the Medicine was preparing, spent all his Thoughts upon his Behaviour

in

in this important Incident. From his long Soliloquy he came to this Resolution: "*Alexander* 'must not lie here alive to be oppressed by his 'Enemy. I will not believe my Physician guilty; 'or, I will perish rather by his Guilt, than my 'own Diffidence.

At the appointed Hour, *Philippus* enters with the Potion. One cannot but form to one's self on Occasion the Encounter of their Eyes, the Resolution in those of the Patient, and the Benevolence in the Countenance of the Physician. The Hero raised himself in his Bed, and holding the Letter in one Hand, and the Potion in the other, drank the Medicine. It will exercise my Friend's Pencil and Brain to place this Action in its proper Beauty. A Prince observing the Features of a suspected Traytor after having drank the Poison he offer'd him, is a Circumstance so full of Passion, that it will require the highest Strength of his Imagination to conceive it, much more to express it. But as Painting is Eloquence and Poetry in Mechanism, I shall raise his Idea's, by reading with him the finest Draughts of the Passions concerned in this Circumstance from the most excellent Poets and Orators. The Confidence which *Alexander* assumes from the Air of *Philippus*'s Face as he is reading his Accusation, and the generous Disdain which is to rise in the Features of a falsly accused Man, are principally to be regarded. In this Particular he must heighten his Thoughts, by reflecting, that he is not drawing only an innocent Man traduced, but a Man zealously affected to his Person and Safety, full of Resentment for being thought false. How shall we contrive to express the highest Admiration mingled with Disdain? How shall we in Strokes of a Pencil say, what *Philippus* did to his Prince on this Occasion? 'Sir, my Life never depended on yours more than 'it does now. Without knowing this Secret, I 'prepared the Potion, which you have taken as

'what

'what concerned *Philippus* no less than *Alexander*;
'and there is nothing new in this Adventure, but
'that it makes me still more admire the Generosity
'and Confidence of my Master." *Alexander* took
him by the Hand, and said, "*Philippus*, I am con-
'fident you had rather I had any other Way to
'have manifested the Faith I have in you, than a
'Case which so nearly concerns me: And in Gra-
'titude I now assure you, I am anxious for the
'Effect of your Medicine, more for your Sake
'than my own.

My Painter is employed by a Man of Sense and Wealth to furnish him a Gallery, and I shall join with my Friend in the Designing Part. It is the great Use of Pictures to raise in our Minds either agreeable Idea's of our absent Friends, or high Images of eminent Personages. But the latter Design is, methinks, carried on in a very improper Way: For to fill a Room full of Battle-Pieces, pompous Histories of Sieges, and a tall Hero alone in a Crowd of insignificant Figures about him, is of no Consequence to private Men. But to place before our Eyes great and illustrious Men in those Parts and Circumstances of Life wherein their Behaviour may have an Effect upon our Minds, as being such as we partake with them merely as they were Men: Such as these, I say, may be just and useful Ornaments of an elegant Apartment. In this Collection therefore that we are making, we will not have the Battles, but the Sentiments of *Alexander*. The Affair we were just now talking of, has Circumstances of the highest Nature, and yet their Grandeur has little to do with his Fortune. If by observing such a Piece as that of his taking a Bowl of Poison with so much Magnanimity, a Man, the next Time he has a Fit of the Spleen, is less froward to his Friend or his Servants; thus far is some Improvement.

I have frequently thought, that if we had many Draughts which were Historical of certain Passions, and had the true Figure of the great Men we see transported by them, it would be of the most solid Advantage imaginable. To consider this mighty Man on one Occasion administer to the Wants of a poor Soldier, benummed with Cold, with the greatest Humanity; at another, barbarously stabbing a faithful Officer: At one Time, so generously chast and virtuous as to give his Captive *Statira* her Liberty; at another, burning a Town at the Instigation of *Thais.* This Sort of Changes in the same Person are what would be more beneficial Lessons of Morality, than the several Revolutions in a great Man's Fortune. There are but One or Two in an Age to whom the pompous Incidents of his Life can be exemplary; but I or any Man may be as sick, as good-natur'd, as compassionate, and as angry, as *Alexander the great.* My Purpose in all this Chat is, that so excellent a Furniture may not for the future have so Romantick a Turn, but allude to Incidents which come within the Fortunes of the ordinary Race of Men. I do not know but 'tis by the Force of this senseless Custom that People are drawn in Postures they would not for half they are worth be surprised in. The unparallell'd Fierceness of some Rural 'Squires drawn in Red, or in Armour, who never dreamed to destroy any Thing above a Fox, is a common and ordinary Offence of this Kind. But I shall give an Account of our whole Gallery on another Occasion.

The TATLER. [N° 210.

From *Thursd. Aug.* 10. to *Saturd. Aug.* 12. 1710.

Sheer-Lane, August 10.

I Did my ſelf the Honour this Day to make a Viſit to a Lady of Quality, who is one of thoſe who are ever railing at the Vices of the Age, but mean only one Vice, becauſe it is the only Vice they are not guilty of. She went ſo far as to fall foul on a young Woman who has had Imputations; but whether they were juſt or not, no one knows but her ſelf. However that is, ſhe is in her preſent Behaviour modeſt, humble, pious, and diſcreet. I thought it became me to bring this cenſorious Lady to Reaſon, and let her ſee ſhe was a much more vitious Woman than the Perſon ſhe ſpoke of.

Madam, ſaid I, you are very ſevere to this poor young Woman, for a Treſpaſs which I believe Heaven has forgiven her, and for which you ſee ſhe is for ever out of Countenance. Nay, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ſhe interrupted, If you at this Time of Day contradict People of Virtue, and ſtand up for ill Women —— No, no, Madam, ſaid I, not ſo faſt, ſhe is reclaimed, and I fear you never will be. Nay, nay, Madam, do not be in a Paſſion, but let me tell you what you are. You are indeed as good as your Neighbours, but that is being very bad. You are a Woman at the Head of a Family, and lead a perfect Town Lady's Life. You go on your own Way, and conſult nothing but your Glaſs. What Imperfections indeed you ſee there, you immediately mend as faſt as you can. You may do the ſame by the Faults I tell you of, for they are much more in your Power to correct.

You

You are to know then, that you Visiting Ladies, that carry your Virtue from House to House with so much Prattle in each other's Applause, and triumph over other People's Faults, I grant you have but the Speculation of Vice in your own Conversations, but promote the Practice of it in all others you have to do with.

As for you, Madam, your Time passes away in Dressing, Eating, Sleeping, and Praying. When you rise in a Morning, I grant you an Hour spent very well; but you come out to dress in so froward a Humour, that the poor Girl who attends you, curses her very Being in that she is your Servant, for the peevish Things you say to her. When this poor Creature is put into a Way, that Good or Evil are regarded but as they relieve her from the Hours she has and must pass with you. The next you have to do with, is your Coachman and Footmen. They convey your Ladyship to Church. While you are praying there, they are cursing, swearing, and drinking in an Ale-house. During the Time also which your Ladyship sets apart for Heaven, you are to know, that your Cook is sweating and fretting in Preparation for your Dinner. Soon after your Meal you make Visits, and the whole World that belongs to you speaks all the Ill of you which you are repeating of others. You see, Madam, whatever Way you go, all about you are in a very broad one. The Morality of these People it is your proper Business to enquire into; and till you reform them, you had best let your Equals alone; otherwise, if I allow you you are not vitious, you must allow me you are not virtuous.

I took my Leave, and received at my coming Home the following Letter:

Mr.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*,

'I Have lived a pure and undefiled Virgin these
' Twenty seven Years; and I assure you, 'tis
' with great Grief and Sorrow of Heart I tell you,
' that I become weary and impatient of the Deri-
' sion of the Gigglers of our Sex who call me old
' Maid, and tell me I shall lead Apes. If you are
' truly a Patron of the Distressed, and an Adept
' in Astrology, you will advise whether I shall or
' ought to be prevailed upon by the Impertinen-
' cies of my own Sex, to give Way to the Impor-
' tunities of yours. I assure you, I am surrounded
' with both, tho' at present a Forlorn.

I am, &c.'

I must defer my Answer to this Lady out of a Point of Chronology. She says, she has been Twenty Seven Years a Maid; but I fear, according to a common Error, she dates her Virginity from her Birth, which is a very erroneous Method; for a Woman of Twenty is no more to be thought chast so many Years, than a Man of that Age can be said to have been so long Valiant. We must not allow People the Favour of a Virtue till they have been under the Temptation to the contrary. A Woman is not a Maid till her Birth-Day, as we call it, of her Fifteenth Year. My Plaintiff is therefore desired to inform me, whether she is at present in her Twenty eighth or Forty third Year, and she shall be dispatched accordingly.

St. James's Coffee-house, August 11.

A Merchant came hither this Morning, and read a Letter from a Correspondent of his at *Milan*. It was dated of the 7th Instant, N. S. The following is an Abstract of it. On the 25th of the last Month, Five Thousand Men were on their March in the *Lampourdan*, under the Command of General *Wesell*, having received Orders from his Catholick Majesty to join him in his Camp with all possible Expedition.

Expedition. The Duke of *Anjou* soon had Intelligence of their Motion, and took a Resolution to decamp, in order to intercept them, within a Day's March of our Army. The King of *Spain* was apprehensive the Enemy might make such a Movement, and commanded General *Stanhope* with a Body of Horse, consisting of Fourteen Squadrons, to observe their Course, and prevent their Passage over the Rivers *Segra* and *Noguera* between *Lerida* and *Balaguer*. It happened to be the first Day that Officer had appeared Abroad after a dangerous and violent Fever; but he received the King's Commands on this Occasion with a Joy which surmounted his present Weakness, and on the 27th of last Month came up with the Enemy on the Plains of *Balaguer*. The Duke of *Anjou*'s Rear-Guard consisting of Twenty six Squadrons, that General sent Intelligence of their Posture to the King, and desired his Majesty's Orders to attack them. During the Time which he waited for his Instructions, he made his Disposition for the Charge, which was to divide themselves into Three Bodies; One to be commanded by himself in the Center, a Body on the Right by Count *Maurice* of *Nassau*, and the Third on the Left by the Earl of *Rochford*. Upon the Receipt of his Majesty's Direction to attack the Enemy, the General himself charged with the utmost Vigour and Resolution, while the Earl of *Rochford* and Count *Maurice* extended themselves on his Right and Left, to prevent the Advantage the Enemy might make of the Superiority of their Numbers. What appears to have misled the Enemy's General in this Affair was, that it was not supposed practicable that the Confederates would attack him till they had received a Reinforcement. For this Reason he pursued his March without facing about, till we were actually coming on to Engagement. General *Stanhope*'s Disposition made it impracticable to do it at that Time. Count *Maurice* and the Earl

of *Rochford* attacking them in the Inſtant in which they were forming themſelves. The Charge was made with the greateſt Gallantry, and the Enemy very ſoon put into ſo great Diſorder, that their whole Cavalry were commanded to ſupport their Rear-Guard. Upon the Advance of this Reinforcement, all the Horſe of the King of *Spain* were come up to ſuſtain General *Stanhope*, inſomuch that the Battle improved to a general Engagement of the Cavalry of both Armies. After a warm Diſpute for ſome Time, it ended in the utter Defeat of all the Duke of *Anjou's* Horſe. Upon the Diſpatch of theſe Advices, that Prince was retiring towards *Lerida*. We have no Account of any conſiderable Loſs on our Side, except that both thoſe Heroick Youths, the Earl of *Rochford* and Count *Naſſau*, fell in this Action. They were, you know, both Sons of Perſons who had a great Place in the Confidence of your late King *William*; and I doubt not but their Deaths will endear their Families, which were ennobled by him, in your Nation. General *Stanhope* has been reported by the Enemy dead of his Wounds; but he received only a ſlight Contuſion on the Shoulder.

P. S. We acknowledge you here a mighty brave People; but you are ſaid to love quarrelling ſo well, that you cannot be quiet at Home. The Favourers of the Houſe of *Bourbon* among us affirm, That this *Stanhope*, who could as it were get out of his ſick Bed to fight againſt their King of *Spain* muſt be of the Antimonarchical Party.

The TATLER. [N° 211.

——— *Nequeo monstrare, & sentio tantum.* Juv.

From *Saturd. Aug.* 12. to *Tuesd. Aug.* 15. 1710.

Sunday, August 13.

IF there were no other Consequence of it, but barely that Humane Creatures on this Day assemble themselves before their Creator, without Regard to their usual Employments, their Minds at Leisure from the Cares of this Life, and their Bodies adorned with the best Attire they can bestow on them; I say, were this meer outward Celebration of a Sabbath all that is expected from Men, even that were a laudable Distinction, and a Purpose worthy the Humane Nature. But when there is added to it the sublime Pleasure of Devotion, our Being is exalted above it self; and he who spends a Seventh Day in the Contemplation of the next Life, will not easily fall into the Corruptions of this in the other Six. They who never admit Thoughts of this Kind into their Imagination, lose higher and sweeter Satisfactions than can be raised by any other Entertainment. The most illiterate Man who is touched with Devotion, and uses frequent Exercises of it, contracts a certain Greatness of Mind, mingled with a noble Simplicity, that raises him above those of the same Condition; and there is an indelible Mark of Goodness in those who sincerely possess it. It is hardly possible it should be otherwise; for the Fervours of a pious Mind will naturally contract such an Earnestness and Attention towards a better Being, as will make the

the ordinary Passages of Life go off with a becoming Indifference. By this, a Man in the lowest Condition will not appear mean, or in the most splendid Fortune, insolent.

As to all the Intricacies and Vicissitudes under which Men are ordinarily intangled with the utmost Sorrow and Passion, one who is devoted to Heaven when he falls into such Difficulties is led by a Clue through a Labyrinth. As to this World, he does not pretend to Skill in the Mazes of it, but fixes his Thoughts upon one Certainty, that he shall soon be out of it. And we may ask very boldly, What can be a more sure Consolation than to have an Hope in Death? When Men are arrived at thinking of their very Dissolution with Pleasure, how few Things are there that can be terrible to them? Certainly nothing can be dreadful to such Spirits, but what would make Death terrible to them, Falshood towards Man, or Impiety towards Heaven. To such as these, as there are certainly many such, the Gratifications of innocent Pleasures are doubled, even with Reflections upon their Imperfection. The Disappointments which naturally attend the great Promises we make our selves in expected Enjoyments, strike no Damp upon such Men, but only quicken their Hopes of soon knowing Joys, which are too pure to admit of Allay or Satiety.

It is thought among the politer Part of Mankind an Imperfection to want a Relish of any of those Things which refine our Lives. This is the Foundation of the Acceptance which Eloquence, Musick, and Poetry, make in the World; and I know not why Devotion, considered meerly as an Exaltation of our Happiness, should not at least be so far regarded as to be considered. It is possible the very Enquiry would lead Men into such Thoughts and Gratifications as they did not expect to meet with in this Place. Many a good

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Acquaintance has been lost from a general Prepossession in his Disfavour, and a severe Aspect has often hid under it a very agreeable Companion.

There are no distinguishing Qualities among Men to which there are not false Pretenders; but tho' none is more pretended to than that of Devotion, there are, perhaps, fewer successful Impostors in this Kind than any other. There is something so natively great and good in a Person that is truly devout, that an aukward Man may as well pretend to be genteel, as an Hypocrite to be pious. The Constraint in Words and Actions are equally visible in both Cases, and any Thing set up in their Room does but remove the Endeavourers the further off their Pretensions. But however the Sense of true Piety is abated, there is no other Motive of Action that can carry us through all the Vicissitudes of Life with Alacrity and Resolution. But Piety, like Philosophy, when it is superficial, does but make Men appear the worse for it; and a Principle that is but half received, does but distract, instead of guiding our Behaviour. When I reflect upon the unequal Conduct of *Lotius*, I see many Things that run directly counter to his Interest; therefore I cannot attribute his Labours for the publick Good to Ambition. When I consider his Disregard to his Fortune, I cannot esteem him covetous. How then can I reconcile his Neglect of himself, and his Zeal for others? I have long suspected him to be *a little Pious:* But no Man ever hid his Vice with greater Caution than he does his Virtue. It was the Praise of a great *Roman*, That he had rather be, than appear good. But such is the Weakness of *Lotius*, that I dare say, he had rather be esteemed irreligious, than devout. By I know not what Impatience of Raillery he is wonderfully fearful of being thought too great a Believer. A Hundred little Devices

are made use of to hide a Time of private Devotion; and he will allow you any Suspicion of his being ill employed, so you do not tax him with being well. But alas! How mean is such a Behaviour? To boast of Virtue is a most ridiculous Way of disappointing the Merit of it, but not so pitiful as that of being ashamed of it. How unhappy is the Wretch who makes the most absolute and independent Motive of Action the Cause of Perplexity and Inconstancy? How much another Figure does *Cælicola* make with all who know him? His great and superior Mind, frequently exalted by the Raptures of Heavenly Meditation, is to all his Friends of the same Use as if an Angel were to appear at the Decision of their Disputes. They very well understand he is as much disinterested and unbiass'd as such a Being. He considers all Applications made to him, as those Addresses will effect his own Application to Heaven. All his Determinations are deliver'd with a beautiful Humility; and he pronounces his Decisions with the Air of one who is more frequently a Supplicant than a Judge.

Thus humble, and thus great, is the Man who is moved by Piety, and exalted by Devotion. But behold this recommended by the masterly Hand of a great Divine I have heretofore made bold with.

'It is such a Pleasure as can never cloy or 'overwork the Mind; a Delight that grows and 'improves under Thought and Reflection; and 'while it exercises, does also endear it self to 'the Mind. All Pleasure that affect the Body 'must needs weary, because they transport; and 'all Transportation is a Violence; and no 'Violence can be lasting, but determines upon 'the Falling of the Spirits, which are not able to 'keep up that Height of Motion that the Plea-'sure of the Senses raises them to. And there-'fore how inevitably does an immoderate Laugh-

'ter

'ter end in a Sigh, which is only Nature's reco-'vering it ſelf after a Force done to it: But the 'religious Pleaſure of a well-diſpoſed Mind moves 'gently, and therefore conſtantly. It does not 'effect by Rapture and Extaſie, but is like the 'Pleaſure of Health, greater and ſtronger than 'thoſe that call up the Senſes with groſſer and 'more affecting Impreſſions. No Man's Body is 'as ſtrong as his Appetites; but Heaven has cor-'rected the Boundleſneſs of his voluptuous De-'ſires by ſtinting his Strengths, and contracting 'his Capacities. - - - The Pleaſure of the reli-'gious Man is an eaſy and a portable Pleaſure, 'ſuch an one as he carries about in his Boſom, 'without alarming either the Eye or Envy of the 'World. A Man putting all his Pleaſure into 'this one, is like a Traveller putting all his 'Goods into one Jewel; the Value is the ſame, 'and the Convenience greater.

The TATLER. [N° 212.

From *Tueſday Aug.* 15. to *Thurſday Aug.* 17. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Aug. 16.

I Have had much Importunity to anſwer the following Letter.

Mr. Bickerſtaff,

R*Eading over a Volume of Yours, I find the Words* Simplex Munditiis *mentioned as a De-ſcription of a very well dreſſed Woman. I beg of you, for the Sake of the Sex, to explain theſe Terms. I cannot comprehend what my Brother means,*

when he tells me they signify my own Name, which is,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

Plain English.

I think the Lady's Brother has given us a very good Idea of that elegant Expression, it being the greatest Beauty of Speech to be close and intelligible. To this End nothing is to be more carefully consulted than Plainness. In a Lady's Attire this is the single Excellence; for to be what some call fine, is the same Vice in that Case, as to be florid is in Writing or Speaking. I have studied and writ on this important Subject till I almost despair of making a Reformation in the Females of this Island, where we have more Beauty than in any Spot in the Universe, if we did not disguise it by false Garniture, and detract from it by impertinent Improvements. I have by me a Treatise concerning Pinners, which I have some Hopes will contribute to the Amendment of the present Head-dresses, to which I have solid and unanswerable Objections. But most of the Errors in that and other Particulars of adorning the Head, are crept into the World from the Ignorance of modern Tirewomen; for it is come to that Pass, that an aukward Creature in the first Year of her Apprenticeship, that can hardly stick a Pin, shall take upon her to dress a Woman of the First Quality. However it is certain, that there requires in a good Tirewoman a perfect Skill in Opticks; for all the Force of Ornament is to contribute to the Intention of the Eyes. Thus she who has a Mind to look killing, must arm her Face accordingly, and not leave her Eyes and Cheeks undressed. There is *Araminta* so sensible of this, that she never will

will ſee even her own Husband without a Hood on. Can any one living bear to ſee Miſs *Gruel*, lean as ſhe is, with her Hair tied back after the modern Way? But ſuch is the Folly of our Ladies, that becauſe one who is a Beauty, out of Oſtentation of her being ſuch, takes Care to wear ſomething that ſhe knows cannot be of any Conſequence to her Complexion; I ſay, our Women run on ſo heedleſly in the Faſhion, that tho' it is the Intereſt of ſome to hide as much of their Faces as poſſible, yet becauſe a leading Toaſt appeared with a backward Head-dreſs, the reſt ſhall follow the Mode, without obſerving that the Author of the Faſhion aſſumed it becauſe it could become no one but her ſelf.

Flavia is ever well dreſſed, and always the genteleſt Woman you meet: But the Make of her Mind very much contributes to the Ornament of her Body. She has the greateſt Simplicity of Manners of any of her Sex. This makes every Thing look native about her, and her Cloaths are ſo exactly fitted, that they appear as it were Part of her Perſon. Every one that ſees her, knows her to be of Quality; but her Diſtinction is owing to her Manner, and not to her Habit. Her Beauty is full of Attraction, but not of Allurement. There is ſuch a Compoſure in her Looks, and Propriety in her Dreſs, that you would think it impoſſible ſhe ſhould change the Garb you one Day ſee her in for any Thing ſo becoming, till you next Day ſee her in another. There is no other Myſtery in this, but that however ſhe is apparelled, ſhe is her ſelf the ſame: For there is ſo immediate a Relation between our Thoughts and Geſtures, that a Woman muſt think well to look well.

But this weighty Subject I muſt put off for ſome other Matters in which my Correſpondents are urgent for Anſwers, which I ſhall do where I

can, and appeal to the Judgment of others where I cannot.

Mr. Bickerstaff, August 15. 1710.

TAking the Air t'other Day on Horseback in the Green Lane that leads to Southgate, *I discovered coming towards me a Person well mounted in a Mask; and I accordingly expected, as any one would, to have been robbed. But when we came up with each other, the Spark, to my greater Surprize, very peaceably gave me the Way; which made me take Courage enough to ask him, if he masqueraded, or how? He made me no Answer, but still continued* incognito. *This was certainly an Ass in a Lion's Skin; a harmless Bull-Beggar, who delights to fright innocent People, and set them a gallopping. I bethought my self of putting as good a Jest upon him, and had turned my Horse, with a Design to pursue him to* London, *and get him apprehended, on Suspicion of being a Highway-man: But when I reflected, that 'twas the proper Office of the Magistrate to punish only Knaves, and that we had a Censor of* Great Britain *for People of another Denomination, I immediately determined to prosecute him in your Court only. This unjustifiable Frolick I take to be neither Wit nor Humour: Therefore hope you will do me, and as many others as were that Day frighted, Justice. I am,*

SIR,

Your Friend and Servant,

J. L.

SIR,

THE Gentleman begs your Pardon, and frighted you out of Fear of frighting you; for he is just come out of the Small-Pox.

Mr. Bicker-

Mr. Bickerstaff,

YOur *Distinction concerning the Time of commencing Virgins is allowed to be just. I write you my Thanks for it, in the Twenty eighth Year of my Life, and Twelfth of my Virginity. But I am to ask you another Question, May a Woman be said to live any more Years a Maid than she continues to be courted?*

I am, &c.

SIR, *Aug.* 15. 1710.

I *Observe that the* Post-Man *of* Saturday *last, giving an Account of the Action in* Spain, *has this elegant Turn of Expression*; General *Stanhope*, who in the whole Action expressed as much Bravery as Conduct, received a Contusion in his Right Shoulder. *I should be glad to know, Whether this cautious Politician means to commend or to rally him, by saying,* He expressed as much Bravery as Conduct? *If you can explain this dubious Phrase, it will inform the Publick, and oblige,*

SIR,

Your humble Servant, &c.

The TATLER. [N° 213.

From *Thursd. Aug.* 17. to *Saturd. Aug.* 19. 1710.

Sheer-Lane, August 16.

THere has of late crept in among the downright *English*, a mighty Spirit of Dissimulation. But before we discourse of this Vice, it will be necessary to observe, that the Learned make a Difference between Simulation and Dissimulation. Simulation is a Pretence of what is not, and Dissimulation a Concealment of what is. The lat-

ter is our present Affair. When you look round you in publick Places in this Island, you see the Generality of Mankind carry in their Countenance an Air of Challenge or Defiance: And there is no such Man to be found among us who naturally strives to do greater Honours and Civilities than he receives. This innate Sullenness or Stubborness of Complexion is hardly to be conquered by any of our Islanders. For which Reason, however they may pretend to choose one another, they make but very aukward Rogues; and their Dislike to each other is seldom so well dissembled, but it is suspected. When once it is so, it had as good be professed. A Man who dissembles well, must have none of what we call Stomach, otherwise he will be cold in his Professions of Good-Will where he hates; an Imperfection of the last ill Consequence in Business. This Fierceness in our Natures is apparent from the Conduct of our young Fellows, who are not got into the Schemes and Arts of Life which the Children of this World walk by. One would think that of Course, when a Man of any Consequence for his Figure, his Mien, or his Gravity, passes by a Youth, he should certainly have the first Advances of Salutation; but he is, you may observe, treated in a quite different Manner, it being the very Characteristick of an *English* Temper to defy. As I am an *Englishman*, I find it a very hard Matter to bring my self to pull off the Hat first; but it is the only Way to be upon any good Terms with those we meet with: Therefore the first Advance is of high Moment. Men judge of others by themselves; and he that will command with us, must condescend. It moves ones Spleen very agreeably to see Fellows pretend to be Dissemblers without this Lesson. They are so reservedly complaisant till they have learned to resign their natural Passions, that all the Steps they make towards gaining those whom they

they would be well with, are but so many Marks of what they really are, and not of what they would appear.

The rough *Britains*, when they pretend to be artful towards one another, are ridiculous enough; but when they set up for Vices they have not, and dissemble their Good with an Affectation of Ill, they are insupportable. I know Two Men in this Town who make as good Figures as any in it, that manage their Credit so well as to be thought Atheists, and yet say their Prayers Morning and Evening. *Tom. Springly* t'other Day pretended to go to an Assignation with a married Woman at *Rosamond*'s-*Pond*, and was seen soon after reading the Responses with great Gravity at Six of Clock Prayers.

Sheer-Lane, August 17.

Though the following Epistle bears a just Accusation of my self, yet in regard it is a more advantagious Piece of Justice to another, I insert it at large.

Garraway's *Coffee-house*, *August* 10.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*,

'I Have lately read your Paper, wherein you 'represent a Conversation between a young 'Lady, your Three Nephews, and your self; and 'am not a little offended at the Figure you give 'your young Merchant in the Presence of a Beau'ty. The Topick of Love is a Subject on which 'a Man is more beholden to Nature for his Elo'quence, than to the Instruction of the Schools, 'or my Lady's Woman. From the Two latter, 'your Scholar and Page must have reaped all 'their Advantage above him - - - - I know by this 'Time you have pronounced me a Trader. I ac'knowledge it, but cannot bear the Exclusion 'from any Pretence of speaking agreeably to a 'Fine Woman, or from any Degree of Genero'sity that Way. You have among us Citizens

'many

'many Well-wishers, but it is for the Justice of
'your Representations, which we, perhaps, are
'better Judges of than you (by the Account you
'give of your Nephew) seem to allow.

'To give you an Opportunity of making us
'some Reparation, I desire you would tell your
'own Way the following Instance of Heroick
'Love in the City. You are to remember, that
'somewhere in your Writings, for enlarging the
'Territories of Virtue and Honour, you have
'multiplied the Opportunities of attaining to He-
'roick Virtue, and have hinted, that in whatever
'State of Life a Man is, if he does Things above
'what is ordinarily performed by Men of his
'Rank, he is in those Instances an Hero.

'*Tom Trueman*, a young Gentleman of Eighteen
'Years of Age, fell passionately in Love with
'the beauteous *Almira*, Daughter to his Master.
'Her Regard for him was no less tender. *True-
'man* was better acquainted with his Master's
'Affairs than his Daughter, and secretly lament-
'ed, that each Day brought him by many Mis-
'carriages nearer Bankrupcy than the former.
'This unhappy Posture of their Affairs the
'Youth suspected was owing to the ill Manage-
'ment of a Factor, in whom his Master had an
'entire Confidence. *Trueman* took a proper Oc-
'casion, when his Master was ruminating on his
'decaying Fortune, to address him for Leave to
'spend the Remainder of his Time with his Fo-
'reign Correspondent. During Three Years
'Stay in that Employment, he became acquaint-
'ed with all that concerned his Master; and by
'his great Address in the Management of that
'Knowledge, saved him Ten thousand Pounds.
'Soon after this Accident, *Trueman*'s Unkle left
'him a considerable Estate. Upon receiving that
'Advice, he returned to *England*, and deman-
'ded *Almira* of her Father. The Father over-
'joy'd at the Match, offer'd him the 10000 *l.* he
'had

'had saved him, with the further Proposal of 'resigning to him all his Business, *Trueman* re-'fused both, and retired into the Country with 'his Bride, contented with his own Fortune, tho' 'perfectly skill'd in all the Methods of improving 'it.'

'It is to be noted, That *Trueman* refused Twen-'ty Thousand Pounds with another young Lady; 'so that reckoning both his Self-Denials, he is 'to have in your Court the Merit of having gi-'ven 30000 *l.* for the Woman he loved. This 'Gentleman I claim your Justice to; and hope 'you will be convinced, that some of us have 'larger Views than only Cash Debtor, *per contra* 'Creditor.

Yours,

Richard Traffick.

N. B. Mr. *Thomas Trueman* of *Lime-street* is en-'ter'd among the Heroes of Domestick Life.

Charles Lillie.

The TATLER. [N° 214.

——— *Soles & aperta Serena*
Prospicere, & certis poteris cognoscere Signis. Virg.

From *Saturd. Aug.* 19. to *Tuesd. Aug.* 22. 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 21.

IN every Party there are Two Sorts of Men, the *Rigid* and the *Supple.* The *Rigid* are an intractable Race of Mortals, who act upon Principle, and will not, forsooth, fall into any Measures that are not consistent with their received Notions

Notions of Honour. These are Persons of a stubborn, unpliant Morality, that sullenly adhere to their Friends when they are disgraced, and to their Principles, tho' they are exploded. I shall therefore give up this stiff-necked Generation to their own Obstinacy, and turn my Thoughts to the Advantage of the *Supple*, who pay their Homage to Places, and not Persons; and without enslaving themselves to any particular Scheme of Opinions, are as ready to change their Conduct in Point of Sentiment, as of Fashion. The well-disciplined Part of a Court are generally so perfect at their Exercise, that you may see a whole Assembly, from Front to Rear, face about at once to a new Man of Power, tho' at the same Time they turn their Backs upon him that brought them thither. The great Hardship these complaisant Members of Society are under, seems to be the Want of Warning upon any approaching Change or Revolution; so that they are obliged in a Hurry to tack about with every Wind, and stop short in the Midst of a full Career, to the great Surprize and Derision of their Beholders.

When a Man foresees a decaying Ministry, he has Leisure to grow a Malecontent, reflect upon the present Conduct, and by gradual Murmurs fall off from his Friends into a new Party, by just Steps and Measures. For Want of such Notices, I have formerly known a very well-bred Person refuse to return a Bow of a Man whom he thought in Disgrace, that was next Day made Secretary of State; and another, who after a long Neglect of a Minister, came to his Levee, and made Professions of Zeal for his Service the very Day before he was turned out.

This produces also unavoidable Confusions and Mistakes in the Descriptions of great Mens Parts and Merits. That ancient Lyrick, Mr. *D'Urfey*, some Years ago writ a Dedication to a certain Lord, in which he celebrated him for the greatest

Poet and Critick of that Age, upon a Misinformation in *Dyer's* Letter, that his noble Patron was made Lord Chamberlain. In short, innumerable Votes, Speeches, and Sermons, have been thrown away, and turned to no Account, meerly for Want of due and timely Intelligence. Nay it has been known, that a Panegyrick has been half printed off, when the Poet, upon the Removal of the Minister, has been forced to alter it into a Satyr.

For the Conduct therefore of such useful Persons as are ready to do their Country Service upon all Occasions, I have an Engine in my Study, which is a Sort of a Political Barometer, or, to speak more intelligibly, a State *Weather-Glass*, that, by the rising and falling of a certain Magical Liquor, presages all Changes and Revolutions in Government, as the common Glass does those of the Weather. This Weather-Glass is said to have been invented by *Cardan*, and given by him as a Present to his great Countryman and Contemporary *Machiavel*, which (by the Way) may serve to rectify a received Error in Chronology, that places one of these some Years after the other. How or when it came into my Hands, I shall desire to be excused, if I keep to my self; but so it is, that I have walked by it for the better Part of a Century, to my Safety at least, if not to my Advantage; and have among my Papers, a Register of all the Changes that have happened in it from the Middle of Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign.

In the Time of that Princess, it stood long at *settled Fair*. At the latter End of King *James* the First, it fell to *Cloudy*. It held several Years after at *Stormy*; insomuch that at last despairing of seeing any *Clear* Weather at Home, I follow'd the Royal Exile, and some Time after finding my Glass rise, returned to my native Country with the rest of the Loyalists. I was then in

Hopes

Hopes to paſs the Remainder of my Days in *Settled Fair*: But alas! during the greateſt Part of that Reign, the *Engliſh* Nation lay in a *dead Calm*, which, as it is uſual, was followed by high Winds and Tempeſts till of late Years: In which, with unſpeakable Joy and Satisfaction, I have ſeen our Political Weather returned to *Settled Fair*. I muſt only obſerve, that for all this laſt Summer my Glaſs has pointed at Changeable. Upon the whole, I often apply to Fortune *Æneas's* Speech to the Sybil:

> ——— *Non ulla Laborum,*
> *O Virgo, nova mi Facies inopinave ſurgit*
> *Omnia præcepi, atq; Animo mecum ante peregi.*

The Advantages which have accrued to thoſe whom I have adviſed in their Affairs, by Vertue of this Sort of Præſcience, have been very conſiderable. A Nephew of mine, who has never put his Money into the Stocks, or taken it out, without my Advice, has in a few Years raiſed Five hundred Pounds to almoſt ſo many Thouſands. As for my ſelf, who look upon Riches to conſiſt rather in Content than Poſſeſſions, and meaſure the Greatneſs of the Mind rather by its Tranquility than its Ambition. I have ſeldom uſed my Glaſs to make my Way in the World, but often to retire from it. This is a By-Path to Happineſs, which was firſt diſcovered to me by a moſt pleaſing Apothegm of *Pythagoras*: *When the Winds*, ſays he, *riſe, worſhip the Eccho.* That great Philoſopher (whether to make his Doctrines the more venerable, or to guild his Precepts with the Beauty of Imagination, or to awaken the Curioſity of his Diſciples; for I will not ſuppoſe what is uſually ſaid, that he did it to conceal his Wiſdom from the Vulgar) has couched ſeveral admirable Precepts in remote Alluſions and myſterious Sentences. By the Winds in this Apothegm, are meant State-Hurricanes and popular

Tu-

Tumults. When these arise, says he, worship the Eccho; that is, withdraw your self from the Multitude into Deserts, Woods, Solitudes, or the like Retirements, which are the usual Habitations of the Eccho.

The TATLER. [N° 215.

From *Tuesday Aug.* 22. to *Thursday Aug.* 24. 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 23.

LYsander has writ to me out of the Country, and tells me, after many other Circumstances, that he had passed a great deal of Time with much Pleasure and Tranquility, till his Happiness was interrupted by an indiscreet Flatterer, who came down into those Parts to visit a Relation. With the Circumstances in which he represents the Matter, he had no small Provocation to be offended, for he attacked him in so wrong a Season, that he could not have any Relish of Pleasure in it; tho', perhaps, at another Time, it might have passed upon him without giving him much Uneasiness. *Lysander* had, after a long Satiety of the Town, been so happy as to get to a Solitude he extremely liked, and recovered a Pleasure he had long discontinued, that of Reading. He was got to the Bank of a Rivulet, covered by a pleasing Shade, and fanned by a soft Breeze, which threw his Mind into that Sort of Composure and Attention, in which a Man, though with Indolence, enjoys the utmost Liveliness of his Spirits, and the greatest Strength of his Mind at the same Time. In this State, *Lysander* represents that he was reading *Virgil's Georgicks*; when on a sudden the Gentleman abovementioned surprised him, and, without any

Manner

Manner of Preparation, falls upon him at once, 'What! I have found you out at last, after 'searching all over the Wood. We wanted you 'at Cards after Dinner, but you are much better 'employed. I have heard indeed that you are 'an excellent Scholar But at the same Time, 'is it not a little unkind to rob the Ladies, who 'like you so well, of the Pleasure of your Com-'pany? But that is indeed the Misfortune of you 'great Scholars, you are seldom so fit for the 'World, as those who never trouble themselves 'with Books. Well, I see you are taken up with 'your Learning there, and I'll leave you.' *Lysander* says, he made him no Answer, but took a Resolution to complain to me.

It is a substantial Affliction, when Men govern themselves by the Rules of good Breeding, that by the very Force of them they are subjected to the Insolence of those who either never will, or never can, understand them. The superficial Part of Mankind form to themselves little Measures of Behaviour from the Outside of Things. By the Force of these narrow Conceptions, they act amongst themselves with Applause, and do not apprehend they are contemptible to those of higher Understanding, who are restrained by Decencies above their Knowledge from showing a Dislike. Hence it is, that because Complaisance is a good Quality in Conversation, one Impertinent takes upon him on all Occasions to commend; and because Mirth is agreeable, another thinks fit eternally to jest. I have of late received many Packets of Letters complaining of these spreading Evils. A Lady who is lately arrived at the *Bath* acquaints me, there was in the Stage-Coach wherein she went down a common Flatterer, and a common Jester. These Gentlemen were (she tells me) Rivals in her Favour; and adds, If there ever happened a Case wherein of Two Persons One was not liked more than another,

another, it was in that Journey. They differed only in Proportion to the Degree of Dislike between the Nauseous and the Insipid. Both these Characters of Men are born out of a Barrenness of Imagination. They are never Fools by Nature, but become such out of an impotent Ambition of being what she never intended them, Men of Wit and Conversation. I therefore think fit to declare, That according to the known Laws of this Land, a Man may be a very honest Gentleman, and enjoy himself and his Friend, without being a Wit; and I absolve all Men from taking Pains to be such for the future. As the present Case stands, is it not very unhappy that *Lysander* must be attacked and applauded in a Wood, and *Corinna* jolted and commended in a Stage-Coach; and this for no manner of Reason, but because other People have a Mind to show their Parts? I grant indeed, if these People (as they have Understanding enough for it) would confine their Accomplishments to those of their own Degree of Talents, it were to be tolerated; but when they are so insolent as to interrupt the Meditations of the Wise, the Conversations of the Agreeable, and the whole Behaviour of the Modest, it becomes a Grievance naturally in my Jurisdiction. Among themselves, I cannot only overlook, but approve it. I was present the other Day at a Conversation, where a Man of this Height of Breeding and Sense told a young Woman of the same Form, To be sure, Madam, every Thing must please that comes from a Lady. She answer'd, I know, Sir, you are so much a Gentleman that you think so. Why, this is very well on both Sides; and it is impossible that such a Gentleman and Lady should do other than think well of one another. These are but loose Hints of the Disturbances in humane Society, of which there is yet no Remedy. But I shall in a little Time publish Tables of Respect and Civility, by which

which Persons may be instructed in the proper Times and Seasons, as well as at what Degree of Intimacy a Man may be allowed to commend or rally his Companions; the promiscuous Licence of which is at present far from being among the small Errors in Conversation.

P. S. The following Letter was left, with a Request to be immediately answered, lest the Artifices used against a Lady in Distress may come into common Practice.

SIR,

MY elder Sister buried her Husband about Six Months ago; and at his Funeral, a Gentleman of more Art than Honesty, on the Night of his Interment, while she was not her self, but in the utmost Agony of her Grief, spoke to her of the Subject of Love. In that Weakness and Distraction which my Sister was in, (as one ready to fall is apt to lean on any Body) he obtained her Promise of Marriage, which was accordingly consummated Eleven Weeks after. There is no Affliction comes alone, but one brings another. My Sister is now ready to Lie-in. She humbly asks of you, as you are a Friend to the Sex, to let her know who is the lawful Father of this Child, or whether she may not be relieved from this Second Marriage, considering it was promised under such Circumstances as one may very well suppose she did not what she did voluntarily, but because she was helpless otherwise. She is advised something about Engagements made in Gaol, which she thinks the same as to the Reason of the Thing. But, dear Sir, she relies upon your Advice, and gives you her Service; as does

Your humble Servant,

Rebecca Midriffe.

The

The Case is very hard; and I fear, the Plea she is advised to make, from the Similitude of a Man who is in *Duresse*, will not prevail. But tho' I despair of Remedy as to the Mother, the Law gives the Child his Choice of his Father where the Birth is thus legally ambiguous.

To Isaac Bickerstaff *Esq*;

The humble Petition of the Company of Linendrapers residing within the Liberty of Westminster;

SHEWETH,

'THat there has of late prevailed among the 'Ladies so great an Affectation of Naked- 'ness, that they have not only left the Bosom 'wholly bare, but lowered their Stays some 'Inches below the former Mode.

'That in Particular, Mrs. *Arabella Overdo* has 'not the least Appearance of Linen, and our best 'Customers show but little above the Small of 'their Backs.

' 'That by this Means, your Petitioners are in 'Danger of losing the Advantage of covering a 'Ninth Part of every Woman of Quality in *Great* '*Britain*.

'Your Petitioners humbly offer the Pre- 'misses to your Indulgence's Conside- 'ration, and shall ever, &c.

Before I answer this Petition, I am inclined to examine the Offenders my self.

The TATLER. [Nº 216.

Nugis addere Pondus.

From *Thursd. Aug.* 24. to *Saturd. Aug.* 26. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Aug. 25.

NAture is full of Wonders; every Atom is a standing Miracle, and endowed with such Qualities, as could not be impressed on it by a Power and Wisdom less than Infinite. For this Reason, I would not discourage any Searches that are made into the most minute and trivial Parts of the Creation. However, since the World abounds in the noblest Fields of Speculation, it is, methinks, the Mark of a little Genius to be wholly conversant among Insects, Reptiles, Animalcules, and those trifling Rarities that furnish out the Apartment of a Virtuoso.

There are some Men whose Heads are so odly turned this Way, that tho' they are utter Strangers to the common Occurrences of Life, they are able to discover the Sex of a Cockle, or describe the Generation of a Mite, in all its Circumstances. They are so little versed in the World, that they scarce know a Horse from an Ox; but at the same Time will tell you, with a great deal of Gravity, That a Flea is a Rhinoceros, and a Snail an Hermaphrodite. I have known one of these whimsical Philosophers who has set a greater Value upon a Collection of Spiders than he would upon a Flock of Sheep, and has sold his Coat off his Back to purchase a Tarantula.

I would not have a Scholar wholly unacquainted with these Secrets and Curiosities of Nature; but certainly the Mind of Man, that is capable of

ſo much higher Contemplations, ſhould not be altogether fixed upon ſuch mean and diſproportioned Objects. Obſervations of this Kind are apt to alienate us too much from the Knowledge of the World, and to make us ſerious upon Trifles; by which Means they expoſe Philoſophy to the Ridicule of the Witty, and Contempt of the Ignorant. In ſhort, Studies of this Nature ſhould be the Diverſions, Relaxations, and Amuſements; not the Care, Buſineſs, and Concern of Life.

It is indeed wonderful to conſider, that there ſhould be a Sort of learned Men who are wholly employed in gathering together the Refuſe of Nature, if I may call it ſo, and hoarding up in their Cheſts and Cabinets ſuch Creatures as others induſtriouſly avoid the Sight of. One does not know how to mention ſome of the moſt precious Parts of their Treaſure, without a Kind of an Apology for it. I have been ſhown a Beetle valued at Twenty Crowns, and a Toad at an Hundred: But we muſt take this for a general Rule, That whatever appears trivial or obſcene in the common Notions of the World, looks grave and philoſophical in the Eye of a Virtuoſo.

To ſhow this Humour in its Perfection, I ſhall preſent my Reader with the Legacy of a certain Virtuoſo, who laid out a conſiderable Eſtate in natural Rarities and Curioſities, which upon his Death-Bed he bequeathed to his Relations and Friends, in the following Words:

The Will of a Virtuoſo.

I *Nicholas Gimcrack* being in ſound Health of Mind, but in great Weakneſs of Body, do by this my Laſt Will and Teſtament beſtow my Worldly Goods and Chattels in Manner following:

Imprimis,

Imprimis, To my dear Wife,
One Box of Butterflies,
One Drawer of Shells,
A Female Skeleton,
A dried Cockatrice.

Item, To my Daughter *Elizabeth*,
My Receipt for preserving dead Caterpillars.
As also my Preparations of Winter *May-Dew*, and Embrio Pickle.

Item, To my little Daughter *Fanny*,
Three Crocodiles Eggs.
And upon the Birth of her First Child, if she marries with her Mother's Consent,
The Nest of an Humming-Bird.

Item, To my eldest Brother, as an Acknowledgment for the Lands he has vested in my Son *Charles*, I bequeath
My last Year's Collection of Grashoppers.

Item, To his Daughter *Susanna*, being his only Child, I bequeath my
English Weeds pasted on Royal Paper.
With my large Folio of *Indian* Cabbage.

Item, To my learned and worthy Friend Dr. *Johannes Elscrikius*, Professor in Anatomy, and my Associate in the Studies of Nature, as an eternal Monument of my Affection and Friendship for him, I bequeath
My Rat's Testicles, and
Whale's Pizzle,
To him and his Issue Male; and in Default of such Issue in the said Dr. *Elscrickius*, then to return to my Executor and his Heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my Nephew *Isaac*, by making over to him some Years since
A Horned *Scarabæus*,
The Skin of a Rattle-Snake, and
The Mummy of an *Egyptian* King,
I make

I make no further Provision for him in this my Will.

My eldest Son *John* having spoken disrespectfully of his little Sister whom I keep by me in Spirits of Wine, and in many other Instances behaved himself undutifully towards me, I do disinherit, and wholly cut off from any Part of this my Personal Estate, by giving him a single Cockle Shell.

To my Second Son *Charles*, I give and bequeath all my Flowers, Plants, Minerals, Mosses, Shells, Pebbles, Fossils, Beetles, Butterflies, Caterpillars, Grasshoppers, and Vermin, not above specified: As also all my Monsters, both wet and dry, making the said *Charles* whole and sole Executor of this my Last Will and Testament; he paying, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid Legacies within the Space of Six Months after my Decease. And I do hereby revoke all other Wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Wheras an ignorant Upstart in Astrology has publickly endeavoured to perswade the World, that he is the late John Partridge, *who died the 28th of* March, 1708; *These are to certifie all whom it may concern, That the true* John Partridge *was not only dead at that Time, but continues so to this present Day.*

Beware of Counterfeits, for such are Abroad.

The TATLER. [N° 217.

Atq; Deos atq; Astra vocat crudelia Mater.

From *Saturd. Aug.* 26. to *Tuesd. Aug.* 29. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Aug. 28.

AS I was passing by a Neighbour's House this Morning, I overheard the Wife of the Family speak Things to her Husband which gave me much Disturbance, and put me in Mind of a Character which I wonder I have so long omitted, and that is, an outragious Species of the Fair Sex which is distinguished by the Term Scolds. The Generality of Women are by Nature loquacious: Therefore meer Volubility of Speech is not to be imputed to them, but should be considered with Pleasure when it is used to express such Passions as tend to sweeten or adorn Conversation: But when, thro' Rage, Females are vehement in their Eloquence, nothing in the World has so ill an Effect upon the Features; for by the Force of it, I have seen the most Amiable become the most Deformed; and she that appeared one of the Graces, immediately turned into one of the Furies. I humbly conceive, the great Cause of this Evil may proceed from a false Notion the Ladies have of what we call a Modest Woman. They have too narrow a Conception of this lovely Character, and believe they have not at all forfeited their Pretensions to it, provided they have no Imputations on their Chastity. But alas! the young Fellows know they pick out better Women in the Side-Boxes, than many of those who pass upon the World and themselves for Modest.

Modesty never rages, never murmurs, never pouts: When it is ill treated, it pines, it beseeches, it languishes. The Neighbour I mention is one of your common modest Women, that is to say, those as are ordinarily reckoned such. Her Husband knows every Pain in Life with her but Jealousy. Now because she is clear in this Particular, the Man can't say his Soul's his own, but she cries, No modest Woman is respected now a-days. What adds to the Comedy in this Case is, that it is very ordinary with this Sort of Women to talk in the Language of Distress: They will complain of the forlorn Wretchedness of their Condition, and then the poor helpless Creatures shall throw the next Thing they can lay their Hands on at the Person who offends them. Our Neighbour was only saying to his Wife, she went a little too fine, when she immediately pulled his Periwig off, and stamping it under her Feet, wrung her Hands, and said, Never modest Woman was so used: These Ladies of irresistible Modesty are those who make Virtue unamiable; not that they can be said to be virtuous, but as they live without Scandal; and being under the common Denomination of being such, Men fear to meet their Faults in those who are as agreeable as they are innocent.

I take the Bully among Men, and the Scold among Women, to draw the Foundation of their Actions from the same Defect in the Mind. A Bully thinks Honour consists wholly in being brave, and therefore has Regard to no one Rule of Life, if he preserves himself from the Accusation of Cowardize. The froward Woman knows Chastity to be the first Merit in a Woman; and therefore, since no one can call her one ugly Name, she calls all Mankind all the rest.

These Ladies, where their Companions are so imprudent as to take their Speeches for any other than Exercises of their own Lungs, and their

Husbands Patience, gain by the Force of being resisted, and flame with open Fury, which is no Way to be opposed but by being neglected: Tho' at the same Time Humane Frailty makes it very hard to relish the Philosophy of contemning even frivolous Reproach. There is a very pretty Instance of this Infirmity in the Man of the best Sense that ever was, no less a Person than *Adam* himself. According to *Milton*'s Description of the First Couple, as soon as they had fallen, and the turbulent Passions of Anger, Hatred, and Jealousy, first enter'd their Breasts, *Adam* grew moody, and talked to his Wife, as you may find it in the 359th Page, and 9th Book, of *Paradise Lost*, in the *Octavo* Edition, which out of Heroicks, and put into Domestick Stile, would run thus:

'Madam, If my Advice had been of any Authority with you when that strange Desire of Gadding possessed you this Morning, we had still been happy: But your cursed Vanity and Opinion of your own Conduct, which is certainly very wavering when it seeks Occasions of being proved, has ruined both your self, and me who trusted you.

Eve had no Fan in her Hand to ruffle, or Tucker to pull down, but with a reproachful Air she answered:

'Sir, Do you impute that to my Desire of Gadding, which might have happened to your self with all your Wisdom and Gravity?' The Serpent spoke so excellently, and with so good a Grace, that—— Besides, 'What Harm had I ever done him, that he should design me any? Was I to have been always at your Side, I might as well have continued there, and been but your Rib still: But if I was so weak a Creature as you thought me, Why did you not interpose your sage Authority more absolutely?

'You

'You denied me going as faintly, as you say I 'resisted the Serpent. Had not you been too easie, 'neither you or I had now transgressed.

Adam replied, 'Why, *Eve*, hast thou the Im- 'pudence to upbraid me as the Cause of thy 'Transgression for my Indulgence to thee? Thus 'it will ever be with him who trusts too much 'to Woman: At the same Time that she refuses 'to be governed, if she suffers by her Ostinacy, 'she will accuse the Man that shall leave her to 'her self.

Thus they in mutual Accusation spent
The fruitless Hours, but neither self condemning:
And of their vain Contest appear'd no End.

This to the Modern will appear but a very faint Piece of Conjugal Enmity; but you are to consider, that they were but just begun to be angry, and they wanted new Words for expressing their new Passions. But her accusing him of letting her go, and telling him how good a Speaker, and how fine a Gentleman the Devil was, we must reckon, allowing for the Improvements of Time, that she gave him the same Provocation as if she had called him Cuckold. The passionate and familiar Terms with which the same Case, repeated daily for so many Thousand Years, has furnished the present Generation, were not then in Use; but the Foundation of Debate has ever been the same, a Contention about their Merit and Wisdom. Our general Mother was a Beauty, and hearing there was another now in the World, could not forbear (as *Adam* tells her) showing her self, though to the Devil, by whom the same Vanity made her liable to be betrayed.

I cannot, with all the Help of Science and Astrology, find any other Remedy for this Evil but what was the Medicine in this first Quarrel; which was, as appeared in the next Book, that

they were convinced of their being both weak, but one weaker than the other.

If it were possible that the Beauteous could but rage a little before a Glass, and see their pretty Countenances grow wild, it is not to be doubted but it would have a very good Effect; but that would require Temper: For Lady *Firebrand*, upon observing her Features swell when her Maid vexed her the other Day, stamped her Dressing-Glass under her Feet. In this Case, when one of this Temper is moved, she is like a Witch in an Operation, and makes all Things turn round with her. The very Fabrick is in a Vertigo when she begins to charm. In an Instant, whatever was the Occasion that moved her Blood, she has such intolerable Servants, *Betty* is so aukward, *Tom* can't carry a Message, and her Husband has so little Respect for her, that she, poor Woman, is weary of this Life, and was born to be unhappy.

Desunt Multa.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Season now coming on in which the Town will begin to fill, Mr. Bickerstaff *gives Notice, That from the first of* October *next, he will be much wittier than he has hitherto been.*

The

The TATLER. [N° 218.

Scriptorum Chorus omnis amat Nemus & fugit Urbes.
Hor.

From *Tuesday Aug.* 29. to *Thursday Aug.* 31. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Aug. 30.

I Chanced to rise very early one particular Morning this Summer, and took a Walk into the Country to divert my self among the Fields and Meadows, while the Green was new, and the Flowers in their Bloom. As at this Season of the Year every Lane is a beautiful Walk, and every Hedge full of Nosegays, I lost my self with a great deal of Pleasure among several Thickets and Bushes that were filled with a great Variety of Birds, and an agreeable Confusion of Notes, which formed the pleasantest Scene in the World to one who had pass'd a whole Winter in Noise and Smoak. The Freshness of the Dews that lay upon every Thing about me, with the cool Breath of the Morning, which inspired the Birds with so many delightful Instincts, created in me the same Kind of animal Pleasure, and made my Heart overflow with such secret Emotions of Joy and Satisfaction as are not to be described or accounted for. On this Occasion I could not but reflect upon a beautiful Simile in *Milton* :

As one who long in populous City pent,
Where Houses thick, and Sewers, annoy the Air,
Forth issuing on a Summer's Morn, to breath
Among the pleasant Villages, and Farms
Adjoin'd, from each Thing met conceives Delight :
The Smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine,
Or Dairy, each rural Sight, each rural Sound.

 Those

Those who are conversant in the Writings of polite Authors, receive an additional Entertainment from the Country, as it revives in their Memories those charming Descriptions with which such Authors do frequently abound.

I was thinking of the foregoing beautiful Simile in *Milton*, and applying it to my self, when I observed to the Windward of me a black Cloud falling to the Earth in long Trails of Rain, which made me betake my self for Shelter to a House which I saw at a little Distance from the Place where I was walking. As I sat in the Porch, I heard the Voices of Two or Three Persons, who seemed very earnest in Discourse. My Curiosity was raised when I heard the Names of *Alexander the Great* and *Artaxerxes*; and as their Talk seemed to run on ancient Heroes, I concluded there could not be any Secret in it; for which Reason I thought I might very fairly listen to what they said.

After several Parallels between great Men, which appeared to me altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surprized to hear one say, That he valued the *Black Prince* more than the Duke of *Vendosme*. How the Duke of *Vendosme* should become a Rival of the *Black Prince*'s, I could not conceive: And was more startled when I heard a Second affirm with great Vehemence, That if the Emperor of *Germany* was not going off, he should like him better than either of them. He added, That tho' the Season was so changeable, the Duke of *Marlborough* was in blooming Beauty. I was wondering to my self from whence they had received this odd Intelligence, especially when I heard them mention the Names of several other great Generals, as the Prince of *Hesse*, and the King of *Sweden*, who, they said, were both running away. To which they added, what I entirely agreed with them in, That the Crown of *France* was very weak, but that the Mareschal

Villars

Villars ſtill kept his Colours. At laſt one of them told the Company, If they would go along with him, he would ſhow them a Chimney-Sweeper and a Painted Lady in the ſame Bed, which he was ſure would very much pleaſe them. The Shower which had driven them, as well as my ſelf, into the Houſe, was now over: And as they were paſſing by me into the Garden, I asked them to let me be one of their Company.

The Gentleman of the Houſe told me, if I delighted in Flowers, it would be worth my while, for that he believed he could ſhow me ſuch a Blow of Tulips as was not to be matched in the whole Country.

I accepted the Offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in Terms of Gardening, and that the Kings and Generals they had mentioned were only ſo many Tulips, to which the Gardiners, according to their uſual Cuſtom, had given ſuch high Titles and Appellations of Honour.

I was very much pleaſed and aſtoniſhed at the glorious Show of theſe gay Vegetables, that aroſe in great Profuſion on all the Banks about us. Sometimes I conſidered them with the Eye of an ordinary Spectator as ſo many beautiful Objects, varniſhed over with a natural Gloſs, and ſtained with ſuch a Variety of Colours, as are not to be equalled in any artificial Dyes or Tinctures. Sometimes I conſidered every Leaf as an elaborate Piece of Tiſſue, in which the Threads and Fibres were woven together into different Configurations, which gave a different Colouring to the Light as it glanced on the ſeveral Parts of the Surface. Sometimes I conſidered the whole Bed of Tulips, according to the Notion of the greateſt Mathematician and Philoſopher that ever lived, as a Multitude of Optick Inſtruments, deſigned for the ſeparating Light into all thoſe various Colours of which it is compoſed.

I was awakened out of theſe my Philoſophical Speculations, by obſerving the Company often ſeemed to laugh at me. I accidentally praiſed a Tulip as one of the fineſt that I ever ſaw, upon which they told me, 'twas a common Fool's-Coat. Upon that I praiſed a Second, which it ſeems was but another Kind of Fool's-Coat. I had the ſame Fate with Two or Three more; for which Reaſon I deſired the Owner of the Garden to let me know which were the fineſt of the Flowers, for that I was ſo unſkilful in the Art, that I thought the moſt beautiful were the moſt valuable, and that thoſe which had the gayeſt Colours were the moſt beautiful. The Gentleman ſmiled at my Ignorance: He ſeemed a very plain honeſt Man, and a Perſon of good Senſe, had not his Head been touched with that Diſtemper which *Hippocrates* calls the Τυλιπποµανία, *Tulippomania*; inſomuch that he would talk very rationally on any Subject in the World but a Tulip.

He told me, That he valued the Bed of Flowers which lay before us, and was not above Twenty Yards in Length, and Two in Breadth, more than he would the beſt Hundred Acres of Land in *England*; and added, That it would have been worth twice the Money it is, if a fooliſh Cook-Maid of his had not almoſt ruined him the laſt Winter, by miſtaking an Handful of Tulip-Roots for an Heap of Onions, and by that Means (ſays he) made me a Diſh of Porridge, that coſt me above 1000 *l.* Sterling. He then ſhowed me what he thought the fineſt of his Tulips, which I found received all their Value from their Rarity and Oddneſs, and put me in Mind of your great Fortunes, which are not always the greateſt Beauties.

I have often looked upon it as a Piece of Happineſs, that I have never fallen into any of theſe fantaſtical Taſts, nor eſteemed any Thing the more for its being uncommon and hard to be met with.

with. For this Reafon, I look upon the who[le] Country in Spring-time as a fpacious Gard[en], and make as many Vifits to a Spot of Daizi[e]s, or a Bank of Violets, as a Florift does to his [B]orders and Parterres. There is not a Bufh [in] Bloffom within a Mile of me which I am not acquainted with, nor fcarce a Daffodil [or] Cowflip that withers away in my Neighbourhood without my miffing it. I walked Home in this Temper of Mind through feveral Fields and Meadows with an unfpeakable Pleafure, not without reflecting on the Bounty of Providence, which has made the moft pleafing and moft beautiful Objects the moft ordinary and moft common.

The TATLER. [N° 219.

——Solutos
Qui captat Rifus Hominum, Famamq; Dicacis
Affectat, niger eft, hunc, tu Romane, caveto.

From *Thurfd. Aug.* 31. to *Saturd. Sept.* 2. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 1.

NEver were Men fo perplexed as a felect Company of us were this Evening with a Couple of profeffed Wits, who through our ill Fortune, and their own Confidence, had thought fit to pin themfelves upon a Gentleman who had owned to them that he was going to meet fuch and fuch Perfons, and named us one by one. Thefe pert Puppies immediately refolved to come with him, and from the Beginning to the End of the Night entertained each other with Impertinencies, to which we were perfect Strangers. I am come Home very much tired; for the Affliction

[illegible]tion was so irksome to me, that it surpasses all other I ever knew, insomuch that I cannot reflect upon this Sorrow with Pleasure, though it is past.

An easy Manner of Conversation is the most desirable Quality a Man can have; and for that Reason Coxcombs will take upon them to be familiar with People whom they never saw before. What adds to the Vexation of it is, that they will act upon the Foot of knowing you by Fame, and rally with you, as they call it, by repeating what your Enemies say of you; and court you, as they think, by uttering to your Face at a wrong Time all the kind Things your Friends speak of you in your Absence.

These People are the more dreadful, the more they have of what is usually called Wit: For a lively Imagination, when it is not governed by a good Understanding, makes such miserable Havock both in Conversation and Business, that it lays you defenceless, and fearful to throw the least Word in its Way, that may give it new Matter for its further Errors.

Tom. Mercett has as quick a Fancy as any one living; but there is no reasonable Man can bear him half an Hour. His Purpose is to entertain, and it is of no Consequence to him what is said, so it be what is called well said; as if a Man must bear a Wound with Patience, because he that pushed at you came up with a good Air and Mien. That Part of Life which we spend in Company, is the most pleasing of all our Moments; and therefore I think our Behaviour in it should have its Laws as well as the Part of our Being, which is generally esteemed the more important. From hence it is, that from long Experience I have made it a Maxim, that however we may pretend to take Satisfaction in sprightly Mirth and high Jollity, there is no great Pleasure in any Company where the Basis of the Society

is

is not mutual Good-Will. When this is in the Room, every trifling Circumstance, the most minute Accident, the Absurdity of a Servant, the Repetition of an old Story, the Look of a Man when he is telling it, the most indifferent and the most ordinary Occurrences, are Matters which produce Mirth and good Humour. I went to spend an Hour after this Manner with some Friends who enjoy it in Perfection whenever they meet, when those Destroyers above-mentioned came in upon us. There is not a Man among them has any Notion of Distinction of Superiority to one another, either in their Fortunes or their Talents, when they are in Company. Or if any Reflexion to the contrary occurs in their Thoughts, it only strikes a Delight upon their Minds, that so much Wisdom and Power is in Possession of one whom they love and esteem.

In these my Lucubrations, I have frequently dwelt upon this one Topick. It would make short Work for us Reformers, for it is only Want of making this a Position that renders some Characters bad, which would otherwise be good. *Tom Merrett* means no Man Ill, but does Ill to every Body. His Ambition is to be witty; and to carry on that Design, he breaks through all Things that other People hold Sacred. If he thought Wit was no Way to be used but to the Advantage of Society, that Sprightliness would have a new Turn, and we should expect what he is going to say with Satisfaction instead of Fear. It is no Excuse for being mischievous, that a Man is mischievous without Malice; nor will it be thought an Attonement that the Ill was done not to injure the Party concern'd, but to divert the Indifferent.

It is, methinks, a very great Error, that we should not profess Honesty in Conversation as much as in Commerce. If we consider, that there is no greater Misfortune than to be ill received

ceived where we love the turning a Man to Ridicule among his Friends, we rob him of greater Enjoyments than he could have purchased by his Wealth; yet he that laughs at him, would perhaps be the last Man who would hurt him in this Case of less Consequence. It has been said, the History of *Don Quixote* utterly destroyed the Spirit of Gallantry in the *Spanish* Nation; and I believe we may say much more truly, that the Humour of Ridicule has done as much Injury to the true Relish of Company in *England.*

Such Satisfactions as arise from the secret Comparison of our selves to others, with relation to their inferior Fortunes or Merit, are mean and unworthy. The true and high State of Conversation is when Men communicate their Thoughts to each other upon such Subjects, and in such a Manner, as would be pleasant if there were no such Thing as Folly in the World; for it is but a low Condition of Wit in one Man which depends upon Folly in another.

P. S. I was here interrupted by the Receipt of my Letters, among which is one from a Lady, who is not a little offended at my Translation of the Discourse between *Adam* and *Eve.* She pretends to tell me my own, as she calls it, and quotes several Passages in my Works which tend to the utter Disunion of Man and Wife. Her Epistle will best express her. I have made an Extract of it, and shall insert the most material Passages.

'I suppose you know we Women are not too 'apt to forgive: For which Reason, before you 'concern your self any further with our Sex, I 'would advise you to answer what is said against 'you by those of your own. I inclose to you 'Business enough till you are ready for your Pro'mise of being witty. You must not expect to 'say what you please, without admitting others 'to take the same Liberty. Marry come up!

'You

"You a Censor? Pray read over all these Pamphlets, and these Notes upon your Lucubrations, by that Time you shall hear further. 'Tis, I suppose, from such as you that People learn to be Sensorious, for which I and all our Sex have an utter Aversion, when once People come to take the Liberty to wound Reputations ——

This is the main Body of the Letter; but she bids me turn over, and there I find ———

Mr. *Bickerstaff*,

'If you will draw Mrs. *Sisly Trippit* according to the inclosed Description, I will forgive you all.

To Isaac Bickerstaff *Esq*;

The humble Petition of Joshua Fairlove of *Stepney*;

SHEWETH,

That your Petitioner is a general Lover, who for some Months last past has made it his whole Business to frequent the By-Paths and Roads near his Dwelling, for no other Purpose but to hand such of the Fair Sex as are obliged to pass through them.

That he has been at great Expence for clean Gloves to offer his Hand with.

That towards the Evening he approaches near London, *and employs himself as a Convoy towards Home.*

Your Petitioner therefore most humbly prays, That for such his humble Services, he may be allowed the Title of an Esquire.

Mr. *Morphew* has Orders to carry the proper Instruments, and the Petitioner is to be hereafter writ to upon gilt Paper, by the Title of *Joshua Fairlove* Esq;

The

The TATLER. [N° 220.

Insani sa[...]us Nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est, Virtutem si petat ipsam.
Hor.

From *Saturd. Sept.* 2. to *Tuesd. Sept.* 5. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 4.

HAving received many Letters filled with Compliments and Acknowledgments for my late useful Discovery of the Political Barometer, I shall here communicate to the Publick an Account of my Ecclesiastical Thermometer, the latter giving as manifest Prognostications of the Changes and Revolutions in Church, as the former does of those in State, and both of them being absolutely necessary for every prudent Subject who is resolved to keep what he has, and get what he can.

The Church Thermometer, which I am now to treat of, is supposed to have been invented in the Reign of *Henry* the Eighth, about the Time when that Religious Prince put some to Death for owning the Pope's Supremacy, and others for denying Transubstantiation. I do not find, however, any great Use made of this Instrument till it fell into the Hands of a learned and vigilant Priest or Minister, (for he frequently wrote himself both one and the other) who was some Time Vicar of *Bray*. This Gentleman lived in his Vicaridge to a good old Age; and after having seen several Successions of his neighbouring Clergy either burnt or banish'd, departed this Life with the Satisfaction of having never deserted his Flock,

Flock, and died Vicar of *Bray*. As this Glafs was firft defigned to calculate the different Degrees of Heat in Religion, as it raged in Popery, or as it cooled and grew temperate in the Reformation, it was marked at feveral Diftances, after the Manner our ordinary Thermometer is to this Day, *viz. Extream Hot, fultry Hot, very Hot, Hot, Warm, Temperate, Cold, juft Freezing, Froft, hard Froft, great Froft, extream Cold.*

It is well known, that *Toricellius*, the Inventor of the common Weather-Glafs, made the Experiment in a long Tube which held Thirty two Foot of Water; and that a more modern Virtuofo finding fuch a Machine altogether unweildy and ufelefs, and confidering that Thirty two Inches of Quickfilver weigh'd as much as fo many Foot of Water in a Tube of the fame Circumference, invented that fizeable Inftrument which is now in Ufe. After this Manner, that I might adapt the Thermometer I am now fpeaking of to the prefent Conftitution of our Church, as divided into *High* and *Low*, I have made fome neceffary Variations both in the Tube and the Fluid it contains. In the firft Place, I ordered a Tube to be caft in a Planetary Hour, and took Care to feal it Hermetically, when the Sun was in Conjunction with *Saturn*. I then took the proper Precautions about the Fluid, which is a Compound of Two very different Liquors; one of them a Spirit drawn out of a ftrong heady Wine; the other a particular Sort of Rock Water, colder than Ice, and clearer than Chryftal. The Spirit is of a red fiery Colour, and fo very apt to ferment, that unlefs it be mingled with a Proportion of the Water, or pent up very clofe, it will burft the Veffel that holds it, and fly up in Fume and Smoak. The Water on the contrary is of fuch a fubtle piercing Cold, that unlefs it be mingled with a Proportion of the Spirits, it will fink through almoft every Thing that it is put into, and feems to be of the

fame

ſame Nature as the Water mentioned by *Quintus Curtius*, which, ſays the Hiſtorian, could be contained in nothing but in the Hoof or (as the *Oxford* Manuſcript has it) in the Skull of an Aſs. The Thermometer is marked according to the following Figure, which I ſet down at length, not only to give my Reader a clear Idea of it, but alſo to fill up my Paper.

Ignorance.

Perſecution.

Wrath.

Zeal.

CHURCH.

Moderation.

Lukewarmneſs.

Infidelity.

Ignorance.

The Reader will obſerve, that the Church is placed in the Middle Point of the Glaſs, between *Zeal* and *Moderation*, the Situation in which ſhe always flouriſhes, and in which every good *Engliſhman* wiſhes her who is a Friend to the Conſtitution of his Country. However, when it mounts to *Zeal*, it is not amiſs; and when it ſinks to *Moderation*, is ſtill in a moſt admirable Temper. The worſt of it is, that when once it begins to riſe, it has ſtill an Inclination to aſcend, inſomuch that it is apt to climb from *Zeal* to *Wrath*, and from *Wrath* to *Perſecution*, which always ends in *Ignorance*, and very often proceeds from it. In the ſame Manner it frequently takes its Progreſs through the lower Half of the Glaſs; and when it has a Tendency to fall, will gradually deſcend from *Moderation* to *Lukewarmneſs*, and from

from *Lukewarmneſs* to *Infidelity*, which very often terminates in *Ignorance*, and always proceeds from it.

It is a common Obſervation, that the ordinary Thermometer will be affected by the breathing of People who are in the Room where it ſtands; and indeed, it is almoſt incredible to conceive how the Glaſs I am now deſcribing will fall by the Breath of a Multitude crying *Popery*; or on the contrary, how it will riſe when the ſame Multitude (as it ſometimes happens) cry out in the ſame Breath, *The Church is in Danger*.

As ſoon as I had finiſhed this my Glaſs, and adjuſted it to the above-mentioned Scale of Religion, that I might make proper Experiments with it, I carried it under my Cloak to ſeveral Coffee-houſes, and other Places of Reſort about this great City. At St. *James*'s Coffee-houſe, the Liquor ſtood at *Moderation*; but at *Will*'s, to my extream Surprize, it ſubſided to the very loweſt Mark on the Glaſs. At the *Grecian*, it mounted but juſt one Point higher; at the *Rainbow*, it ſtill aſcended Two Decrees: *Child*'s fetched it up to *Zeal*, and other adjacent Coffee-houſes to *Wrath*.

It fell into the lower Half of the Glaſs as I went further into the City, till at length it ſettled at *Moderation*, where it continued all the Time I ſtay'd about the *Change*, as alſo whilſt I paſſed by the *Bank*. And here I cannot but take Notice, that through the whole Courſe of my Remarks, I never obſerved my Glaſs to riſe at the ſame Time that the Stocks did.

To compleat the Experiment, I prevailed upon a Friend of mine, who works under me in the Occult Sciences, to make a Progreſs with my Glaſs through the whole Iſland of *Great Britain*; and after his Return, to preſent me with a Regiſter of his Obſervations. I gueſſed beforehand at the Temper of ſeveral Places he paſſed through, by the Characters they have had Time

out

out of Mind. Thus that facetious Divine, Dr. *Fuller* speaking of the Town of *Banbury* near a hundred Years ago, tells us, it was a Place famous for Cakes and *Zeal*, which I find by my Glass is true to this Day as to the latter Part of this Description; though I must confess, it is not in the same Reputation for Cakes that it was in the Time of that learned Author; and thus of other Places. In short, I have now by me, digested in an Alphabetical Order, all the Counties, Corporations and Boroughs, in *Great Britain*, with their respective Tempers, as they stand related to my Thermometer: But this I shall keep to my self, because I would by no Means do any Thing that may seem to influence any ensuing Elections.

The Point of Doctrine which I would propagate by this my Invention, is the same which was long ago advanced by that able Teacher *Horace*, out of whom I have taken my Text for this Discourse: We should be careful not to overshoot our selves in the Pursuits even of Virtue. Whether *Zeal* or *Moderation* be the Point we aim at, let us keep Fire out of the one, and Frost out of the other. But alas! the World is too Wise to want such a Precaution. The Terms *High-Church* and *Low-Church*, as commonly used, do not so much denote a Principle, as they distinguish a Party. They are like Words of Battle, that have nothing to do with their original Signification, but are only given out to keep a Body of Men together, and to let them know Friends from Enemies.

I must confess, I have considered with some little Attention the Influence which the Opinions of these great National Sects have upon their Practice; and do look upon it as one of the unaccountable Things of our Times, that Multitudes of honest Gentlemen, who entirely agree in their

Lives, ſhould take it in their Heads to differ in their Religion.

The TATLER. [N° 221.

——— Sicut meus eſt Mos,
Neſcio quid meditans Nugarum, & totus in illis.
Hor.

From *Tueſday Sept.* 5. to *Thurſday Sept.* 7. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 6.

AS I was this Morning going out of my Houſe, a little Boy in a black Coat delivered to me the following Letter. Upon asking who he was, he told me, that he belonged to my Lady *Gimcrack*. I did not at firſt recollect the Name; but upon Enquiry, found it to be the Widow of Sir *Nicholas*, whoſe Legacy I lately gave ſome Account of to the World. The Letter ran thus:

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*,

'I Hope you will not be ſurpriſed to receive a 'Letter from the Widow *Gimcrack*. You 'know, Sir, that I have lately loſt a very whim-'ſical Husband, who I find, by one of your laſt 'Weeks Papers, was not altogether a Stranger 'to you. When I married this Gentleman, he 'had a very handſome Eſtate; but upon buying a 'Set of Microſcopes, he was choſen a Fellow of 'the Royal Society; from which Time I do not 'remember ever to have heard him ſpeak 'as other People did, or talk in a Manner that 'any of his Family could underſtand him. He 'uſed, however, to paſs away his Time very in-'nocently in Converſation with ſeveral Mem-'bers

bers of that learned Body; for which Reaſon I never adviſed him againſt their Company for ſeveral Years, till at laſt I found his Brain was quite turned with their Diſcourſes. The firſt Symptom which he diſcovered of his being a Virtuoſo, as you call him, poor Man! was about Fifteen Years ago, when he gave me poſitive Orders to turn off an old Weeding-Woman that had been employed in the Family for ſeveral Years. He told me at the ſame Time, that there was no ſuch Thing in Nature as a Weed, and that it was his Deſign to let his Garden produce what it pleaſed; ſo that you may be ſure it makes a very pleaſant Show as it now lies. About the ſame Time he took a Humour to ramble up and down the Country, and would often bring Home with him his Pockets full of Moſs and Pebbles. This you may be ſure gave me a heavy Heart; though at the ſame Time I muſt needs ſay, he had the Character of a very honeſt Man, notwithſtanding he was reckon'd a little weak, till he begun to ſell his Eſtate, and buy thoſe ſtrange Baubles that you have taken Notice of. Upon *Midſummer-Day* laſt, as he was walking with me in the Fields, he ſaw a very odd coloured Butterfly juſt before us. I obſerved, that he immediately changed Colour, like a Man that is ſurpriſed with a Piece of good Luck, and telling me that it was what he had looked for above theſe Twelve Years, he threw off his Coat, and followed it. I loſt Sight of them both in leſs than a quarter of an Hour; but my Husband continued the Chace over Hedge and Ditch till about Sun-ſet; at which Time, as I was afterwards told, he caught the Butterfly, as ſhe reſted her ſelf upon a Cabbage, near Five Miles from the Place where he firſt put her up. He was here lifted

' from the Ground by some Passengers in a
' very fainting Condition, and brought Home
' to me about Midnight. His violent Exer-
' cise threw him into a Fever, which grew
' upon him by Degrees, and at last carried
' him off. In one of the Intervals of his Di-
' stemper, he called to me, and after having
' excused himself for running out of his E-
' state, he told me, That he had always been
' more industrious to improve his Mind than
' his Fortune; and that his Family must ra-
' ther value themselves upon his Memory as
' he was a wise Man, than a rich one. He
' then told me, That it was a Custom a-
' mong the *Romans*, for a Man to give his Slaves
' their Liberty when he lay upon his Death-
' Bed. I could not imagine what this meant,
' till after having a little composed himself,
' he ordered me to bring him a Flea which
' he had kept for several Months in a Chain,
' with a Design, as he said, to give it its Ma-
' numission. This was done accordingly. He
' then made the Will, which I have since seen
' printed in your Works Word for Word. On-
' ly I must take Notice, that you have omitted
' the Codicil, in which he left a large *Concha*
' *Veneris*, as it is there called, to a Member
' of the Royal Society, who was often with
' him in his Sickness, and assisted him in his
' Will. And now, Sir, I come to the chief Bu-
' siness of my Letter, which is, to desire your
' Friendship and Assistance in the Disposal of
' those many Rarities and Curiosities which lie
' upon my Hands. If you know any one that
' has an Occasion for a Parcel of dry'd Spiders,
' I will sell them a Pennyworth. I could like-
' wise let any one have a Bargain of Cockle-
' Shells. I would also desire your Advice, whe-
' ther I had best sell my Beetles in a Lump, or
' by Retail. The Gentleman above-mentioned,

' who

'who was my Husband's Friend, would have
'me make an Auction of all his Goods, and is
'now drawing up a Catalogue of every Particu-
'lar for that Purpose, with the Two following
'Words in great Letters over the Head of them,
'*Auctio Gimcrackiana*. But upon talking with
'him, I begin to suspect he is as mad as poor
'Sir *Nicholas* was. Your Advice in all these
'Particulars, will be a great Piece of Charity
'to,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Elizabeth Gimcrack.

I shall answer the foregoing Letter, and give the Widow my best Advice, as soon as I can find out Chapmen for the Wares which she has to put off. In the mean Time, I shall give my Reader the Sight of a Letter which I have received from another Female Correspondent by the same Post.

Good Mr. *Bickerstaff*,

I Am convinced by a late Paper of yours, that a passionate Woman (which among the common People goes under the Name of a Scold) is one of the most unsupportable Creatures in the World. But alas! Sir, What can we do? I have made a Thousand Vows and Resolutions every Morning to guard my self against this Frailty, but have generally broken them before Dinner, and could never in my Life hold out till the Second Course was set upon the Table. What most troubles me is, that my Husband is as patient and good-natured as your own Worship, or any Man living can be. Pray, give me some Directions, for I would observe the strictest and severest Rules you can think of to cure my

my self of this Distemper, which is apt to fall into my Tongue every Moment. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, &c.

In Answer to this most unfortunate Lady, I must acquaint her, That there is now in Town an ingenious Physician of my Acquaintance, who undertakes to cure all the Vices and Defects of the Mind by inward Medicines, or outward Applications. I shall give the World an Account of his Patients and his Cures in other Papers, when I shall be more at Leisure to treat upon this Subject. I shall only here inform my Correspondent, That for the Benefit of such Ladies that are troubled with virulent Tongues, he has prepared a Cold Bath, over which there is fastened, at the End of a long Pole, a very convenient Chair, curiously gilt and carved. When the Patient is seated in this Chair, the Doctor lifts up the Pole, and gives her Two or Three total Emersions in the Cold Bath, till such Time as she has quite lost the Use of Speech. This Operation so effectually chills the Tongue, and refrigerates the Blood, that a Woman, who at her Entrance into the Chair is extreamly passionate and sonorous, will come out as silent and gentle as a Lamb. The Doctor told me, he would not practise this Experiment upon Women of Fashion, had not he seen it made upon those of meaner Condition with very good Effect.

The TATLER. [N° 222.

——— *Chrysidis Udas*
Ebrius ante Fores extincta cum Face cantat. Persius.

From *Thursday Sept.* 7. to *Saturday Sept.* 9. 1710.

From my own Apartment, September 8.

WHereas by Letters from *Nottingham* we have Advice, That the young Ladies of that Place complain for Want of Sleep, by reason of certain riotous Lovers, who for this last Summer have very much infested the Streets of that eminent City with Violins and Bass-Viols, between the Hours of Twelve and Four in the Morning, to the great Disturbance of many of Her Majesty's peaceable Subjects. And whereas I have been importuned to publish some Edict against these Midnight Alarms, which, under the Name of Serenades, do greatly annoy many well-disposed Persons, not only in the Place above-mentioned, but also in most of the Polite Towns of this Island.

I have taken that Matter into my serious Consideration, and do find, that this Custom is by no means to be indulged in this Country and Climate.

It is indeed very unaccountable, that most of our *British* Youth should take such great Delight in these Nocturnal Expeditions. Your robust true-born *Briton*, that has not yet felt the Force of Flames and Darts, has a natural Inclination to break Windows; while those whose natural Ruggedness has been soothed and softened by gentle Passion, have as strong a Propensity to languish under them, especially if they have a Fidler be-

hind them to utter their Complaints: For as the Custom prevails at present, there is scarce a young Man of any Fashion in a Corporation who does not make Love with the Town-Musick. The Waits often help him through his Courtship; and my Friend Mr. *Banister* has told me, he was proffered Five hundred Pounds, by a young Fellow to play but for one Winter under the Window of a Lady that was a great Fortune, but more cruel than ordinary. One would think they hoped to conquer their Mistresses Hearts as People tame Hawks and Eagles, by keeping them awake, or breaking their Sleep when they are fallen into it.

I have endeavoured to search into the Original of this impertinent Way of making Love, which, according to some Authors, is of great Antiquity. If we may believe Monsieur *Dacier and* other Criticks, *Horace*'s Tenth Ode of the Third Book was originally a Serenade. And if I was disposed to show my Learning, I could produce a Line of him in another Place, which seems to have been the Burthen of an old Heathen Serenade.

"----- Audis minus & minus jam
Me tuo longas pereunte Noctes,
Lydia, Dormis?

But notwithstanding the Opinions of many learned Men upon this Subject, I rather agree with them who look upon this Custom, as now practised, to have been introduced by castrated Musicians, who found out this Way of applying themselves to their Mistresses at these Hours, when Men of hoarser Voices express their Passions in a more vulgar Method. It must be confessed, That your *Italian* Eunuchs do practise this Manner of Courtship to this Day.

But whoever were the Persons that first thought of the Serenade, the Authors of all Countries are unanimous in ascribing the Invention to *Italy*.

There are Two Circumstances which qualified that Country above all other for this Midnight Musick.

The first I shall mention, was the Softness of their Climate.

This gave the Lover Opportunities of being Abroad in the Air, or of lying upon the Earth whole Hours together, without Fear of Damps or Dews; but as for our Tramontain Lovers, when they begin their Midnight Complaint with,

My Lodging it is on the cold Ground,

We are not to understand them in the Rigour of the Letter, since it would be impossible for a *British* Swain to condole himself long in that Situation without really dying for his Mistress. A Man might as well serenade in *Greenland* as in our Region. *Milton* seems to have had in his Thoughts the Absurdity of these Northern Serenades in the Censure which he passes upon them:

- - - - - Or Midnight Ball,
Or Serenede, which the Starv'd Lover sings
To his proud Fair, best quitted with Disdain.

The Truth of it is, I have often pitied, in a Winter Night, a Vocal Musician, and have attributed many of his Trills and Quavers to the Coldness of the Weather.

The second Circumstance which inclined the *Italians* to this Custom, was that Musical Genius which is so universal among them. Nothing is more frequent in that Country, than to hear a Cobler working to an Opera Tune. You can scarce see a Porter that has not one Nail much longer than the rest, which you will find, upon Enquiry, is cherished for some Instrument. In short, there is not a Labourer, or Handicraft Man, that in the Cool of the Evening does not relieve himself with Solo's and Sonnata's.

The

The *Italian* sooths his Mistress with a plaintive Voice, and bewails himself in such melting Musick, that the whole Neighbourhood sympathizes with him in his Sorrow.

Qualis Populea mærens, Philomela, sub Umbra
Flet Noctem, Rameq; sedens miserabile Carmen
Integrat, & late mæstis Loca Questibus implet.

On the contrary, our honest Countrymen have so little an Inclination to Musick, that they seldom begin to sing till they are drunk, which also is usually the Time when they are most disposed to serenade.

The TATLER. [N° 223.

For when upon their ungot Heirs,
Th' Entail themselves and all that's theirs,
What blinder Bargain e'er was driv'n,
Or Wager laid at Six and Seven,
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their Children's Tenants e're they're born? Hud.

From *Saturd. Sept.* 9. to *Tuesd. Sept.* 12. 1710.

From my own Apartment, September 11.

I HAVE been very much sollicited by *Clarinda, Flavia,* and *Lysetta*, to reassume my Discourse concerning the Methods of disposing honourably the unmarried Part of the World, and taking off those Bars to it, Jointures and Settlements, which are not only the greatest Impediments towards entring into that State, but also the frequent Causes of Distrust and Animosity in it after it is consummated. I have with very much Attention consider'd the Case; and among all the

Observations that I have made thro' a long Course of Years, I have thought the Coldness of Wives to their Husbands, as well as Disrespect from Children to Parents, to arise from this one Source. This Trade for Minds and Bodies in the Lump, without Regard to either, but as they are accompanied with such Sums of Money, and such Parcels of Land, cannot but produce a Commerce between the Parties concerned suitable to the mean Motives upon which they at first came together. I have heretofore given an Account, that this Method of making Settlements, was first invented by a griping Lawyer, who made Use of the covetous Tempers of the Parents of each Side to force Two young People into these vile Measures of Diffidence, for no other End but to encrease the Skins of Parchment, by which they were put into each other's Possession out of each other's Power. The Law of our Country has given an ample and generous Provision for the Wife, even the Third of the Husband's Estate, and left to her good Humour and his Gratitude the Expectation of further Provision; but the fantastical Method of going further, with relation to their Heirs, has a Foundation in nothing but Pride and Folly: For as all Men wish their Children as like themselves, and as much better as they can possibly, it seems monstrous, that we should give out of our selves the Opportunities of rewarding and discouraging them according to their Deserts. This wise Institution has no more Sense in it, than if a Man should begin a Deed with, "Whereas 'no Man living knows how long he shall continue to be a reasonable Creature, or an honest 'Man: And whereas I *B.* am going to enter in the 'State of Matrimony with Mrs. *D.* therefore I 'shall from henceforth make it indifferent to me, 'whether from this Time forward I shall be a 'Fool or a Knave: And therefore in full and per-

'fect

' fect Health of Body, and as sound Mind, not ' knowing which of my Children will prove bet- ' ter or worse, I give to my First-born, be he per- ' verse, ungrateful, impious, or cruel, the Lump ' and Bulk of my Estate, and leave one Year's ' Purchase only to each of my younger Children, ' whether they shall be brave or beautiful, modest ' or honourable, from the Time of the Date hereof ' wherein I resign my Senses, and hereby promise ' to employ my Judgment no further in the Di- ' stribution of my Worldly Goods from the Day ' of the Date hereof, hereby further confessing ' and covenanting, that I am from henceforth ' married, and dead in Law.'

There is no Man that is conversant in modern Settlements, but knows this is an exact Transla- tion of what is inserted in these Instruments. Men's Passions could only make them submit to such Terms; and therefore all unreasonable Bar- gains in Marriage ought to be set aside, as well as Deeds extorted from Men under Force or in Prison, who are altogether as much Masters of their Actions as he that is possess'd with a violent Passion.

How strangely Men are sometimes partial to themselves, appears by the Rapine of him that has a Daughter's Beauty under his Direction. He will make no Scruple of using it to force from her Lo- ver as much of his Estate as is worth 10000 *l.* and at the same Time, as a Justice on the Bench, will spare no Pains to get a Man hanged that has taken but a Horse from him.

It is to be hoped, the Legislature will in due Time take this Kind of Robbery into Considera- tion, and not suffer Men to prey upon each other, when they are about making the most solemn League, and entring into the strictest Bonds. The only sure Remedy is to fix a certain Rate on every Woman's Fortune; one Price for that of a Maid,

and another for a Widow: For it is of infinite Advantage, that there ſhould be no Frauds or Uncertainties in the Sale of our Women.

If any Man ſhould exceed the ſettled Rate, he ought to be at Liberty after Seven Years are over, by which Time his Love may be ſuppoſed to abate a little, if it is not founded upon Reaſon, to renounce the Bargain, and be freed from the Settlement upon reſtoring the Portion; as a Youth married under Fourteen Years old may be off if he pleaſes when he comes to that Age, and as a Man is diſcharged from all Bargains but that of Marriage made when he is under Twenty one.

It grieves me when I conſider, that theſe Reſtraints upon Matrimony take away the Advantage we ſhould otherwiſe have over other Countries, which are ſunk much by thoſe great Checks upon Propagation, the Convents. It is thought chiefly owing to theſe that *Italy* and *Spain* want above half their Complemenr of People. Were the Price of Wives always fixed and ſettled, it would contribute to filling the Nation more than all the Encouragements that can poſſibly be given to Foreigners to tranſplant themſelves hither.

I therefore, as Cenſor of *Britain*, till a Law is made, will lay down Rules which ſhall be obſerved with Penalty of degrading all that break them into Pretty Fellows, Smarts, Squibs, Hunting Horns, Drums, and Bagpipes.

The Females that are guilty of breaking my Orders, I ſhall reſpectively pronounce to be Kits, Hornpipes, Dulcimers, and Kettle Drums. Such Widows as wear the Spoils of one Husband I will bury, if they attempt to rob another.

I ordain, That no Woman ever demand one Shilling to be paid after her Husband's Death, more than the very Sum ſhe brings him, or an Equivalent for it in Land.

That

That no Settlement be made, in which the Man ſettles on his Children more than the Reverſion of the Jointure, or the Value of it in Money; ſo that at his Death he may in the Whole be bound to pay his Family but double to what he has receiv'd. I would have the eldeſt, as well as the reſt, have his Proviſion out of this.

When Men are not able to come up to thoſe Settlements I have propoſed, I would have them receive ſo much of the Portion only as they can come up to, and the reſt to go to the Woman by Way of Pin-Money, or Separate Maintenance. In this, I think, I determined equally between the Two Sexes.

If any Lawyer varies from theſe Rules, or is above Two Days in drawing a Marriage Settlement, or uſes more Words in it than one Skin of Parchment will contain, or takes above Five Pounds for drawing it, I would have him thrown over the Bar.

Were theſe Rules obſerved, a Woman with a ſmall Fortune, and a great deal of Worth, would be ſure to marry according to her Deſerts, if the Man's Eſtate were to be leſs incumbered in Proportion as her Fortune is leſs than he might have with others.

A Man of a great deal of Merit, and not much Eſtate, might be choſen for his Worth; becauſe it would not be difficult for him to make a Settlement.

The Man that loves a Woman beſt, would not refuſe her for not being able to bid ſo much as another, or for not complying with an extravagant Demand.

A fine Woman would no more be ſet up to Auction as ſhe is now. When a Man puts in for her, her Friends or her ſelf take Care to publiſh it; and the Man that was the firſt Bidder is made no other Uſe of but to raiſe the Price. He that

loves her, will continue in Waiting as long as she pleases, (if her Fortune be thought equal to his) and under Pretence of some Failure in the Rent-Roll, or Difficulties in drawing the Settlement, he is put off till a better Bargain is made with another.

All the rest of the Sex that are not rich or beautiful to the highest Degree are plainly Gainers, and would be married so fast, that the least charming of them would soon grow Beauties to the Batchelors.

Widows might be easily married, if they would not, as they do now, set up for discreet, only by being mercenary.

The making Matimony cheap and easy, would be the greatest Discouragement to Vice: The limiting the Expence of Children would not make Men ill inclined, or afraid of having them in a regular Way; and the Men of Merit would not live unmarried, as they often do now, because the Goodness of a Wife cannot be ensured to them; but the Loss of an Estate is certain, and a Man would never have the Affliction of a worthless Heir added to that of a bad Wife.

I am the more serious, large, and particular on this Subject, because my Lucubrations designed for the Encouragement of Virtue, cannot have the desired Success as long as this Incumbrance of Settlements continues upon Matrimony.

The TATLER. [N° 224.

Materiam superabat Opus. —— Ovid.

From *Tuesday Sept.* 12. to *Thursday Sept.* 14. 1710.

From my own Apartment, September 13.

IT is my Custom, in a Dearth of News, to entertain my self with those Collections of Advertisements that appear at the End of all our publick Prints. These I consider as Accounts of News from the little World, in the same Manner that the foregoing Parts of the Paper are from the great. If in one we hear that a Sovereign Prince is fled from his Capital City, in the other we hear of a Tradesman who hath shut up his Shop, and run away. If in one we find the Victory of a General, in the other we see the Desertion of a private Soldier. I must confess, I have a certain Weakness in my Temper, that is often very much affected by these little Domestick Occurrences, and have frequently been caught with Tears in my Eyes over a melancholy Advertisement.

But to consider this Subject in its most ridiculous Lights, Advertisements are of great Use to the Vulgar: First of all, as they are Instruments of Ambition. A Man that is by no Means big enough for the *Gazette*, may easily creep into the Advertisements; by which Means we often see an Apothecary in the same Paper of News with a Plenipotentiary, or a Running-Footman with an Ambassador. An Advertisement from *Pickadilly* goes down to Posterity, with an Article from *Madrid*; and *John Bartlett* of *Goodman's-Fields* is celebrated in the same Paper with the Emperor of *Germany*.

Germany. Thus the Fable tells us, That the Wren mounted as high as the Eagle, by getting upon his Back.

A Second Use which this Sort of Writings have been turned to of late Years, has been the Management of Controversy, insomuch that above half the Advertisements one meets with now-a-Days are purely Polemical. The Inventors of *Strops for Razors* have written against one another this Way for several Years, and that with great Bitterness; as the whole Argument *pro* and *con* in the Case of the *Morning-Gowns* is still carried on after the same Manner. I need not mention the several Proprietors of Dr. *Anderson*'s Pills; nor take Notice of the many Satyrical Works of this Nature so frequently published by Dr. *Clark*, who has had the Confidence to advertise upon that learned Knight, my very worthy Friend, Sir *William Read*: But I shall not interpose in their Quarrel; Sir *William* can give him his own in Advertisements, that, in the Judgment of the Impartial, are as well penn'd as the Doctor's.

The Third and last Use of these Writings is, to inform the World where they may be furnished with almost every Thing that is necessary for Life. If a Man has Pains in his Head, Cholicks in his Bowels, or Spots in his Clothes, he may here meet with proper Cures and Remedies. If a Man would recover a Wife or a Horse that is stolen or stray'd; if he wants new Sermons, Electuaries, Asses Milk, or any Thing else, either for his Body or his Mind, this is the Place to look for them in.

The great Art in writing Advertisements, is the finding out a proper Method to catch the Reader's Eye; without which, a good Thing may pass over unobserved, or be lost among Commissions of Bankrupt. Asterisks and Hands were formerly of great Use for this Purpose. Of late Years, the *N. B.* has been much in Fashion; as also little Cuts and Figures, the Invention of which we must a-

scribe

ſcribe to the Author of Spring-Truſſes. I muſt not here omit the blind *Italian* Character, which being ſcarce legible, always fixes and detains the Eye, and gives the curious Reader ſomething like the Satisfaction of prying into a Secret.

But the great Skill in an Advertiſer is chiefly ſeen in the Style which he makes uſe of. He is to mention *the univerſal Eſteem, or general Reputation*, of Things that were never heard of. If he is a Phyſician or Aſtrologer, he muſt change his Lodgings frequently, and (tho' he never ſaw any Body in them beſides his own Family) give publick Notice of it, *For the Information of the Nobility and Gentry*. Since I am thus uſefully employ'd in writing Criticiſms on the Works of theſe diminutive Authors, I muſt not paſs over in Silence an Advertiſement which has lately made its Appearance, and is written altogether in a *Ciceronian* Manner. It was ſent to me, with Five Shillings, to be inſerted among my Advertiſements; but as it is a Pattern of good Writing in this Way, I ſhall give it a Place in the Body of my Paper.

THE higheſt compounded Spirit of Lavender, the moſt glorious (if the Expreſſion may be uſed) enlivening Scent and Flavour that can poſſibly be, which ſo raptures the Spirits, delights the Guſt, and gives ſuch Airs to the Countenance, as are not to be imagined but by thoſe that have tried it. The meaneſt Sort of the Thing is admired by moſt Gentlemen and Ladies; but this far more, as by far it exceeds it, to the gaining among all a more than common Eſteem. It is ſold (in neat Flint Bottles fit for the Pocket) only at the Golden Key in Warton's-Court near Holborn-Bars, for 3 s. 6 d. with Directions.

At the ſame Time that I recommend the ſeveral Flowers in which this Spirit of Lavender is wrapped up, (if the Expreſſion may be uſed) I cannot excuſe

excuse my Fellow-Labourers for admitting into their Papers several uncleanly Advertisements, not at all proper to appear in the Works of polite Writers. Among these I must reckon the *Carminitive Wind-expelling* Pills. If the Doctor had called them only his Carminitive Pills, he had been as cleanly as one could have wished; but the Second Word entirely destroys the Decency of the First. There are other Absurdities of this Nature so very gross, that I dare not mention them; and shall therefore dismiss this Subject with a publick Admonition to *Michael Parrot*, That he do not presume any more to mention a certain Worm he knows of, which, by the Way, has grown Seven Foot in my Memory; for, if I am not much mistaken, it is the same that was but Nine Foot long about Six Months ago.

By the Remarks I have here made, it plainly appears, that a Collection of Advertisements is a kind of Miscellany; the Writers of which, contrary to all Authors, except Men of Quality, give Money to the Booksellers who publish their Copies. The Genius of the Bookseller is chiefly shown in his Method of ranging and digesting these little Tracts. The last Paper I took up in my Hands, places them in the following Order:

The True Spanish Blacking for Shoes, *&c.*
The Beautifying Cream for the Face, *&c.*
Pease and Plaisters, *&c.*
Nectar and Ambrosia, *&c.*
Four Freehold Tenements of 15 *l.* per Annum, *&c.*
*** The Present State of England, *&c.*
††† Annotations upon the Tatler, *&c.*

A Commission of Bankrupt being awarded against B. L. Bookseller, *&c.*

The

The TATLER. [N° 225.

——Si quid noviſti rectius iſtis
Candidus imperti, ſi non, his utere mecum. Hor.

From *Thurſday Sept.* 14. to *Saturday Sept.* 16. 1710.

From my own Apartment, September 15.

THE Hours which we ſpend in Converſation are the moſt pleaſing of any which we enjoy; yet, methinks, there is very little Care taken to improve our ſelves for the frequent Repetition of them. The common Fault in this Caſe, is that of growing too intimate, and falling into diſpleaſing Familiarities: For it is a very ordinary Thing for Men to make no other Uſe of a cloſe Acquaintance with each other's Affairs, but to teaze one another with unacceptable Alluſions. One would paſs over patiently ſuch as converſe like Animals, and ſalute each other with Bangs on the Shoulder, ſly Raps with Canes, or other robuſt Pleaſantries practiſed by the rural Gentry of this Nation: But even among thoſe who ſhould have more polite Idea's of Things, you ſee a Set of People who invert the Deſign of Converſation, and make frequent Mention of ungrateful Subjects; nay, mention them becauſe they are ungrateful; as if the Perfection of Society were in knowing how to offend on the one Part, and how to bear an Offence on the other. In all Parts of this populous Town you find the merry World made up of an active and a paſſive Companion; one who has Good-nature enough to ſuffer all his Friend ſhall think fit to ſay, and one who is reſolved to make the moſt of his Good-humour to ſhow his Parts. In the Trading Part of Mankind,

I have

I have ever obſerved the Jeſt went by the Weight of Purſes, and the Ridicule is made up by the Gains which ariſe from it. Thus the Packer allows the Clothier to ſay what he pleaſes, and the Broker has his Countenance ready to laugh with the Merchant, tho' the Abuſe is to fall on himſelf, becauſe he knows that, as a Go-between, he ſhall find his Account in being in the good Graces of a Man of Wealth. Among theſe juſt and punctual People, the richeſt Man is ever the better Jeſter; and they know no ſuch Thing as a Perſon who ſhall pretend to a ſuperior Laugh at a Man, who does not make him Amends by Opportunities of Advantage in another Kind: But among People of a different Way, where the pretended Diſtinction in Company is only what is raiſed from Senſe and Underſtanding, it is very abſurd to carry on a rough Raillery ſo far, as that the whole Diſcourſe ſhould turn upon each others Infirmities, Follies, or Misfortunes.

I was this Evening with a Set of Wags of this Claſs. They appear generally by Two and Two; and what is moſt extraordinary, is, that thoſe very Perſons who are moſt together, appear leaſt of a Mind when joined by other Company. This Evil proceeds from an indiſcreet Familiarity, whereby a Man is allowed to ſay the moſt grating Thing imaginable to another, and it ſhall be accounted Weakneſs to ſhow an Impatience for the Unkindneſs. But this and all other Deviations from the Deſign of pleaſing each other when we meet, are derived from Interlopers in Society, who want Capacity to put in a Stock among regular Companions, and therefore ſupply their Wants by ſtale Hiſtories, ſly Obſervations, and rude Hints, which relate to the Conduct of others. All Cohabitants in general run into this unhappy Fault; Men and their Wives break into Reflections, which are like ſo much *Arabick* to the reſt of the Company; Siſters and Brothers often make

make the like Figure from the same unjust Sense of the Art of being intimate and familiar. It is often said, such an one cannot stand the Mention of such a Circumstance: If he cannot, I am sure it is for Want of Discourse, or a worse Reason, that any Companion of his touches upon it.

Familiarity, among the truly Well-bred, never gives Authority to trespass upon one another in the most minute Circumstance, but it allows to be kinder than we ought otherwise presume to be. *Eusebius* has Wit, Humour, and Spirit; but there never was a Man in his Company who wished he had less, for he understands Familiarity so well, that he knows how to make Use of it in a Way that neither makes himself or his Friend contemptible; but if any one is lessened by his Freedom, it is he himself, who always likes the Place, the Diet, and the Reception, when he is in the Company of his Friends. Equality is the Life of Conversation; and he is as much out who assumes to himself any Part above another, as he who considers himself below the rest of the Society. Familiarity in Inferiors is Sauciness; in Superiors, Condescension; neither of which are to have Being among Companions, the very Word implying that they are to be equal. When therefore we have abstracted the Company from all Considerations of their Quality or Fortune, it will immediately appear, that to make it happy and polite, there must nothing be started which shall discover that our Thoughts run upon any such Distinctions. Hence it will arise, that Benevolence must become the Rule of Society, and he that is most obliging, must be most diverting.

This Way of Talking I am fallen into from the Reflection that I am wherever I go entertained with some Absurdity, Mistake, Weakness, or ill Luck of some Man or other, whom not only I, but the Person who makes me those Relations has a Value for. It would therefore be a great Benefit

nefit to the World, if it could be brought to paſs, that no Story ſhould be a taking one, but what was to the Advantage of the Perſon of whom it is related. By this Means, he that is now a Wit in Converſation, would be conſidered as a Spreader of falſe News in Buſineſs.

But above all, to make a Familiar fit for a Boſom Friend, it is abſolutely neceſſary that we ſhould always be inclined rather to hide than rally each others Infirmities. To ſuffer for a Fault, is a Sort of Attonement; and no Body is concerned for the Offence for which he has made Reparation.

P. S. I have received the following Letter, which rallies me for being witty ſooner than I deſigned; but I have now altered my Reſolution, and intend to be facetious till the Day in *October* heretofore mentioned, inſtead of beginning for that Day.

Mr. Bickerſtaff, Sept. 6. 1710.

B*Y your own Reckoning, you came Yeſterday about a Month before the Time you looked your ſelf, much to the Satisfaction of*

Your moſt Obliged

Humble Servant,

Plain Engliſh.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, September 15.

Advices from *Madrid* of the 8th ſay, the Duke of *Anjou*, with his Court, and all the Councils, were preparing to leave that Place in a Day or Two, in order to remove to *Valladolid*. They add, That the Palace was already unfurniſhed, and a Declaration had been publiſhed, importing, That it was abſolutely neceſſary, in the preſent Conjuncture of Affairs that the Court were abſent for ſome Time from *Madrid*, but would re-

turn thither in Six Weeks. This sudden Departure is attributed to the Advice, That the *Portuguese* Army was in Motion to enter *Spain* by *Braganza*, and that his Catholick Majesty was on the March with a strong Detachment towards *Castille*. Two Thousand Horse were arrived at *Agreda*, aud 'tis reported they were to join the rest of the Body, with the King, and advance to *Callaiatud*, on their Way to *Madrid*, whilst General *Staremberg* observed the Enemy on the Frontier of *Navarre*. They write from *Bayonne*, That the Duke of *Vendosme* set forwards to *Spain* on the 14th.

The TATLER. [N° 226.

—— *Juvenis quondam, nunc Fœmina Cæneus,*
Et Fato in veterem rursus revoluta Figuram. Virg.

From *Saturd. Sept.* 16. to *Tuesday Sept.* 19. 1710.

From my own Apartment, September 18.

IT is one of the Designs of this Paper to transmit to Posterity an Account of every Thing that is monstrous in my own Times. For this Reason I shall here publish to the World the Life of a Person who was neither Man nor Woman, as written by one of my ingenious Correspondents, who seems to have imitated *Plutach* in that multifarious Erudition, and those occasional Dissertations, which he has wrought into the Body of his History. The Life I am putting out, is that of *Margery, alias John Young*, commonly known by the Name of Dr. *Young*, who (as the Town very well knows) was a Woman that practised Physick in Man's Clothes, and after having

ving had Two Wives and feveral Children, died about a Month fince.

SIR,

'I Here make bold to trouble you with a fhort
' Account of the famous Dr. *Young*'s Life,
' which you may call (if you pleafe) a Second
' Part of the Farce of the *Sham Doctor*. This
' perhaps will not feem fo ftrange to you, who
' (if I am not miftaken) have fomewhere men-
' tioned with Honour your Sifter *Kirleus* as a
' Practitioner both in Phyfick and Aftrology: But
' in the common Opinion of Mankind, a She-
' Quack is altogether as ftrange and aftonifhing a
' Creature as the Centaur that practis'd Phyfick
' in the Days of *Achilles*, or as King *Phys* in the
' *Rehearfal*. *Æfculapius*, the great Founder of
' your Art, was particularly famous for his
' Beard, as we may conclude from the Behaviour
' of a Tyrant, who is branded by Heathen Hifto-
' rians as guilty both of Sacrilege and Blafphe-
' my, having robbed the Statue of *Æfculapius* of
' a thick bufhy Golden Beard, and then alledged
' for his Excufe, *That it was a Shame the Son*
' *fhould have a Beard when his Father* Apollo *had*
' *none*. This latter Inftance indeed feems fome-
' thing to favour a Female Profeffor, fince (as I
' have been told) the ancient Statues of *Apollo*
' are generally made with the Head and Face of
' a Woman: Nay, I have been credibly informed
' by thofe who have feen them both, that the
' famous *Apollo* in the *Belvidera* did very much re-
' femble Dr *Young*. Let that be as it will, the Doctor
' was a Kind of *Amazon* in Phyfick, that made
' as great Devaftations and Slaughters as any of
' our chief Heroes in the Art, and was as fatal
' to the *Englifh* in thefe our Days, as the famous
' *Joan d' Arc* was in thofe of our Forefathers.

' I do not find any Thing remarkable in the
' Life I am about to write till the Year 1695, at
' which

‘ which Time the Doctor, being about Twenty
‘ three Years old, was brought to Bed of a Ba-
‘ ſtard Child. The Scandal of ſuch a Miſfor-
‘ tune gave ſo great Uneaſineſs to pretty Mrs. *Peg-*
‘ *gy*, (for that was the Name by which the
‘ Doctor was then called) that ſhe left her Fami-
‘ ly, and followed her Lover to *London*, with a
‘ fixed Reſolution ſome Way or other to recover
‘ her loſt Reputation: But inſtead of changing
‘ her Life, which one would have expected from
‘ ſo good a Diſpoſition of Mind, ſhe took it in
‘ her Head to change her Sex. This was ſoon
‘ done by the Help of a Sword and a Pair of
‘ Breeches. I have Reaſon to believe, that her
‘ firſt Deſign was to turn Man-Midwife, having
‘ her ſelf had ſome Experience in thoſe Affairs:
‘ But thinking this too narrow a Foundation for
‘ her future Fortune, ſhe at length bought her a
‘ Gold Button Coat, and ſet up for a Phyſician.
‘ Thus we ſee the ſame fatal Miſcarriage in her
‘ Youth made Mrs. *Young* a Doctor, that former-
‘ ly made one of the ſame Sex a Pope.

‘ The Doctor ſucceeded very well in his Buſi-
‘ neſs at firſt, but very often met with Accidents
‘ that diſquieted him. As he wanted that deep
‘ magiſterial Voice which gives Authority to a
‘ Preſcription, and is abſolutely neceſſary for the
‘ right Pronouncing of thoſe Words, *Take theſe
‘ Pills*, he unfortunately got the Nickname of
‘ the *Squeaking Doctor*. If this Circumſtance
‘ alarmed the Doctor, there was another that
‘ gave him no ſmall Diſquiet, and very much
‘ diminiſhed his Gains. In ſhort, he found him-
‘ ſelf run down as a ſuperficial prating Quack,
‘ in all Families that had at the Head of them a
‘ cautious Father, or a jealous Husband. Theſe
‘ would often complain among one another, that
‘ they did not like ſuch a Smock-faced Phyſician;
‘ though in Truth had they known how juſtly he
‘ deſerved that Name, they would rather have

‘ favoured

favoured his Practice, than have apprehended any Thing from it.

' Such were the Motives that determined Mrs. *Young* to change her Condition, and take in Marriage a virtuous young Woman, who lived with her in good Reputation, and made her the Father of a very pretty Girl. But this Part of her Happineſs was ſoon after deſtroyed by a Diſtemper which was too hard for our Phyſician, and carried off his firſt Wife. The Doctor had not been a Widow long, before he married his Second Lady, with whom alſo he lived in very good Underſtanding. It ſo happened, that the Doctor was with Child at the ſame Time that his Lady was; but the little ones coming both together, they paſſed for Twins. The Doctor having entirely eſtabliſhed the Reputation of his Manhood, eſpecially by the Birth of the Boy of whom he had been lately delivered, and who very much reſembles him, grew into good Buſineſs, and was particularly famous for the Cure of Venereal Diſtempers; but would have had much more Practice among his own Sex, had not ſome of them been ſo unreaſonable as to demand certain Proofs of their Cure, which the Doctor was not able to give them. The florid blooming Look, which gave the Doctor ſome Uneaſineſs at firſt, inſtead of betraying his Perſon, only recommended his Phyſick. Upon this Occaſion I cannot forbear mentioning what I thought a very agreeable Surprize in one of *Moliere*'s Plays, where a young Woman applies her ſelf to a ſick Perſon in the Habit of a Quack, and ſpeaks to her Patient, who was ſomething ſcandalized at the Youth of his Phyſician, to the following Purpoſe—— *I begun to practiſe in the Reign of* Francis I. *and am now in the Hundred and fiftieth Year of my Age; but, by the Vertue of my Medicaments, have maintained my ſelf in the ſame*

same Beauty and Freshness I had at Fifteen. For this Reason *Hippocrates* lays it down as a Rule, That a Student in Physick should have a sound Constitution, and a healthy Look; which indeed seem as necessary Qualifications for a Physician, as a good Life, and virtuous Behaviour, for a Divine. But to return to our Subject. About Two Years ago the Doctor was very much afflicted with the Vapours, which grew upon him to such a Degree, that about six Weeks since they made an End of him. His Death discovered the Disguise he had acted under, and brought him back again to his former Sex. 'Tis said, that at his Burial the Pall was held up by Six Women of some Fashion. The Doctor left behind him a Widow, and Two Fatherless Children, if they may be called so, besides the little Boy before-mentioned. In relation to whom we may say of the Doctor, as the good old Ballad about *The Children in the Wood* says of the Unnatural Unkle, that he was Father and Mother both in one. These are all the Circumstances that I could learn of Doctor *Young*'s Life, which might have given Occasion to many obscene Fictions: But as I know those would never have gained a Place in your Paper, I have not troubled you with any Impertinence of that Nature; having stuck to the Truth very scrupulously, as I always do when I subscribe my self,

SIR,

Your, &c.

I shall add, as a Postscript to this Letter, that I am informed, the famous *Saltero*, who sells Coffee in his Musæum at *Chelsea*, has by him a Curiosity which helped the Doctor to carry on his Imposture, and will give great Satisfaction to the curious Inquirer.

The

The TATLER. [Nº 227.

Omnibus invideas, Zoile, nemo tibi. Martial.

From *Tuesd.* Sept. 19. to *Thursd. Sept.* 21. 1710.

From my own Apartment, September 20.

IT is the Business of Reason and Philosophy to sooth and allay the Passions of the Mind, or turn them to a vigorous Prosecution of what is dictated by the Understanding. In order to this good End, I would keep a watchful Eye upon the growing Inclinations of Youth, and be particularly careful to prevent their indulging themselves in such Sentiments as may imbitter their more advanced Age. I have now under Cure a young Gentleman, who lately communicated to me, that he was of all Men living the most miserably envious. I desired the Circumstances of his Distemper; upon which, with a Sigh that would have moved the most inhumane Breast, 'Mr. *Bickerstaff*, said he, I am Nephew to a Gentleman of a very great Estate, to whose Favour I have a Cousin that has equal Pretensions with my self. This Kinsman of mine is a young Man of the highest Merit imaginable, and has a Mind so tender, and so generous, that I can observe he returns my Envy with Pity. He makes me upon all Occasions the most obliging Condescensions: And I cannot but take Notice of the Concern he is in to see my Life blasted with this racking Passion, though it is against himself. In the Presence of my Unkle, when I am in the Room, he never speaks so well as he is capable of, but always lowers his Talents and Accomplishments out of Regard to me.

'What I beg of you, dear Sir, is to inſtruct me 'how to love him, as I know he does me: And 'I beſeech you, if poſſible, to ſet my Heart 'right, that it may no longer be tormented where 'it ſhould be pleaſed, or hate a Man whom I can'not but approve.

The Patient gave me this Account with ſuch Candour and Openneſs, that I conceived immediate Hopes of his Cure; becauſe in Diſeaſes of the Mind, the Perſon affected is half recovered when he is ſenſible of his Diſtemper. Sir, ſaid I, the Acknowledgment of your Kinſman's Merit is a very hopeful Symptom; for it is the Nature of Perſons afflicted with this Evil, when they are incurable, to pretend a Contempt of the Perſon envied, if they are taxed with that Weakneſs. A Man who is really envious, will not allow he is ſo; but upon ſuch an Accuſation is tormented with the Reflection, that to envy a Man is to allow him your Superior. But in your Caſe, when you examine the Bottom of your Heart, I am apt to think it is Avarice, which you miſtake for Envy. Were it not that you have both Expectations from the ſame Man, you would look upon your Couſin's Accompliſhments with Pleaſure. You that now conſider him as an Obſtacle to your Intereſt, would then behold him as an Ornament to your Family. I obſerved my Patient upon this Occaſion recover himſelf in ſome Meaſure; and he owned to me, that he hoped it was as I imagined; for that in all Places but where he was his Rival, he had Pleaſure in his Company. This was the firſt Diſcourſe we had upon this Malady; and I do not doubt but, after Two or Three more, I ſhall by juſt Degrees ſoften his Envy into Emulation.

Such an Envy as I have here deſcribed, may poſſibly creep into an ingenuous Mind; but the Envy which makes a Man uneaſy to himſelf and others, is a certain Diſtortion and Perverſeneſs of

Temper, that renders him unwilling to be pleas'd with any Thing without him that has either Beauty or Perfection in it. I look upon it as a Diſtemper in the Mind, (which I know no Moraliſt that has deſcribed in this Light) when a Man cannot diſcern any Thing which another is Maſter of that is agreeable. For which Reaſon, I look upon the good-natur'd Man to be endowed with a certain diſcerning Faculty which the Envious are altogether deprived of. Shallow Wits, ſuperficial Criticks, and conceited Fops, are with me ſo many blind Men in reſpect of Excellencies. They can behold nothing but Faults and Blemiſhes, and indeed ſee nothing that is worth ſeeing. Show them a Poem, it is Stuff; a Picture, it is Daubing. They find nothing in Architecture that is not irregular, or in Muſick that is not out of Tune. Theſe Men ſhould conſider, that it is their Envy which deforms every Thing, and that the Uglineſs is not in the Object, but in the Eye. And as for nobler Minds, whoſe Merits are either not diſcovered, or are miſrepreſented by the envious Part of Mankind, they ſhould rather conſider their Defamers with Pity than Indignation. A Man cannot have an Idea of Perfection in another, which he was never ſenſible of in himſelf. Mr. *Lock* tells us, That upon asking a blind Man, What he thought Scarlet was? He anſwered, That he believed it was like the Sound of a Trumpet. He was forced to form his Conceptions of Idea's which he had not, by thoſe which he had. In the ſame Manner, ask an envious Man, What he thinks of Virtue? He will call it Deſign: What of Good-nature? And he will term it Dulneſs. The Difference is, That as the Perſon before-mentioned was born blind, your envious Men have contracted the Diſtemper themſelves, and are troubled with a Sort of an acquired Blindneſs. Thus the Devil in *Milton*, tho' made an Angel of Light, could ſee nothing to pleaſe him even in Paradiſe,

dise, and hated our First Parents, though in their State of Innocence.

The TATLER. [N° 228.

*—— Veniet Manus, Auxilio quæ
Sit mihi ——* Hor.

From *Thursday Sept.* 21. to *Saturday Sept.* 23. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 22.

A Man of Business who makes a publick Entertainment, may sometimes leave his Guests, and beg them to divert themselves as well as they can till his Return. I shall here make use of the same Privilege, (being engaged in Matters of some Importance relating to the Family of the *Bickerstaffs*) and must desire my Readers to entertain one another till I can have Leisure to attend them. I have therefore furnished out this Paper, as I have done some few others, with Letters of my ingenious Correspondents, which I have Reason to believe will please the Publick, as much as my own more elaborate Lucubrations.

SIR, *Lincoln, Sept.* 9.

'I Have long been of the Number of your Admirers, and take this Opportunity of telling you so. I know not why a Man so famed for Astrological Observations may not be also a good Casuist, upon which Presumption, 'tis I ask your Advice in an Affair that at present puzzles quite that slender Stock of Divinity I am Master of. I have now been some Time in Holy Orders, and Fellow of a certain College

' in one of the Univerſities; but weary of that ' unactive Life, I reſolve to be doing Good in my ' Generation. A worthy Gentleman has lately ' offer'd me a fat Rectory, but means, I perceive, ' his Kinſwoman ſhould have the Benefit of the ' Clergy. I am a Novice in the World, and con- ' feſs, it ſtartles me how the Body of Mrs. *Abi- ' gail* can be annexed to Cure of Souls. Sir, ' would you give us in one of your *Tatlers* the ' Original and Progreſs of Smock-Simony, and ' ſhew us, that where the Laws are ſilent, Men's ' Conſciences ought to be ſo too; you could not ' more oblige our Fraternity of young Divines, ' and among the reſt,

Your humble Servant,

High-Church

I am very proud of having a Gentleman of this Name for my Admirer, and may ſome Time or other write ſuch a Treatiſe as he mentions. In the mean Time I do not ſee why our Clergy, who are very frequently Men of good Families, ſhould be reproached, if any of them chance to eſpouſe a Hand-Maid with a Rectory in *Commendam*, ſince the beſt of our Peers have often join-ed themſelves to the Daughters of very ordinary Tradeſmen upon the ſame valuable Conſiderations.

Honoured Son, *Globe* in *Moorfields*, *Sept.* 16.

' I Have now finiſhed my Almanack for the ' next Year, in all the Parts of it except that ' which concerns the Weather; and you having ' ſhewn your ſelf, by ſome of your late Works, ' more Weatherwiſe than any of our modern ' Aſtrologers, I moſt humbly preſume to trouble ' you upon this Head. You know very well, that ' in our ordinary Almanacks the Wind and Rain, ' Snow and Hail, Clouds and Sun-ſhine, have ' their proper Seaſons, and come up as regularly

' in

' in their ſeveral Months, as the Fruits and Plants
' of the Earth. As for my own Part, I freely
' own to you, that I generally ſteal my Weather
' out of ſome antiquated Almanack, that foretold
' it ſeveral Years ago. Now, Sir, what I hum-
' bly beg of you is, that you would lend me
' your State Weather-Glaſs in order to fill up
' this vacant Column in my Works. This, I
' know, would ſell my Almanack beyond any
' other, and make me a richer Man than *Poor*
' *Robin*. If you will not grant me this Favour,
' I muſt have Recourſe to my old Method, and
' will copy after an Almanack which I have by
' me, and which I think was made for the Year
' when the great Storm was. I am,

SIR,

The moſt humble of

Your Admirers,

T. Philomath.

This Gentleman does not conſider, what a ſtrange Appearance his Almanack would make to the Ignorant, ſhould he tranſpoſe his Weather, as he muſt do, did he follow the Dictates of my Glaſs. What would the World ſay to ſee Summers filled with Clouds and Storms, and Winters with Calms and Sun-ſhine, according to the Variations of the Weather, as they might accidentally appear in a State Barometer? But let that be as it will, I ſhall apply my own Invention to my own Uſe; and if I do not make my Fortune by it, it will be my own Fault.

The next Letter comes to me from another Self-intereſted Solicitor.

' Mr. *Bickerſtaff*,

' I Am going to ſet up for a Scrivener, and have
' thought of a Project which may turn both
' to your Account and mine. It came into my

‘ Head upon reading that learned and useful Pa-
‘ per of yours concerning Advertisements. You
‘ must understand, I have made my self Master
‘ in the whole Art of Advertising, both as to the
‘ Style and the Letter. Now if you and I could
‘ so manage it, that no Body should write Adver-
‘ tisements besides my self, or print them any
‘ where but in your Paper, we might both of us
‘ get Estates in a little Time. For this End I
‘ would likewise propose, that you should enlarge
‘ the Design of Advertisements, and have sent
‘ you Two or Three Samples of my Work in
‘ this Kind, which I have made for particular
‘ Friends, and intend to open Shop with. The
‘ First is for a Gentleman, who would willingly
‘ marry, if he could find a Wife to his Liking;
‘ the Second is for a poor Whig, who is lately
‘ turned out of his Post; and the Third for a
‘ Person of a contrary Party, who is willing to
‘ get into one.

WHereas *A. B.* next Door to the *Pestle and Mortar*, being about 30 Years old, of a spare Make, with dark-coloured Hair, bright Eye, and a long Nose, has Occasion for a good-humour'd, tall, fair, young Woman, of about 3000 *l.* Fortune: These are to give Notice, That if any such young Woman has a Mind to dispose of her self in Marriage to such a Person as the above-mentioned, she may be provided with a Husband, a Coach and Horses, and a proportionable Settlement.

C. D. designing to quit his Place, has great Quantities of Paper, Parchment, Ink, Wax, and Wafers to dispose of, which will be sold at very reasonable Rates.

E. F. a Person of good Behaviour, Six Foot high, of a black Complexion and sound Principles, wants an Employ. He is an excellent Penman and Accomptant, and speaks *French.*

The

The TATLER. [N° 229.

Quæsitam Meritis sume Superbiam. Hor.

From *Saturday Sept.* 23. to *Tuesday Sept.* 26. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 25.

THE whole Creation preys upon it self: Every living Creature is inhabited. A Flea has a Thousand invisible Insects that teaze him as he jumps from Place to Place, and revenge our Quarrels upon him. A very ordinary Microscope shows us, that a Louse is it self a very lousy Creature. A Whale, besides those Seas and Oceans in the several Vessels of his Body, which are filled with innumerable Shoals of little Animals, carries about it a whole World of Inhabitants; insomuch that, if we believe the Calculations some have made, there are more living Creatures which are too small for the naked Eye to behold about the Leviathan, than there are of visible Creatures upon the Face of the whole Earth. Thus every nobler Creature is as it were the Basis and Support of Multitudes that are his Inferiors.

This Consideration very much comforts me, when I think of those numberless Vermin that feed upon this Paper, and find their Sustenance out of it: I mean, the small Wits and Scribblers that every Day turn a Penny by nibbling at my Lucubrations. This has been so advantageous to this little Species of Writers, that, if they do me Justice, I may expect to have my Statue erect-

ed in *Grub-street*, as being a common Benefactor to that Quarter.

They say, when a Fox is very much troubled with Fleas, he goes into the next Pool with a little Lock of Wool in his Mouth, and keeps his Body under Water till the Vermin get into it, after which he quits the Wool, and diving, leaves his Tormentors to shift for themselves, and get their Livelihood where they can. I would have these Gentlemen take Care that I do not serve them after the same Manner; for though I have hitherto kept my Temper pretty well, it is not impossible but I may some Time or other disappear; and what will then become of them? Should I lay down my Paper, What a Famine would there be among the Hawkers, Printers, Booksellers, and Authors? It would be like Dr. *B*——*s*'s dropping his Cloak, with the whole Congregation hanging upon the Skirts of it. To enumerate some of these my doughty Antagonists, I was threatened to be answered Weekly *Tit for Tat*: I was undermined by the *Whisperer*, haunted by *Tom. Brown*'s *Ghost*, scolded at by a *Female Tatler*, and slandered by another of the same Character, under the Title of *Atalantis*. I have been *annotated*, *retattled*, *examined*, and *condoled*: But it being my standing Maxim never to speak ill of the Dead, I shall let these Authors rest in Peace, and take great Pleasure in thinking that I have sometimes been the Means of their getting a Belly full. When I see my self thus surrounded by such formidable Enemies, I often think of the Knight of the Red Cross in *Spencer's Den of Error*, who after he has cut off the Dragon's Head, and left it wallowing in a Flood of Ink, sees a Thousand monstrous Reptiles making their Attempts upon him, one with many Heads, another with none, and all of them without Eyes.

The

The same so sore annoyed has the Knight,
That well nigh choaked with the deadly Stink,
His Forces fail, ne can no longer fight;
Whose Courage when the Fiend perceived to shrink,
She poured forth out of her Hellish Sink
Her fruitful cursed Spawn of Serpents small,
Deformed Monsters, foul, and black as Ink;
Which swarming all about his Legs did crawl,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle Shepherd in sweet Even-tide,
When ruddy Phœbus *gins to welk in West,*
High on an Hill, his Flock to vieWen wide,
Marks which do bite their hasty Supper best;
A Cloud of combrous Gnats do him molest,
All striving to infix their feeble Stings
That from their Noyance he no where can rest;
But with his clownish Hands their tender Wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their Murmur-(ings.

If ever I should want such a Fry of little Authors to attend me, I shall think my Paper in a very decaying Condition. They are like Ivy about an Oak, which adorns the Tree at the same Time that it eats into it; or like a great Man's Equipage, that do Honour to the Person on whom they feed. For my Part, when I see my self thus attacked, I do not consider my Antagonists as malicious, but hungry, and therefore am resolved never to take any Notice of them.

As for those who detract from my Labours without being prompted to it by an empty Stomach, in Return to their Censures I shall take Pains to excel, and never fail to perswade my self, that their Enmity is nothing but their Envy or Ignorance.

Give me Leave to conclude, like an old Man and a Moralist, with a Fable:

The Owls, Bats, and several other Birds of Night, were one Day got together in a thick

Shade, where they abused their Neighbours in a very sociable Manner. Their Satyr at last fell upon the Sun, whom they all agreed to be very troublesome, impertinent, and inquisitive. Upon which the Sun, who overheard them, spoke to them after this Manner: Gentlemen, I wonder how you dare abuse one that you know could in an Instant scorch you up, and burn every Mother's Son of you: But the only Answer I shall give you, or the Revenge I shall take of you, is, to *shine on.*

The TATLER. [N° 230.

From *Tuesd. Sept.* 26. to *Thursd. Sept.* 28. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 27.

THE following Letter has laid before me many great and manifest Evils in the World of Letters which I had overlooked; but they open to me a very busy Scene, and it will require no small Care and Application to amend Errors which are become so universal. The Affectation of Politeness is exposed in this Epistle with a great deal of Wit and Discernment; so that whatever Discourses I may fall into hereafter upon the Subjects the Writer treats of, I shall at present lay the Matter before the World without the least Alteration from the Words of my Correspondent.

To Isaac Bickerstaff *Esq;*

SIR,

THere are some Abuses among us of great Consequence, the Reformation of which is properly your Province; though as far as I have been conversant in your Papers, you have not yet considered

ſidered them. Theſe are the deplorable Ignorance that for ſome Years hath reigned among our *Engliſh* Writers, the great Depravity of our Taſt, and the continual Corruption of our Style. I ſay nothing here of thoſe who handle particular Sciences, Divinity, Law, Phyſick, and the like; I mean the Traders in Hiſtory and Politicks, and the *Belles Lettres*; together with thoſe by whom Books are not Tranſlated, but (as the common Expreſſions are) *Done out of French, Latin*, or other Language, and *Made Engliſh*. I cannot but obſerve to you, that till of late Years, a *Grubſtreet* Book was always bound in Sheep-skin, with ſuitable Print and Paper, the Price never above a Shilling, and taken off wholly by common Tradeſmen or Country Pedlars; but now they appear in all Sizes and Shapes, and in all Places: They are handed about from Lap-fulls in every Coffee-houſe to Perſons of Quality; are ſhewn in *Weſtminſter-Hall* and the Court of Requeſts. You may ſee them gilt and in Royal Paper of Five or Six Hundred Pages, and rated accordingly. I would engage to furniſh you with a Catalogue of *Engliſh* Books publiſhed within the Compaſs of Seven Years paſt, which at the firſt Hand would coſt you a Hundred Pounds, wherein you ſhall not be able to find Ten Lines together of common Grammar or common Senſe.

Theſe Two Evils, Ignorance and Want of Taſt, have produced a Third; I mean the continual Corruption of our *Engliſh* Tongue, which, without ſome timely Remedy, will ſuffer more by the falſe Refinements of Twenty Years paſt, than it hath been improved in the foregoing Hundred. And this is what I deſign chiefly to enlarge upon, leaving the former Evils to your Animadverſion.

But inſtead of giving you a Liſt of the late Refinements crept into our Language, I here ſend you the Copy of a Letter I received ſome Time

Time ago from a most accomplished Person in this Way of Writing; upon which I shall make some Remarks. It is in these Terms:

SIR,

'I *Cou'd n't* get the Things you sent for all *about Town* --- I *thôt* to *ha'* come down my self, and then I'd *h' bôt 'um*; but I *ha'n't don't*, and I believe I *can't d't*, that's *Pozz* --- *Tom* begins to *gi'mself* Airs, because *he's* going with the *Plenipo's* --- 'Tis said, the *French* King will *bamboozl' us agen*, which causes many *Speculations*. The *Jacks* and others of that *Kidney* are very *uppish*, and *alert upon't*, as you may see by their *Phizz's* --- *Will Hazzard* has got the *Hipps*, having lost *to the Tune of* Five Hundr'd Pound, *thô* he understands Play very well, *no body better*. He has promis't me upon *Rep*, to leave off Play; but you know, 'tis a Weakness *he's* too apt to *give into*, *thô* he has as much Wit as any Man, *no body more*. He has lain *incog* ever since --- The *Mob's* very quiet with us now --- I believe you *thôt* I *banter'd* you in my last like a *Country Put* --- I *sha'n't* leave Town this Month, *&c.*

This Letter is in every Point an admirable Pattern of the present polite Way of Writing, nor is it of less Authority for being an Epistle: You may gather every Flower in it, with a Thousand more of equal Sweetness, from the Books, Pamphlets, and single Papers, offer'd us every Day in the Coffee-houses: And these are the Beauties introduced to supply the Want of Wit, Sense, Humour, and Learning, which formerly were looked upon as Qualifications for a Writer. If a Man of Wit, who died Forty Years ago, were to rise from the Grave on Purpose, How would he be able to read this Letter? And after he had got through that Difficulty, how would he be able

able to underſtand it? The firſt Thing that ſtrikes your Eye, is the *Breaks* at the End of almoſt every Sentence, of which I know not the Uſe, only that it is a Refinement, and very frequently practiſed. Then you will obſerve the Abbreviations and Eliſions, by which Conſonants of moſt obdurate Sound are joined together, without one ſoftening Vowel to intervene; and all this only to make one Syllable of Two, directly contrary to the Example of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, altogether of the *Gothick* Strain, and a natural Tendency towards relapſing into Barbarity, which delights in Monoſyllables, and uniting of Mute Conſonants, as it is obſervable in all the Northern Languages. And this is ſtill more viſible in the next Refinement, which conſiſts in pronouncing the firſt Syllable in a Word that has many, and diſmiſſing the reſt; ſuch as *Phizz*, *Hipps*, *Mobb*, *Pozz*, *Rep*, and many more, when we are already overloaded with Monoſyllables, which are the Diſgrace of our Language. Thus we cram one Syllable, and cut off the reſt, as the Owl fattened her Mice after ſhe had bit off their Legs, to prevent them from running away; and if ours be the ſame Reaſon for maiming our Words, it will certainly anſwer the End, for I am ſure no other Nation will deſire to borrow them. Some Words are hitherto but fairly ſplit, and therefore only in their Way to Perfection; as *Incog*, and *Plenipo*: But in a ſhort Time, 'tis to be hoped, they will be further dock'd to *Inc*, and *Plen*. This Reflection has made me of late Years very impatient for a Peace, which I believe would ſave the Lives of many brave Words, as well as Men. The War has introduced abundance of Polyſyllables, which will never be able to live many more Campaigns. *Speculations*. *Operations*, *Preliminaries*, *Ambaſſadors*, *Palliſadoes*, *Communication*, *Circumvallation*, *Battalions*, as numerous as they are, if they attack us too fre-

frequently in our Coffee-houses, we shall certainly put them to Flight, and cut off the Rear.

The Third Refinement observable in the Letter I send you, consists in the Choice of certain Words invented by some *pretty Fellows*, such as *Banter*, *Bamboozle*, *Country Put*, and *Kidney*, as it is there applied, some of which are now struggling for the Vogue, and others are in Possession of it. I have done my utmost for some Years past to stop the Progress of *Mobb* and *Banter*, but have been plainly born down by Numbers, and betrayed by those who promised to assist me.

In the last Place, you are to take Notice of certain choice Phrases scattered through the Letter, some of them tolerable enough, till they were worn to Rags by servile Imitators. You might easily find them, though they were not in a different Print, and therefore I need not disturb them.

These are the false Refinements in our Style which you ought to correct: First, by Argument and fair Means; but if those fail, I think you are to make Use of your Authority as Censor, and by an Annual *Index Expurgatorius* expunge all Words and Phrases that are offensive to good Sense, and condemn those barbarous Mutilations of Vowels and Syllables. In this last Point, the usual Pretence is, That they spell as they speak: A noble Standard for Language! To depend upon the Caprice of every Coxcomb, who because Words are the Cloathing of our Thoughts, cuts them out and shapes them as he pleases, and changes them oftner than his Dress. I believe all reasonable People would be content that such Refiners were more sparing in their Words, and liberal in their Syllables: And upon this Head, I should be glad you would bestow some Advice upon several young Readers in our Churches, who coming up from the University full fraight

with

with Admiration of our Town Politeneſs, will needs correct the Style of their Prayer-Books. In reading the Abſolution, they are very careful to ſay *Pardons* and *Abſolves*; and in the Prayer for the Royal Family, it muſt be *endue'um, enrich'um, proſper'um*, and *bring'um.* Then in their Sermons they uſe all the modern Terms of Art, *Sham, Banter, Mob, Bubble, Bully, Cutting, Shuffling*, and *Palming*; all which, and many more of the like Stamp, as I have heard them often in the Pulpit from ſuch young Sophiſters, ſo I have read them in ſome of *thoſe Sermons that have made moſt Noiſe of late.* The Deſign, it ſeems, is to avoid the dreadful Imputation of Pedantry; to ſhew us, that they know the Town, underſtand Men and Manners, and have not been poring upon old unfaſhionable Books in the Univerſity.

I ſhould be glad to ſee you the Inſtrument of introducing into our Style that Simplicity which is the beſt and trueſt Ornament of moſt Things in Life, which the politer Ages always aimed at in their Building and Dreſs, (*Simplex Munditiis*) as well as their Productions of Wit. 'Tis manifeſt, that all new affected Modes of Speech, whether borrowed from the Court, the Town, or the Theatre, are the firſt periſhing Parts in any Language; and, as I could prove by many Hundred Inſtances, have been ſo in ours. The Writings of *Hooker*, who was a Country Clergyman, and of *Parſons* the Jeſuit, both in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, are in a Style that, with very few Allowances, would not offend any preſent Reader; much more clear and intelligible than thoſe of Sir *H. Wootton*, Sir *Rob. Naunton*, *Osborn*, *Daniel* the Hiſtorian, and ſeveral others who writ later; but being Men of the Court, and affecting the Phraſes then in Faſhion, they are often either not to be underſtood, or appear perfectly ridiculous.

What

What Remedies are to be applied to these Evils, I have not Room to consider, having, I fear, already taken up most of your Paper. Besides, I think it is our Office only to represent Abuses, and yours to redress them. I am with great Respect,

SIR,

Your, &c.

The TATLER. [N° 231.

Principiis obsta ——

From *Thursd. Sept* 28. to *Saturd. Sept.* 30. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Sept. 29.

THere are very many ill Habits that might with much Ease have been prevented, which, after we have indulged our selves in them, become incorrigible. We have a sort of Proverbial Expression, of *taking a Woman down in her Wedding Shoes*, if you would bring her to Reason. An early Behaviour of this Sort, had a very remarkable good Effect in a Family wherein I was several Years an intimate Acquaintance.

A Gentleman in *Lincolnshire* had Four Daughters, Three of which were early married very happily; but the Fourth, though no Way inferior to any of her Sisters, either in Person or Accomplishments, had from her Infancy discovered so imperious a Temper, (usually called a High Spirit) that it continually made great Uneasiness in the Family, became her known Character in the Neighbourhood, and deterred all her Lovers from declaring themselves. However, in Process of Time, a Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune and

long

long Acquaintance, having obſerved that Quickneſs of Spirit to be her only Fault, made his Addreſſes, and obtained her Conſent in due Form. The Lawyers finiſhed the Writings, (in which, by the Way, there was no Pin-Money) and they were married. After a decent Time ſpent in the Father's Houſe, the Bridegroom went to prepare his Seat for her Reception. During the whole Courſe of his Courtſhip, though a Man of the moſt equal Temper, he had artificially lamented to her, that he was the moſt paſſionate Creature breathing. By this one Intimation, he at once made her underſtand Warmth of Temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her againſt that Conſtitution in himſelf. She at the ſame Time thought her ſelf highly obliged by the compoſed Behaviour which he maintained in her Preſence. Thus far he with great Succeſs ſoothed her from being guilty of Violences, and ſtill reſolved to give her ſuch a terrible Apprehenſion of his fiery Spirit, that ſhe ſhould never dream of giving Way to her own. He returned on the Day appointed for carrying her Home; but inſtead of a Coach and Six Horſes, together with the gay Equipage ſuitable to the Occaſion, he appeared without a Servant, mounted on the Skeleton of a Horſe which his Huntſman had the Day before brought in to feaſt his Dogs on the Arrival of their new Miſtreſs, with a Pillion fixed behind, and a Caſe of Piſtols before him, attended only by a Favourite Hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging (but ſomewhat poſitive) Manner deſired his Lady to ſeat her ſelf on the Cuſhion; which done, away they crawled. The Road being obſtructed by a Gate, the Dog was commanded to open it: The poor Cur looked up and wagged his Tail; but the Maſter, to ſhew the Impatience of his Temper, drew a Piſtol and ſhot him dead. He had no ſooner done it, but he

fell

fell into a Thousand Apologies for his unhappy Rashness, and begged as many Pardons for his Excesses before one for whom he had so profound a Respect. Soon after their Steed stumbled, but with some Difficulty recovered: However, the Bridegroom took Occasion to swear, if he frighted his Wife so again, he would run him through: And alas! the poor Animal being now almost tired, made a second Trip; immediately on which the careful Husband alights, and with great Ceremony first takes off his Lady, then the Accoutrements, draws his Sword, and saves the Huntsman the Trouble of killing him: Then says to his Wife, Child, prithee take up the Saddle; which she readily did, and tugged it Home, where they found all Things in the greatest Order, suitable to their Fortune and the present Occasion. Some Time after the Father of the Lady gave an Entertainment to all his Daughters and their Husbands, where, when the Wives were retired, and the Gentleman passing a Toast about, our last married Man took Occasion to observe to the rest of his Brethren, how much, to his great Satisfaction, he found the World mistaken as to the Temper of his Lady, for that she was the most meek and humble Woman breathing. The Applause was received with a loud Laugh: But as a Tryal which of them would appear the most Master at Home, he proposed they should all by Turns send for their Wives down to them. A Servant was dispatched, and Answer was made by one, Tell him I will come by and by; another, That she would come when the Cards were out of her Hand; and so on. But no sooner was her Husband's Desire whispered in the Ear of our last married Lady, but the Cards were clapped on the Table, and down she comes with, My Dear, would you speak with me? He receives her in his Arms, and after repeated Caresses tells her the

the Experiment, confesses his good Nature, and assures her That since she could now command her, Temper, he would no longer disguise his own.

I received the following Letter, with a Dozen of Wine, and cannot but do Justice to the Liquor, and give my Testimony; That I have tried it upon several of my Acquaintance, who were given to impertinent Abbreviations, with great Success.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*,

I *Send you by this Bearer, and not* per *Bearer, a Dozen of that Claret which is to be sold at* Garraway'*s Coffee-house on* Thursday *the Fifth of* October *next. I can assure you, I have found by Experience the Efficacy of it, in amending a Fault you complain of in your last. The very first Draught of it has some Effect upon the Speech of the Drinker, and restores all the Letters taken away by the Elisions so justly complained of.* Will Hazzard *was cured of his* Hypochondria *by Three Glasses; and the Gentleman who gave you an Account of his late Indisposition, has in publick Company, after the First Quart, spoke every Syllable of the Word Plenipotentiary.*

Your, &c.

The TATLER. [N° 232.

From *Saturd. Sept.* 30. to *Tuesd. Octob.* 3. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Octob. 2.

I Have received the following Letter from my unfortunate old Acquaintance the Upholsterer, who, I observed, had long absented himself

ſelf from the Bench at the upper End of the *Mall.* Having not ſeen him for ſome Time, I was in Fear I ſhould ſoon hear of his Death, eſpecially ſince he never appeared, though the Noons have been of late pretty warm, and the Councils at that Place very full from the Hour of Twelve to Three, which the Sages of that Board employ in Conference, while the unthinking Part of Mankind are eating and drinking for the Support of their own private Perſons, without any Regard to the Publick.

SIR,

'I Should have waited on you very frequently 'to have diſcourſed you upon ſome Matters of 'Moment, but that I love to be well informed in 'the Subject upon which I conſult my Friends be-'fore I enter into Debate with them. I have there-'fore with the utmoſt Care and Pains applied 'my ſelf to the reading all the Writings and Pam-'phlets which have come out ſince the Trial, and 'have ſtudied Night and Day in order to be Ma-'ſter of the whole Controverſy: But the Authors 'are ſo numerous, and the State of Affairs alters 'ſo very faſt, that I am now a Fortnight behind-'hand in my Reading, and know only how 'Things ſtood Twelve Days ago. I wiſh you 'would enter into thoſe uſeful Subjects; for, if 'I may be allowed to ſay ſo, theſe are not Times 'to jeſt in. As for my own Part, you know very 'well, that I am of a publick Spirit, and never 'regarded my own Intereſt, but looked further; 'and let me tell you, that while ſome People are 'minding only themſelves and Families, and o-'thers are thinking only of their own Country, 'Thing go on ſtrangely in the *North.* I foreſee 'very great Evils ariſing from the Neglect of 'Tranſactions at a Diſtance; for which Reaſon I 'am now writing a Letter to a Friend in the 'Country, which I deſign as an Anſwer to the

'Czar

'Czar of *Muscovy*'s Letter to the Grand Signior 'concerning his Majesty of *Sweden*. I have en-'deavoured to prove, that it is not reasonable to 'expect that his *Swedish* Majesty should leave '*Bender* without Forty Thousand Men; and I have 'added to this, an Apology for the *Cossacks*. But 'the Matter multiplies upon me, and I grow dim 'with much Writing; therefore desire, if you 'have an old green Pair of Spectacles, such as you 'used about your Fiftieth Year, that you send 'them to me; as also, that you would please to 'desire Mr. *Morphew* to send me in a Bushel of 'Coals on the Credit of my Answer to his Cza-'rian Majesty; for I design it shall be printed for '*Morphew*, and the Weather grows sharp. I shall 'take it kindly if you would order him also to 'send me the Papers as they come out. If there 'are no fresh Pamphlets published, I compute 'that I shall know before the End of next Month 'what has been done in Town to this Day. If it 'were not for an ill Custom lately introduced by 'a certain Author, of talking *Latin* at the Begin-'ning of Papers, Matters would be in a much 'clearer Light than they are: But to our Com-'fort, there are solid Writers who are not guilty 'of this Pedantry. The *Post-Man* writes like an 'Angel: The *Moderator* is fine Reading! It 'would do you no Harm to read the *Post-Boy* with 'Attention; he is very deep of late. He is In-'structive; but I confess a little Satyrical: A 'sharp Pen! He cares not what he says. The *Exa-'miner* is admirable, and is become a grave and 'substantial Author. But above all, I am at a 'Loss how to govern my self in my Judgment of 'those whose whole Writings consist in Interro-'gatories: And then the Way of answering, by 'proposing Questions as hard to them, is quite as 'extraordinary. As for my Part, I tremble at these 'Novelties; we expose, in my Opinion, our Af-'fairs too much by it. You may be sure the

'*French*

‘ *French* King will ſpare no Coſt to come at the ‘ reading of them. I dread to think if the Fable ‘ of the *Black Birds* ſhould fall into his Hands. ‘ But I ſhall not venture to ſay more till I ſee ‘ you. In the mean Time,

I am, &c.

‘ *P. S.* I take the *Bender* Letter in the *Exami-* ‘ *ner* to be ſpurious.

This unhappy Correſpondent, whoſe fantaſtical Loyalty to the King of Sweden has reduced him to this low Condition of Reaſon and Fortune, would appear much more monſtrous in his Madneſs, did we not ſee Crowds very little above his Circumſtances from the ſame Cauſe, a Paſſion to Politicks.

It is no unpleaſant Entertainment to conſider the Commerce even of the Sexes interrupted by Difference in State Affairs. A Wench and her Gallant parted laſt Week upon the Words *Unlimited* and *Paſſive*: And there is ſuch a Jargon of Terms got into the Mouths of the very ſillieſt of the Women, that you cannot come into a Room even among them, but you find them divided into *Whig* and *Tory*. What heightens the Humour is, that all the hard Words they know, they certainly ſuppoſe to be Terms uſeful in the Diſputes of the Parties. I came in this Day where Two were in very hot Debate, and one of them propoſed to me to explain to them what was the Difference between Circumciſion and Predeſtination. You may be ſure I was at a Loſs; but they were too angry at each other to wait for my Explanation, but proceeded to lay open the whole State of Affairs, inſtead of the uſual Topicks of Dreſs, Gallantry and Scandal.

I have often wondered how it ſhould be poſſible that this Turn to Politicks ſhould ſo univerſally prevail, to the Excluſion of every other Subject out

of Converſation; and upon mature Conſideration, find it is for Want of Diſcourſe. Look round you among all the young Fellows you meet, and you ſee thoſe who have leaſt Reliſh for Books, Company, or Pleaſure, though they have no Manner of Qualities to make them ſucceed in thoſe Purſuits, ſhall make very paſſable Politicians. Thus the moſt barren Invention ſhall find enough to ſay to make one appear an able Man in the Top-Coffee-houſes. It is but adding a certain Vehemence in uttering your ſelf, let the Thing you ſay be never ſo flat, and you ſhall be thought a very ſenſible Man, if you were not too hot. As Love and Honour are the nobleſt Motives of Life; ſo the Pretenders to them, without being animated by them, are the moſt contemptible of all Sorts of Pretenders. The unjuſt Affectation of any Thing that is laudable, is ignominious in Proportion to the Worth of the Thing we affect: Thus, as Love of one's Country is the moſt glorious of all Paſſions, to ſee the moſt ordinary Tools in a Nation give themſelves Airs that Way, without any one good Quality in their own Life, has ſomething in it Romantick, yet not ſo ridiculous as odious.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Bickerſtaff *has received* Silvia's *Letter from the* Bath, *and his Siſter is ſet out thither.* Tom. Frontley, *who is one of the* Guides *for the Town, is deſired to bring her into Company, and oblige her with a Mention in his next Lampoon.*

The TATLER. [Nº 233.

——— *Sunt certa Piacula, quæ te*
Ter pure Lecto poterunt recreare Libello. Hor.

From *Tuesd.* Octob. 3. to *Thursd.* Octob. 5. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Octob. 4.

WHEN the Mind has been perplexed with anxious Cares and Paſſions, the beſt Method of bringing it to its uſual State of Tranquility, is, as much as we poſſibly can, to turn our Thoughts to the Adverſities of Perſons of higher Conſideration in Virtue and Merit than our ſelves. By this Means all the little Incidents of our own Lives, if they are unfortunate, ſeem to be the Effect of Juſtice upon our Faults and Indiſcretions. When thoſe whom we know to be excellent and deſerving of a better Fate are wretched, we cannot but reſign our ſelves, whom moſt of us know to merit a much worſe State than that we are placed in. For ſuch and many other Occaſions, there is one admirable Relation which one might recommend for certain Periods of one's Life, to touch, comfort, and improve the Heart of Man. *Tully* ſays, ſomewhere, The Pleaſures of an Huſbandman are next to thoſe of a Philoſopher. In like Manner one may ſay, (for methinks they bear the ſame Proportion one to another) the Pleaſures of Humanity are next to thoſe of Devotion. In both theſe latter Satisfactions, there is a certain Humiliation which exalts the Soul above its ordinary State. At the ſame Time that it leſſens our Value of our ſelves, it enlarges our Eſtimation of others. The Hiſtory I am going to ſpeak of, is

 that

that of *Joseph* in Holy Writ, which is related with ſuch Majeſtick Simplicity, that all the Parts of it ſtrike us with ſtrong Touches of Nature and Compaſſion, and he muſt be a Stranger to both who can read it with Attention, and not be overwhelmed with the Viciſſitudes of Joy and Sorrow. I hope it will not be a Prophanation to tell it ones own Way here, that they who may be unthinking enough to be more frequently Readers of ſuch Papers as this than of Sacred Writ, may be advertiſed, that the greateſt Pleaſures the Imagination can be entertained with are to be found there, and that even the Style of the Scriptures is more than Humane.

Joſeph, a beloved Child of *Iſrael*, became invidious to his elder Brethren, for no other Reaſon but his ſuperior Beauty and Excellence of Body and Mind, inſomuch that they could not bear his growing Virtue, and let him live. They therefore conſpire his Death; but Nature pleaded ſo ſtrongly for him in the Heart of one of them, that by his Perſwaſion they determined rather to bury him in a Pit, than be his immediate Executioners with their own Hands. When thus much was obtained for him, their Minds ſtill ſoftened towards him, and they took the Opportunity of ſome Paſſengers to ſell him into *Egypt*. *Iſrael* was perſuaded by the Artifice of his Sons, that the Youth was torn to Pieces by Wild Beaſts: But *Joſeph* was ſold to Slavery, and ſtill expoſed to new Misfortunes, from the ſame Cauſe as before, his Beauty and his Virtue. By a falſe Accuſation he was committed to Priſon, but in Proceſs of Time delivered from it, in Conſideration of his Wiſdom and Knowledge, and made the Governor of *Pharaoh*'s Houſe. In this Elevation of his Fortune, his Brothers were ſent into *Egypt* to buy Neceſſaries of Life in a Famine. As ſoon as they are brought into his Preſence, he beholds, but he beholds with Compaſſion, the Men who had ſold

him to Slavery approaching him with Awe and Reverence. While he was looking over his Brethren, he takes a Resolution to indulge himself in the Pleasure of stirring their and his own Affections, by keeping himself concealed, and examining into the Circumstances of their Family. For this End, with an Air of Severity, as a watchful Minister to *Pharaoh*, he accuses them as Spies, who are come into *Egypt* with Designs against the State. This led them into the Account which he wanted of them, the Condition of their ancient Father and little Brother, whom they had left behind them. When he had learned that his Brother was living, he demands the bringing him to *Egypt*, as a Proof of their Veracity.

But it would be a vain and empty Endeavour to attempt laying this excellent Representation of the Passions of Man in the same Colours as they appear in the Sacred Writ in any other Manner, or almost any other Words, than those made use of in the Page it self. I am obliged therefore to turn my designed Narration rather into a Comment upon the several Parts of that beautiful and passionate Scene. When *Joseph* expects to see *Benjamin*, How natural, and how forcible is the Reflection, *This Affliction is come upon us in that we saw the Anguish of our Brother's Soul* without Pity? How moving must it be to *Joseph* to hear *Reuben* accuse the rest, that they would not hear what he pleaded in Behalf of his Innocence and Distress? He turns from them and weeps, but commands his Passion so far as to give Orders for binding one of them in the Presence of the rest, while he at Leisure observed their different Sentiments and Concern in their Gesture and Countenance. When *Benjamin* is demanded in Bondage for stealing the Cup, With what Force, and what Resignation does *Judah* address his Brother?

In what Words shall I speak to my Lord; with what Confidence can I say any Thing? Our Guilt is

is but too apparent, we submit to our Fate. *We are my Lord's Servants, both we and he also with whom the Cup is found.* When that is not accepted, How pathetically does he recapitulate the whole Story? And approaching nearer to *Joseph*, delivers himself as follows; which, if we fix our Thoughts upon the Relation between the Pleader and the Judge, it is impossible to read without Tears.

SIR,

Let me intrude [illegible] upon you even in the high Condition in which you are, and the miserable One in which you see me and my Brethren, to inform you of the Circumstances of us unhappy Men that prostrate our selves before you. When we were first examined by you, you enquired, (for what Reason my Lord enquired we know not;) but you enquired whether we had not a Father or a Brother? We then acquainted you, that we had a Father, an old Man, who had a Child of his old Age, and had buried another Son whom he had by the same Woman. You were pleased to command us to bring the Child he had remaining down to you: We did so, and he has forfeited his Liberty. But my Father said to us, You know that my Wife bare me Two Sons, one of them was torn in Pieces: If Mischief befal this also, it will bring my Grey Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave. Accept, therefore, Oh my Lord! me for your Bond-man, and let the Lad return with his Brethren, that I may not see the Evil that shall come on my Father. Here *Joseph's* Passion grew too great for further Disguise, and he reveals himself with Exclamations of Transport and Tenderness.

After their Recovery from their first Astonishment, his Brethren were seized with Fear for the Injuries they had done him; but how generously does he keep them in Countenance, and make an

Apology for them: *Be not angry with your selves for selling me hither*; call it not so, but think Providence sent me before you to preserve Life.

It would be endless to go through all the Beauties of this sacred Narrative; but any who shall read it, at an Hour when he is disengaged from all other Regard or Interests than what arise from it, will feel the alternate Passion of a Father, a Brother, and a Son, so warm in him, that they will incline him to exert himself (in such [illegible] Characters as happen to be his) much above the ordinary Course of his [illegible]

The TATLER. [N° 234.

From *Thursd. Octob.* 5. to *Saturd. Octob.* 7. 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 6.

I HAVE Reason to believe, that certain of my Contemporaries have made Use of an Art (I some time ago professed) of being often designedly dull; and for that Reason shall not exert my self when I see them lazy. He that has so much to struggle with as the Man who pretends to censure others, must keep up his Fire for an Onset, and may be allowed to carry his Arms a little carelesly upon an ordinary March. This Paper therefore shall be taken up by my Correspondents, Two of which have sent me the Two following plain, but sensible and honest Letters, upon Subjects no less important than those of Education and Devotion.

SIR,

' I Am an old Man, retired from all Acquaintance with the Town, but what I have from ' your Papers (not the worst Entertainment of

my Solitude;) yet being ſtill a Well-wiſher to my Country and the Commonwealth of Learning (*a qua, confiteor, nullam Ætatis meæ Partem abhorruiſſe*;) and hoping the plain Phraſe in Writing that was current in my younger Days would have laſted for my Time, I was ſtartled at the Picture of modern Politeneſs (tranſmitted by your ingenious Correſpondent), and grieved to ſee our Sterling *Engliſh* Language fallen into the Hands of *Clippers* and *Coyners.* That mutilated Epiſtle, conſiſting of *Hippo. Rep's*, and ſuch-like enormous Curtailings, was a mortifying Spectacle, but with the Reſerve of Comfort to find this, and other Abuſes of our Mother-Tongue, ſo pathetically complained of, and to the proper Perſon for redreſſing them, the Cenſor of *Great Britain.*

‘ He had before repreſented, *the deplorable Ignorance that for ſeveral Years paſt has reigned amongſt our* Engliſh *Writers, the great Depravity of our Taſte, and continual Corruption of our Style:* But, Sir, before you give your ſelf the Trouble of preſcribing Remedies for theſe Diſtempers, (which you own will require the greateſt Care and Application) give me Leave (having long had my Eye upon theſe Miſchiefs, and Thoughts exerciſed about them) to mention what I humbly conceive to be the Cauſe of them, and in your Friend *Horace*'s Words, *Quo Fonte derivata Clades in Patriam Populumque fluxit.*

‘ I take our corrupt Ways of Writing to proceed from the Miſtakes and wrong Meaſures in our common Methods of *Education*, which I always looked upon as one of our National Grievances, and a Singularity that renders us no leſs than our Situation,

—— *Penitus toto diviſos Orbe Britannos.*

‘ This puts me upon conſulting the moſt celebrated Criticks on that Subject, to compare our Pra-

K 3 ‘ ctice

' ≈ice with their Precepts, and find where it was
' that we came ſhort or went wide.

' But after all, I found our Caſe required ſome-
' thing more than theſe Doctors had directed, and
' the principal Defect of our *Engliſh* Diſcipline to
' lie in the *Initiatory* Part, which, altho' it needs
' the greateſt Care and Skill, is uſually left to
' the Conduct of thoſe blind Guides, *viz.* Chance
' and Ignorance.

' I ſhall trouble you with but a ſingle Inſtance,
' purſuant to what your ſagacious Friend has ſaid,
' That he *could furniſh you with a Catalogue of*
' English *Books, that would coſt you a Hundred*
' *Pounds at firſt Hand, wherein you could not find*
' *Ten Lines together of common* Grammar; which is
' a neceſſary Conſequence of our Miſmanagement
' in that Province.

' For can any Thing be more abſurd than our
' Way of Proceeding in this Part of Literature?
' To puſh tender Wits into the intricate Mazes of
' Grammar, and a *Latin* Grammar? To learn an
' unknown Art by an unknown Tongue? To
' carry them a dark Round-about Way to let
' them in at a Back-Door? Whereas by teaching
' them firſt the Grammar of their Mother-
' Tongue, (ſo eaſy to be learned) their Advance
' to the Grammars of *Latin* and *Greek* would be
' gradual and eaſy; but our precipitate Way of
' hurrying them over ſuch a *Gulph*, before we have
' built them a *Bridge* to it, is a Shock to their
' weak Underſtandings, which they ſeldom, or
' very late, recover. In the mean Time we wrong
' Nature, and ſlander Infants, who want neither
' Capacity nor Will to learn, till we put them up-
' on Service beyond their Strength, and then in-
' deed we baulk them.

' The Liberal Arts and Sciences are all beauti-
' ful as the *Graces*; nor has *Grammar* (the ſe-
' vere Mother of all) ſo frightful a Face of her
' Own; 'tis the *Vizard* put upon it that ſcares
' Chil-

'Children. She is made to ſpeak hard Words, 'that to them ſound like Conjuring. Let her 'talk intelligibly, and they will liſten to her.

'In this, I think, as on other Accounts, we 'ſhew our ſelves true *Britains*, always overlook-'ing our natural Advantages. It has been the 'Practice of wiſeſt Nations to learn their own 'Language by ſtated Rules, to avoid the Confu-'ſion that would follow from leaving it to vul-'[illegible]e. Our *Engliſh* Tongue (ſays a learned 'Man) is the moſt dete[illegible]ſtru-'ction, and red[illegible]the feweſt Rules. What-'ever Language has leſs Grammar in it, is not in-'telligible; and whatever has more, all that it 'has more is ſuperfluous; for which Reaſons he 'would have it made the Foundation of learning 'Latin, and all other Languages.

'To ſpeak and write without Abſurdity the 'Language of one's Country, is commendable in 'Perſons of all Stations, and to ſome indiſpenſi-'bly neceſſary; and to this Purpoſe, I would re-'commend above all Things the having a *Gram-'mar* of our Mother-Tongue firſt taught in our 'Schools, which would facilitate our Youths 'learning their *Latin* and *Greek Grammars*, with 'ſpare Time for Arithmetick, Aſtronomy, Coſ-'mography, Hiſtory, *&c.* that would make them 'paſs the Spring of their Life with Profit and 'Pleaſure, that is now miſerably ſpent in Gram-'matical Perplexities.

'But here, methinks, I ſee the Reader ſmile, 'and ready to ask me, (as the Lawyer did Sexton '*Diego* on his bequeathing rich Legacies to the 'Poor of the Pariſh, Where are theſe mighty Sums '[illegible]o be raiſed?) Where is there ſuch a *Grammar* 'to be had? I will not anſwer, as he did, Even 'where your Worſhip pleaſes. No, it is our good '[illegible]ortune to have ſuch a *Grammar*, with Notes, 'now in the Preſs, and to be publiſhed next 'Term.

‘ I hear it is a chargeable Work, and wiſh the Publiſher to have Cuſtomers of all that have Need of ſuch a Book; yet fancy that he cannot be much a Sufferer, if it is only bought by all that have more Need for it than they think they have.

‘ A certain Author brought a Poem to Mr. *Cowley*, for his Peruſal and Judgment of the Performance, which he demanded at the next Viſit with a Poetaſter's Aſſurance; and M[illegible], with his uſual Modeſty, deſired that he w[illegible]d be pleaſed to look a [illegible] the *Grammar* of it. To the *Grammar* of it! What do you mean, Sir? Would you ſend me to School again? Why Mr. *H*——, Would it do you any Harm?

‘ This put me on conſidering how this Voyage of Literature may be made with more Safety and Profit, Expedition and Delight; and at laſt, for compleating ſo good a Service, to requeſt your Directions in ſo deplorable a Caſe; hoping that, as you have had Compaſſion on our over-grown Coxcombs in Concerns of leſs Conſequence, you will exert your Charity towards Innocents, and vouchſafe to be Guardian to the Children and Youth of *Great Britain* in this important Affair of *Education*, wherein Miſtakes and wrong Meaſures have ſo often occaſioned their Averſion to Books, that had otherwiſe proved the chief Ornament and Pleaſure of their Life. I am with ſincereſt Reſpect,

SIR,

Your, &c.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, *St. Cl---nts*, *Oct.* [illegible]

‘ I Obſerve, as the Seaſon begins to grow co[illegible] ſo does People's Devotion; inſomuch th[illegible] inſtead of filling the Churches, that united Z[illegible] might keep one warm there, one is left to freeze

in

' in almoſt bare Walls, by thoſe who in hot Wea-
' ther are troubleſome the contrary Way. This,
' Sir, needs a Regulation that none but you can
' give to it, by cauſing thoſe who abſent them-
' ſelves on Account of Weather only this Winter-
' time, to pay the Apothecaries Bills occaſioned
' by Coughs, Catarrhs, and other Diſtempers
' contracted by ſitting in empty Seats. Therefore
' to you I apply my ſelf for Redreſs, having got-
' [illegible]ch a Cold on *Sunday* was Sevenight,
' [illegible]at has brought me almo[illegible] Worſhip's
' Age from Si[illegible]n leſs than a Fortnight.
' I am

Your Worſhip's in all Obedience,

W. E.

The TATLER. [N° 235.

Scit Genius natale Comes qui temperat Aſtrum. Hor.

From *Saturd. Octob.* 7. to *Tueſday Octob.* 10. 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 9.

A Mong thoſe Inclinations which are common to all Men, there is none more unaccountable than that unequal Love by which Parents diſtinguiſh their Children from each other. Sometimes Vanity and Self-love appear to have a Share towards this Effect; and in other Inſtances I have been apt to attribute it to meer Inſtinct: But [illegible]wever that is, we frequently ſee the Child [illegible]at has been beholden to neither of theſe Im[illegible]lſes in their Parents, in ſpight of being neg[illegible]ed, ſnubbed, and thwarted at Home, acquire a Behaviour which makes it as agreeable to all the reſt of the World, as that of every one elſe of

their Family is to each other. I fell into this Way of Thinking from an Intimacy which I have with a very good House in our Neighbourhood, where there are Three Daughters of a very different Character and Genius. The eldest has a great deal of Wit and Cunning; the Second has good Sense, but no Artifice; the Third has much Vivacity, but little Understanding. The First is a fine, but scornful Woman; the Second is not charming, but very winning; the Third [illegible] commendable, but very desirable. The Father of these young Creatures was a great Pretender to Wit, the Mother a Woman of as much Coquettry. This Turn in the Parents has biassed their Affections towards their Children. The old Man supposes the eldest of his own Genius, and the Mother looks upon the youngest as her self renewed. By this Means, all the Lovers that approach the House are discarded by the Father for not observing Mrs. *Mary*'s Wit and Beauty, and by the Mother for being blind to the Mien and Air of Mrs. *Biddy*. Come never so many Pretenders, they are not suspected to have the least Thoughts of Mrs. *Betty*, the middle Daughter. *Betty* therefore is mortified into a Woman of a great deal of Merit, and knows she must depend on that only for her Advancement. The middlemost is thus the Favourite of all her Acquaintance as well as mine, while the other Two carry a certain Insolence about them in all Conversations, and expect the Partiality which they meet with at Home to attend them wherever they appear. So little do Parents understand that they are of all People the least Judges of their Children's Merit, that what they reckon such is seldom any Thing else but a Repetition of their own Faults and Infirmities.

There is, methinks, some Excuse for being particular, when one of the Offspring has any Defect in Nature. In this Case, the Child, if we may so

speak,

ſpeak, is ſo much the longer the Child of its Parents, and calls for the Continuance of their Care and Indulgence from the Slowneſs of its Capacity, or the Weakneſs of its Body. But there is no enduring to ſee Men enamoured only at the Sight of their own Impertinencies repeated, and to obſerve, as we may ſometimes, that they have a ſecret Diſlike of their Children for a Degeneracy from their very Crimes. Commend me to Lady *[illegible]*; ſhe is equal to all her own Children, but prefers them to thoſe [illegible] beſide. My Lady is a perfect Hen in the Care of her Brood; ſhe fights and ſquabbles with all that appear where they come, but is wholly unbiaſſed in diſpenſing her Favours among them. It is no ſmall Pains ſhe is at to defame all the young Women in her Neighbourhood by Viſits, Whiſpers, Intimations, and Hearſays; all which ſhe ends with thanking Heaven, that no one living is ſo bleſſed with ſuch obedient and well inclined Children as her ſelf. Perhaps, ſays ſhe, *Betty* cannot dance like Mrs. *Frontinett*, and it is no great Matter whether ſhe does or not; but ſhe comes into a Room with a good Grace; though ſhe ſays it that ſhould not, ſhe looks like a Gentlewoman. Then if Mrs. *Rebecca* is not ſo talkative as the mighty Wit Mrs. *Clapper*, yet ſhe is diſcreet, ſhe knows better what ſhe ſays when ſhe does ſpeak. If her Wit be ſlow, her Tongue never runs before it. This kind Parent lifts up her Eyes and Hands in Congratulation of her own good Fortune, and is maliciouſly thankful that none of her Girls are like any of her Neighbours: But this Preference of her own to all others, is grounded upon an Impulſe of Nature; while thoſe who like one before another of their own, are ſo unpardonably unjuſt, that it could hardly be equalled in the Children, though they preferred all the reſt of the World to ſuch Parents. It is no unpleaſant Entertainment to ſee a Ball at a Dancing-School,

and

and obſerve the Joy of Relations when the young Ones, for whom they are concerned, are in Motion. You need not be told whom the Dancers belong to: At their firſt Appearance the Paſſion of their Parents are in their Faces, and there is always a Nod of Approbation ſtolen at a good Step, or a graceful Turn.

I remember among all my Acquaintance but one Man whom I have thought to live with his Children with Equanimity and a good Grace. He had Three Sons and One Daughter, whom he bred with all the Care imaginable in a liberal and ingenuous Way. I have often heard him ſay, He had the Weakneſs to love one much better than the other, but that he took as much Pains to correct that as any other Criminal Paſſion that could ariſe in his Mind. His Method was, to make it the only Pretenſion in his Children to his Favour to be kind to each other; and he would tell them, That he who was the beſt Brother, he would reckon the beſt Son. This turned their Thoughts into an Emulation for the Superiority in kind and tender Affection towards each other. The Boys behaved themſelves very early with a Manly Friendſhip; and their Siſter, inſtead of the groſs Familiarities and impertinent Freedoms in Behaviour, uſual in other Houſes, was always treated by them with as much Complaiſance as any other young Lady of their Acquaintance. It was an unſpeakable Pleaſure to viſit or ſit at Meal in that Family. I have often ſeen the old Man's Heart flow at his Eyes with Joy upon Occaſions which would appear indifferent to ſuch as were Strangers to the Turn of his Mind; but a very ſlight Accident, wherein he ſaw his Children's Good-Will to one another, created in him the God-like Pleaſure of loving them, becauſe they loved each other. This great Command of himſelf, in hiding his firſt Impulſe to Partiality, at laſt improved to a ſteady Juſtice towards them;

and

and that which at firſt was but an Expedient to correct his Weakneſs, was afterwards the Meaſure of his Virtue.

The Truth of it is, thoſe Parents who are intereſted in the Care of one Child more than that of another, no longer deſerve the Name of Parents, but are in Effect as childiſh as their Children, in having ſuch unreaſonable and ungovern-ed Inclinations. A Father of this Sort has degraded himſelf into one of his own Offspring; for none but a Child would take Part in the Paſſions of Children.

The TATLER. [N° 236.

Neſcio qua natale Solum Dulcedine Mentem
Tangit, & immemorem non ſinit eſſe ſui. Ovid.

From *Tueſday Octob.* 10. to *Thurſday Octob.* 12. 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 11.

I Find in the Regiſters of my Family, that the Branch of the *Bickerſtaffs*, from which I am deſcended, came originally out of *Ireland*. This has given me a Kind of natural Affection for that Country. It is therefore with Pleaſure that I ſee not only ſome of the greateſt Warriors, but alſo of the greateſt Wits, to be Natives of that Kingdom. The Gentleman who writes the following Letter is one of theſe laſt. The Matter of Fact contained in it is literally true, tho' the diverting Manner in which it is told may give it the Colour of a Fable.

To

To Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq; at his Houſe in* Great Britain.

SIR, *Dublin.*

'FInding by ſeveral Paſſages of your *Tatlers*, that you are a Perſon curious in Natural Knowledge, I thought it would not be unacceptable to you to give you the following Hiſtory of the Migration of Frogs into this Country. There is an ancient Tradition among the learned Philoſophers of the Kingdom, That this whole Iſland was once as much infeſted by Frogs, as that wherein *Whittington* made his Fortune was by Mice. Inſomuch that it is ſaid, *Mackdonald* the Firſt could no more ſleep by reaſon of theſe *Dutch* Nightingales, (as they are called at *Paris*) than *Pharaoh* could when they croaked in his Bed-Chamber. It was in the Reign of this great Monarch that St. *Patrick* arrived in *Ireland*, being as famous for deſtroying Vermin as any Rat-catcher of our Times. If we may believe the Tradition, he killed more in one Day than a Flock of Storks could have done in a Twelvemonth. From that Time for about Five hundred Years, there was not a Frog to be heard in *Ireland*, notwithſtanding the Bogs ſtill remained, which in former Ages had been ſo plentifully ſtocked with thoſe Inhabitants.

'When the Arts began to flouriſh in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, and that great Monarch had placed himſelf at the Head of the Royal Society, to lead them forward into the Diſcoveries of Nature, it is ſaid, That ſeveral Propoſals were laid before his Majeſty for the importing of Frogs into *Ireland*. In order to which a Virtuoſo of known Abilities was unanimouſly elected by the Society, and intruſted with the whole Management of that Affair. For this End he took along with him a ſound Able-bodied Frog, of a ſtrong hale Conſtitution, that had

'had given Proofs of his Vigour by ſeveral Leaps
' which he made before that Learned Body.
' They took Ship, and ſailed together till they
' came within Sight of the Hill of *Heath*, before
' the Frog diſcovered any Symptoms of being in-
' diſpoſed by his Voyage: But as the Wind chop-
' ped about, and began to blow from the *Iriſh*
' Coaſt, he grew Sea-ſick, or rather Land-ſick;
' for his learned Companion aſcribed it to the
' [illegible]s of the Soil with which the Wind was
' impregnated. He was confirmed in his Con-
' jecture, when, [illegible] Wind's turning about,
' his Fellow Traveller ſenſibly recovered, and
' continued in good Health till his Arrival upon
' the Shore, where he ſuddenly relapſed, and ex-
' pired upon a *Ring's-End* Car in his Way to *Dub-*
' *lin*. The ſame Experiment was repeated ſeve-
' ral Times in that Reign, but to no Purpoſe. A
' Frog was never known to take Three Leaps
' upon *Iriſh* Turf, before he ſtretched himſelf out
' and died.

' Whether it were that the Philoſophers on
' this Side the Water deſpaired of ſtocking the
' Iſland with this uſeful Animal, or whether in
' the following Reign it was not thought proper
' to undo the Miracle of a Popiſh Saint, I do not
' hear of any further Progreſs made in this Af-
' fair till about Two Years after the Battle of the
' *Boyne*.

' It was then that an ingenious Phyſician, to the
' Honour as well as Improvement of his Native
' Country, performed what the *Engliſh* had been
' ſo long attempting in vain. This learned Man,
' with the Hazard of his Life, made a Voyage
' to *Leverpool*, where he filled ſeveral Barrels
' with the choiceſt Spawn of Frogs that could be
' found in thoſe Parts. This Cargo he brought
' [illegible]er very carefully, and afterwards diſpoſed of
' it in ſeveral warm Beds that he thought moſt
' capable of bringing it to Life. The Doctor was

' a very

'a very ingenious Phyſician, and a very good
'Proteſtant; for which Reaſon, to ſhow his Zeal
'againſt Popery, he placed ſome of the moſt
'promiſing Spawn in the very Fountain that is
'dedicated to the Saint, and known by the Name
'of St. *Patrick's Well*, where theſe Animals had
'the Impudence to make their firſt Appearance.
'They have ſince that Time very much increaſed
'and multiplied in all the Neighbourhood of this
'City. We have here ſome curious [illegible]
'into Natural Hiſtory who obſerve their Motions,
'with a Deſign to com[illegible] how many Years
'they will be able to hop from *Dublin* to *Wex-*
'*ford*; tho', as I am inform'd, not one of them
'has yet paſſed the Mountains of *Wicklow*.
'I am further informed, that ſeveral Graſiers
'of the County of *Cork* have entered into a Pro-
'ject of planting a Colony in thoſe Parts, at the
'Inſtance of the *French* Proteſtants: And I know
'not but the ſame Deſign may be on Foot in
'other Parts of the Kingdom, if the Wiſdom of
'the *Britiſh* Nation do not think fit to prohibit
'the further Importation of *Engliſh* Frogs. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

T. B.

There is no Study more becoming a rational Creature, than that of Natural Philoſophy; but as ſeveral of our modern Virtuoſo's manage it, their Speculations do not ſo much tend to open and enlarge the Mind, as to contract and fix it upon Trifles.

This in *England* is in a great Meaſure owing to the worthy Elections that are ſo frequently ma[illegible] in our Royal Society. They ſeem to be in a Co[illegible] federacy againſt Men of polite Genius, nob[illegible] Thought, and diffuſive Learning; and chuſe i[illegible] their Aſſemblies ſuch as have no Pretence to Wiſ-dom, but Want of Wit; or to natural Know-ledge,

ledge, but Ignorance of every Thing else. I have made Observations in this Matter so long, that when I meet with a young Fellow that is an humble Admirer of the Sciences, but more dull than the rest of the Company, I conclude him to be a Fellow of the Royal Society.

The TATLER. [N° 237.

In nova fert Animus mutatas dicere Formas Corpora. ——— Ovid.

From *Thursd. Octob.* 12. to *Saturd. Octob.* 14. 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 13.

COming Home last Night before my usual Hour, I took a Book into my Hand, in order to divert my self with it till Bed-time. *Milton* chanced to be my Author, whose admirable Poem of *Paradise Lost* serves, at once, to fill the Mind with pleasing Idea's, and with good Thoughts, and was therefore the most proper Book for my Purpose. I was amusing my self with that beautiful Passage in which the Poet represents *Eve* sleeping by *Adam*'s Side, with the Devil sitting at her Ear, and inspiring evil Thoughts under the Shape of a Toad. *Ithuriel*, one of the Guardian Angels of the Place, walking his Nightly Rounds, saw the great Enemy of Mankind hid in this loathsome Animal, which he touched with his Spear. This Spear being of a Celestial Temper, had such a secret Virtue in it, that whatever it was applied to, immediately flung off all Disguise, and appeared in its natural Figure. I am afraid the Reader will not pardon me if I content my self with explaining the

Passage

Passage in Prose, without giving it in the Author's own inimitable Words:

—— On he led his radiant Files,
Dazzling the Morn: These to the Bower direct,
In Search of whom they sought. Him there they found,
Squat like a Toad, close at the Ear of Eve;
Essaying by his devilish Art to reach
The Organs of her Fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams;
Or if, inspiring Venom, he might taint
The Animal Spirits (that from pure Blood arise
Like gentle Breaths from Rivers pure) thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented Thoughts,
Vain Hopes, vain Aims, inordinate Desires,
Blown up with high Conceits, ingendring Pride.
Him thus intent, Ithuriel *with his Spear*
Touch'd lightly; for no Falshood can endure
Touch of Celestial Temper, but returns
Of Force to his own Likeness. Up he starts,
Discover'd and surpriz'd. As when a Spark
Lights on a Heap of nitrous Powder, laid
Fit for the Tun, some Magazine to store
Against a rumour'd War, the smutty Grain,
With sudden Blaze diffus'd, inflames the Air;
So started up in his own Shape the Fiend.

I could not forbear thinking how happy a Man would be in the Possession of this Spear; or what an Advantage it would be to a Minister of State, were he Master of such a White Staff. It would let him discover his Friends from his Enemies, Men of Abilities from Pretenders. It would hinder him from being imposed upon by Appearances and Professions, and might be made use of as a Kind of State Test, which no Artifice could elude.

These Thoughts made very lively Impressions on my Imagination, which were improv'd instead of being defaced by Sleep, and produced in me the following Dream: I was no sooner fallen asleep,

asleep, but, methoughts, the Angel *Ithuriel* appeared to me, and with a Smile that still added to his Celestial Beauty, made me a Present of the Spear which he held in his Hand, and disappeared. To make Trial of it, I went into a Place of publick Resort.

The first Person that passed by me, was a Lady that had a particular Shyness in the Cast of her Eye, and a more than ordinary Reservedness in a[illegible] Parts of her Behaviour. She seemed to [illegible] Man as an obscene Creature, with a certa[illegible] Scorn and Fear of h[illegible] of her Airs I touched her gently with my Wand, when, to my unspeakable Surprize, she fell upon her Back, and kick'd up her Heels in such a Manner, as made me blush in my Sleep. As I was hasting away from this undisguised Prude, I saw a Lady in earnest Discourse with another, and overheard her say with some Vehemence, *Never tell me of him, for I am resolv'd to die a Virgin!* I had a Curiosity to try her; but as soon as I laid my Wand upon her Head, she immediately fell in Labour. My Eyes were diverted from her by a Man and his Wife, who walked near me Hand in Hand after a very loving Manner. I gave each of them a gentle Tap, and the next Instant saw the Woman in Breeches, and the Man with a Fan in his Hand. It would be tedious to describe the long Series of Metamorphoses that I entertained my self with in my Night's Adventure, of Whigs disguised in Tories, and Tories in Whigs; Men in Red Coats that denounced Terror in their Countenances, trembling at the Touch of my Spear; others in Black with Peace in their Mouths, but Swords in their Hands. I could tell Stories of Noblemen changed into Usurers, and Magistrates into Beadles; of Free-Thinkers into Penitents, and Reformers into Whoremasters. I must not however omit the Mention of a grave Citizen that passed by me with an huge Clasped

Bible

Bible under his Arm, and a Band of a moſt immoderate Breadth; but upon a Touch on the Shoulder, he let drop his Book, and fell a picking my Pocket.

In the general I obſerved, that thoſe who appeared good, often diſappointed my Expectation; but that on the contrary, thoſe who appeared very bad, ſtill grew worſe upon the Experiment; as the Toad in *Milton*, which one would have thought the moſt deformed Part of the Creation, at *Ithuriel*'s Stroke, became more deformed, and ſtarted up into a Devil.

Among all the Perſons that I touched, there was but one who ſtood the Teſt of my Wand; and after many Repetitions of the Stroke, ſtuck to his Form, and remained ſteady and fixed in his firſt Appearance. This was a young Man who boaſted of foul Diſtempers, wild Debauches, Inſults upon holy Men, and Affronts to Religion.

My Heart was extremely troubled at this Viſion: The Contemplation of the whole Species, ſo entirely ſunk in Corruption, filled my Mind with a Melancholy that is inexpreſſible, and my Diſcoveries ſtill added to my Affliction.

In the Midſt of theſe Sorrows which I had in my Heart, methoughts there paſſed by me a Couple of Coaches with Purple Liveries. There ſate in each of them a Perſon with a very venerable Aſpect. At the Appearance of them, the People who were gathered round me in great Multitudes divided into Parties, as they were diſpoſed to favour either of thoſe reverend Perſons: The Enemies of one of them begged me to touch him with my Wand, and aſſured me, I ſhould ſee his Lawn converted into a Cloak. The oppoſite Party told me with as much Aſſurance, That if I laid my Wand upon the other, I ſhould ſee his Garments embroidered with Flower-de-Luce, and his Head covered with a Cardinal's Cap. I made the Experiment, and to my great Joy, ſaw

them

them both, without any Change, diſtributing their Bleſſings to the People, and praying for thoſe who had reviled them. Is it poſſible, thought I, that good Men, who are ſo few in Number, ſhould be divided among themſelves, and give better Quarter to the Vicious that are in their Party, than the moſt ſtrictly Virtuous who are out of it? Are the Ties of Faction above thoſe of Religion? ——— I was going on in my Soliloquy, but ſome ſudden Accident awakened me, when I found my Hand graſped, but my Spear gone. The Reflection on ſo very odd a Dream made me figure to my ſelf, What a ſtrange Face the World would bear, ſhould all Mankind appear in their proper Shapes and Characters, without Hypocriſy and Diſguiſe? I am afraid, the Earth we live upon would appear to other intellectual Beings no better than a Planet peopled with Monſters. This ſhould, methinks, inſpire us with an honeſt Ambition of recommending our ſelves to thoſe inviſible Spies, and of being what we would appear. There was one Circumſtance in my foregoing Dream which I at firſt intended to conceal; but upon ſecond Thoughts, I cannot look upon my ſelf as a candid and impartial Hiſtorian, if I do not acquaint my Reader, that upon taking *Ithuriel's* Spear into my Hand, though I was before an old decrepid Fellow, I appeared a very handſome, jolly, black Man. But I know my Enemies will ſay, this is praiſing my own Beauty, for which Reaſon I will ſpeak no more of it.

The

The TATLER. [N° 238.

—— *Poetica surgit*
Tempestas —— Juv.

From *Saturd. Octob.* 14. to *Tuesd. Octob.* 17. 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 16.

STorms at Sea are so frequently described by the ancient Poets, and copied by the Moderns, that whenever I find the Winds begin to rise in a new Heroick Poem, I generally skip a Leaf or Two till I come into Fair Weather. *Virgil's Tempest* is a Master-piece in this Kind, and is indeed so naturally drawn, that one who has made a Voyage can scarce read it without being Sea-sick.

Land Showers are no less frequent among the Poets than the former, but I remember none of them which have not fallen in the Country; for which Reason they are generally filled with the Lowings of Oxen, and the Bleatings of Sheep, and very often embellished with a Rainbow.

Virgil's Land Shower is likewise the best in its Kind: It is indeed a Shower of Consequence, and contributes to the main Design of the Poem, by cutting off a tedious Ceremonial, and bringing Matters to a speedy Conclusion between Two Potentates of different Sexes. My ingenious Kinsman Mr. *Humphry Wagstaff*, who treats of every Subject after a Manner that no other Author has done, and better than any other can do, has sent me the Description of a City Shower. I do not question but the Reader remembers my Cousin's Description of the Morning as it breaks in Town, which

which is printed in the 9th *Tatler*, and is another exquisite Piece of this Local Poetry:

Careful Observers may foretel the Hour
(By sure Prognosticks) when to dread a Show'r:
While Rain depends, the pensive Cat gives o'er
Her Frolicks, and pursues her Tail no more.
Returning Home at Night, you'll find the Sink
Strike your offended Sense with double Stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine,
You'll spend in Coach-hire more than save in Wine.
A coming Show'r your shooting Corns presage,
Old Aches throb, your hollow Tooth will rage.
Sauntring in Coffee-house is Dulman *seen;*
He damns the Climate, and complains of Spleen.

Mean while the South rising with dabbled Wings,
A Sable Cloud athwart the Welkin flings,
That swill'd more Liquor than it could contain,
And like a Drunkard gives it up again.
Brisk Susan *whips her Linen from the Rope,*
While the first drizzling Show'r is born aslope.
Such is that Sprinkling which some careless Quean
Flirts on you from her Mop, but not so clean.
You fly, invoke the Gods; then turning, stop
To rail; she singing, still whirls on her Mop.
Not yet, the Dust had shun'd th'unequal Strife,
But aided by the Wind, fought still for Life;
And wafted with its Foe by violent Gust,
'Twas doubtful which was Rain, and which was Dust.
Ah! where must needy Poet seek for Aid,
When Dust and Rain at once his Coat invade;
His only Coat, where Dust confus'd with Rain
Roughen the Nap, and leave a mingled Stain.

Now in contiguous Drops the Flood comes down,
Threat'ning with Deluge this devoted *Town.*
To Shops in Crowds the daggled Females fly,
Pretend to cheapen Goods, but nothing buy.
The Templer spruce, while ev'ry Spout's a-broach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a Coach.

The tuck'd-up Sempstress walks with hasty Strides,
While Streams run down her oil'd Umbrella's Sides.
Here various Kinds by various Fortunes led,
Commence Acquaintance underneath a Shed.
Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
Forget their Fewds, and join to save their Wigs.
Box'd in a Chair the Beau impatient sits,
While Spouts run clatt'ring o'er the Roof by Fits;
And ever and anon with frightful Din
The Leather sounds, he trembles from within.
So when Troy *Chair-men bore the Wooden Steed,*
Pregnant with Greeks, *impatient to be freed.*
(Those Bully Greeks, *who, as the Moderns do,*
Instead of paying Chair-men, run them thro'.)
Laoco'n *struck the Outside with his Spear,*
And each imprison'd Hero quak'd for Fear.

Now from all Parts the swelling Kennels flow,
And bear their Trophies with them as they go:
Filth of all Hues and Odours seem to tell
What Street they sail'd from, by their Sight and (Smell.
They, as each Torrent drives, with rapid Force,
From Smithfield *or* St. Pulchre's *shape their Course,*
And in huge Confluent join'd at Snow-Hill *Ridge,*
Fall from the Conduit, *prone to* Holborn-Bridge.
Sweepings from Butchers Stalls, Dung, Guts, and (Blood,
Drown'd Puppies, stinking Sprats, all drench'd in (Mud,
Dead Cats and Turnip-Tops come tumbling down (the Flood.

T[illegible]

The TATLER. [N° 239.

——— *Mecum certasse feretur.* Ovid.

From *Tuesd.* *Octob.* 17. to *Thursd.* *Octob.* 19. 1710.

From my own Apartment, *Octob.* 18.

IT is ridiculous for any Man to criticise on the Works of another, who has not distinguished himself by his own Performances. A Judge would make but an indifferent Figure who had never been known at the Bar. *Cicero* was reputed the greatest Orator of his Age and Country before he wrote a Book *De Oratore*; and *Horace* the greatest Poet before he published his *Art of Poetry*. This Observation arises naturally in any one who casts his Eye upon this last mentioned Author, where he will find the Criticisms placed in the latter End of his Book, that is, after the finest Odes and Satyrs in the *Latin* Tongue.

A Modern, whose Name I shall not mention, because I would not make a silly Paper sell, was born a Critick and an Examiner, and, like one of the Race of the Serpent's Teeth, came into the World with a Sword in his Hand. His Works put me in mind of the Story that is told of a *German* Monk, who was taking a Catalogue of a Friend's Library, and meeting with a *Hebrew* Book in it, entered it under the Title of, *A Book that has the Beginning where the End should be.* This Author, in the last of his Crudities, has amassed together a Heap of Quotations, to prove that *Horace* and *Virgil* were both of them modester Men than my self, and if his Works were to live as long as mine, they might possibly give Posterity a Notion, that *Isaac Bickerstaff* was a very

conceited old Fellow, and as vain a Man as either *Tully* or Sir *Francis Bacon*. Had this ſerious Writer fallen upon me only, I could have overlooked it; but to ſee *Cicero* abuſed, is, I muſt confeſs, what I cannot bear. The Cenſure he paſſes upon this great Man runs thus; *The Itch of being very Abuſive, is almoſt inſeparable from Vain-Glory.* Tully *has theſe Two Faults in ſo high a Degree, that nothing but his being the beſt Writer in the World can make Amends for them.* The ſcurrilous Wretch goes on to ſay I am as bad as *Tully*. His Words are theſe; *And yet the* Tatler, *in his Paper of* September 26, *has out-done him in both. He ſpeaks of himſelf with more Arrogance, and with more Inſolence of others.* I am afraid by his Diſcourſe, this Gentleman has no more read *Plutarch* than he has *Tully*. If he had, he would have obſerved a Paſſage in that Hiſtorian, wherein he has with great Delicacy diſtinguiſh'd between Two Paſſions which are uſually complicated in Humane Nature, and which an ordinary Writer would not have thought of ſeparating. Not having my *Greek* Spectacles by me, I ſhall quote the Paſſage Word for Word as I find it tranſlated to my Hand. *Nevertheleſs, tho' he was intemperately fond of his own Praiſe, yet he was very free from envying others, and moſt liberally profuſe in commending both the Ancients and his Contemporaries, as is to be underſtood by his Writings; and many of thoſe Sayings are ſtill recorded, as that concerning* Ariſtotle, *That he was a River of flowing Gold:* Of Plato's *Dialogue, That if* Jupiter *were to ſpeak, he would diſcourſe as he did.* Theophraſtus *he was wont to call his peculiar Delight; and being asked, Which of* Demoſthenes *his Orations he liked beſt? He anſwered, The longeſt.*

And as for the Eminent Men of his own Time, either for Eloquence or Philoſophy, there was not one of them which he did not, by writing or ſpeaking favourably of, render more illuſtrious.

Thus

Thus the Critick tells us, That *Cicero* was excessively vain-glorious and abusive; *Plutarch*, that he was vain, but not abusive. Let the Reader believe which of them he pleases.

After this he complains to the World, that I call him Names; and that in my Passion I said, He was *a Flea, a Louse, an Owl, a Bat, a small Wit, a Scribbler, and a Nibbler.* When he has thus bespoken his Reader's Pity, he falls into that admirable Vein of Mirth, which I shall set down at length, it being an exquisite Piece of Raillery, and written in great Gaiety of Heart. *After this List of Names,* (viz. Flea, Louse, Owl, Bat, *&c.*) *I was surprised to hear him say, that he has hitherto kept his Temper pretty well; I wonder how he will write when he has lost his Temper? I suppose, as he now is very angry and unmannerly, he will then be exceeding courteous and good-humoured.* If I can out-live this Raillery, I shall be able to bear any Thing.

There is a Method of Criticism made Use of by this Author, (for I shall take Care how I call him a Scribbler again) which may turn into Ridicule any Work that was ever written, wherein there is a Variety of Thoughts: This the Reader will observe in the following Words; *He* (meaning me) *is so intent upon being something extraordinary, that he scarce knows what he would be; and is as fruitful in his Similes, as a Brother of his whom I lately took Notice of. In the Compass of a few Lines he compares himself to a Fox, to* Daniel Burgess, *to the Knight of the Red Cross, to an Oak with Ivy about it, and to a great Man with an Equipage.* I think my self as much honoured by being joined in this Part of his Paper with the Gentleman whom he here calls my Brother, as I am in the Beginning of it, by being mentioned with *Horace* and *Virgil.*

It is very hard that a Man cannot publish Ten Papers without stealing from himself; but to show you that this is only a Knack of Writing, and that the

the Author is got into a certain Road of Criticism, I shall set down his Remarks on the Works of the Gentleman whom he here glances upon, as they stand in his 6th Paper, and desire the Reader to compare them with the foregoing Passage upon mine.

In Thirty Lines his Patron is a River, the Primum Mobile, *a Pilot, a Victim, the Sun, any Thing, and Nothing. He bestows Increase, conceals his Source, makes the Machine move, teaches to steer, expiates our Offences, raises Vapours, and looks larger as he sets.*

What Poem can be safe from this Sort of Criticism? I think I was never in my Life so much offended as at a Wag whom I once met with in a Coffee-house: He had in his Hand one of the Miscellanies, and was reading the following short Copy of Verses, which, without Flattery to the Author, is (I think) as beautiful in its Kind as any one in the *English* Tongue.

> Flavia *the least and slightest Toy*
> *Can with resistless Art employ.*
> *This Fan in meaner Hands would prove*
> *An Engine of small Force in Love;*
> *But she with such an Air and Mien,*
> *Not to be told, or safely seen,*
> *Directs its wanton Motions so,*
> *That it wounds more than* Cupid's *Bow;*
> *Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame,*
> *To ev'ry other Breast a Flame.*

When this Coxcomb had done reading them, Heyday! says he, What Instrument is this that *Flavia* employs in such a Manner as is not to be told, nor safely seen? In Ten Lines it is a Toy, a *Cupid's* Bow, a Fan, and an Engine in Love. It has wanton Motions, it wounds, it cools, and inflames.

Such Criticisms make a Man of Sense sick, and a Fool merry.

The

The next Paragraph of the Paper we are talking of, falls upon some Body whom I am at a Loss to guess at: But I find the whole Invective turns upon a Man who (it seems) has been imprisoned for Debt. Whoever he was, I must heartily pity him; but at the same Time must put the Examiner in Mind, that notwithstanding he is a Critick, he still ought to remember he is a Christian. Poverty was never thought a proper Subject for Ridicule; and I do not remember that I ever met with a Satyr upon a Beggar.

As for those little Retortings of my own Expressions, of *being dull by Design, witty in* October, *shining, excelling*, and so forth; they are the common Cavils of every Witlin, who has no other Method of showing his Parts, but by little Variations and Repetitions of the Man's Words whom he attacks.

But the Truth of it is, the Paper before me, not only in this Particular, but in its very Essence, is like *Ovid's* Eccho:

- - - - Quæ nec reticere loquenti,
Nec prior ipsa loqui didicit. - - -

I should not have deserved the Character of a Censor, had I not animadverted upon the abovementioned Author by a gentle Chastisement: But I know my Reader will not pardon me, unless I declare, that nothing of this Nature for the future (unless it be written with some Wit) shall divert me from my Care of the Publick.

The TATLER. [N° 240.

Ad Populum Phaleras.——— Perf.

From *Thurfd.* *Octob.* 19. to *Saturd.* *Octob.* 21. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Octob. 20.

I DO not remember that in any of my Lucubrations I have touched upon that ufeful Science of Phyfick, notwithftanding I have declared my felf more than once a Profeffor of it. I have indeed joined the Study of Aftrology with it, becaufe I never knew a Phyfician recommend himfelf to the Publick who had not a Sifter Art to embellifh his Knowledge in Medicine. It has been commonly obferved in Compliment to the Ingenious of our Profeffion, that *Apollo* was God of Verfe as well as Phyfick; and in all Ages the moft celebrated Practitioners of our Country were the particular Favourites of the Mufes. Poetry to Phyfick is indeed like the Gilding to a Pill; it makes the Art fhine, and covers the Severity of the Doctor with the Agreeablenefs of the Companion.

The very Foundation of Poetry is good Senfe, if we may allow *Horace* to be a Judge of the Art.

Scribendi recte fapere eft, & Principium, & Fons.

And if fo, we have Reafon to believe, that the fame Man who writes well can prefcribe well, if he has applied himfelf to the Study of both. Befides, when we fee a Man making Profeffion of Two different Sciences, it is natural for us to believe he is no Pretender in that which we are not Judges of when we find him skilful in that which we underftand.

Ordinary

Ordinary Quacks and Charlatans are throughly ſenſible how neceſſary it is to ſupport themſelves by theſe collateral Aſſiſtances, and therefore always lay their Claim to ſome ſupernumerary Accompliſhments which are wholly foreign to their Profeſſion.

About 20 Years ago, it was impoſſible to walk the Streets without having an Advertiſement thruſt into your Hand of a Doctor *who was arrived at the Knowledge of the Green and Red Dragon, and had diſcovered the Female Fern Seed.* No Body ever knew what this meant; but the Green and Red Dragon ſo amuſed the People, that the Doctor lived very comfortably upon them. About the ſame Time there was paſted a very hard Word upon every Corner of the Streets. This, to the beſt of my Remembrance, was

TETRACHYMAGOGON,

Which drew great Shoals of Spectators about it, who read the Bill that it introduced with unſpeakable Curioſity; and when they were ſick, would have no Body but this learned Man for their Phyſician.

I once received an Advertiſement of one *who had ſtudied Thirty Years by Candle-light for the Good of his Countrymen.* He might have ſtudied Twice as long by Day-light, and never have been taken Notice of: But Lucubrations cannot be over-valued. There are ſome who have gained themſelves great Reputation for Phyſick by their Birth, as the *Seventh Son of a Seventh Son*; and others by not being born at all, as the *Unborn Doctor*, who, I hear, is lately gone the Way of his Patients, having died worth Five Hundred Pounds *per Annum*, though he was not *born* to a Halfpenny.

My ingenious Friend Doctor *Saffold*, ſucceeded my old Contemporary Doctor *Lilly* in the Studies both of Phyſick and Aſtrology, to which he ad-

ded that of Poetry, as was to be seen both upon the Sign where he lived, and in the Bills which he distributed. He was succeeded by Doctor *Case*, who erased the Verses of his Predecessor out of the Sign-Post, and substituted in their Stead Two of his own, which were as follow:

Within this Place
Lives Doctor Case.

He is said to have got more by this Distich, than Mr. *Dryden* did by all his Works. There would be no End of enumerating the several imaginary Perfections and unaccountable Artifices by which this Tribe of Men ensnare the Minds of the Vulgar, and gain Crowds of Admirers. I have seen the whole Front of a Mountebank's Stage from one End to the other faced with Patents, Certificates, Medals, and Great Seals, by which the several Princes of *Europe* have testified their particular Respect and Esteem for the Doctor. Every great Man with a sounding Title has been his Patient. I believe I have seen Twenty Mountebanks that have given Physick to the Czar of *Moscovy*. The Great Duke of *Tuscany* escapes no better. The Elector of *Brandenburg* was likewise a very good Patient.

This great Condescension of the Doctor draws upon him much Good-Will from his Audience; and it is Ten to One, but if any of them be troubled with an aching Tooth, his Ambition will prompt him to get it drawn by a Person who has had so many Princes, Kings, and Emperors, under his Hands.

I must not leave this Subject without observing, that as Physicians are apt to deal in Poetry, Apothecaries endeavour to recommend themselves by Oratory, and are therefore without Controversy the most eloquent Persons in the whole *British* Nation. I would not willingly discourage any of the Arts, especially that of which I am an humble Professor; but I must confess, for the Good of my native

native Country, I could wish there might be a Suspension of Physick for some Years, that our Kingdom, which has been so much exhausted by the Wars, might have Leave to recruit it self.

As for my self, the only Physick which has brought me safe to almost the Age of Man, and which I prescribe to all my Friends, is Abstinence. This is certainly the best Physick for Prevention, and very often the most effectual against a present Distemper. In short, my *Recipe* is, *Take nothing*.

Were the Body Politick to be physick'd like particular Persons, I should venture to prescribe to it after the same Manner. I remember when our whole Island was shaken with an Earthquake some Years ago, there was an impudent Mountebank who sold Pills which (as he told the Country People) were very good against an Earthquake. It may perhaps be thought as absurd to prescribe a Diet for the allaying Popular Commotions, and National Ferments. But I am verily perswaded, that if in such a Case a whole People were to enter into a Course of Abstinence, and eat nothing but Water-gruel for a Fortnight, it would abate the Rage and Animosity of Parties, and not a little contribute to the Cure of a distracted Nation. Such a Fast would have a natural Tendency to the procuring of those Ends for which a Fast is usually proclaimed. If any Man has a Mind to enter on such a voluntary Abstinence, it might not be improper to give him the Caution of *Pythagoras* in particular:

Abstine a Fabis.
' Abstain from Beans.

That is, say the Interpreters, Meddle not with Elections, Beans having been made Use of by the Voters among the *Athenians* in the Choice of Magistrates.

The TATLER. [N° 241.

From *Saturd. Octob* 21. to *Tuesd. Octob.* 24. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Octob. 23.

A Method of spending one's Time agreeably is a Thing so little studied, that the common Amusement of our young Gentlemen (especially of such as are at a Distance from those of the first Breeding) is Drinking. This Way of Entertainment has Custom of its Side; but as much as it has prevailed, I believe there have been very few Companies that have been guilty of Excess this Way, where there have not happened more Accidents which make against, than for the Continuance of it. It is very common that Events arise from a Debauch which are fatal, and always such as are disagreeable. With all a Man's Reason and good Sense about him, his Tongue is apt to utter Things out of meer Gaiety of Heart which may displease his best Friends. Who then would trust himself to the Power of Wine, without saying more against it, than that it raises the Imagination, and depresses the Judgment. Were there only this single Consideration, That we are less Masters of our selves when we drink in the least Proportion above the Exigencies of Thirst; I say, were this all that could be objected, it were sufficient to make us abhor this Vice. But we may go on to say, that as he who drinks but a little is not Master of himself, so he who drinks much is a Slave to himself. As for my Part, I ever esteemed a Drunkard of all vicious Persons the most vicious: For if our Actions are to be weighed and considered according to the Intention of them, what can we think of him who puts himself into a Circumstance

cumstance, wherein he can have no Intention at all, but incapacitates himself for the Duties and Offices of Life, by a Suspension of all his Faculties. If a Man considered, that he cannot under the Oppression of Drink be a Friend, a Gentleman, a Master, or a Subject; that he has so long banished himself from all that is dear, and given up all that is sacred to him, he would even then think of a Debauch with Horror: But when he looks still further, and acknowledges, that he is not only expelled out of all the Relations of Life, but also liable to offend against them all, What Words can express the Terror and Detestation he would have of such a Condition? And yet he owns all this of himself who says he was drunk last Night.

As I have all along persisted in it, that all the Vicious in general are in a State of Death, so I think I may add to the Non-Existence of Drunkards, that they died by their own Hands. He is certainly as guilty of Suicide who perishes by a slow, as he that is dispatched by an immediate, Poison. In my last Lucubration I proposed the general Use of Water-gruel, and hinted, that it might not be amiss at this very Season: But as there are some, whose Cases, in regard to their Families, will not admit of Delay, I have used my Interest in several Wards of the City, that the wholesome Restorative above-mentioned may be given in Tavern Kitchens to all the Mornings Draught-Men within the Walls when they call for Wine before Noon. For a further Restraint and Mark upon such Persons, I have given Orders, that in all the Offices where Policies are drawn upon Lives, it shall be added to the Article which prohibits that the Nominee should cross the Sea, the Words, *Provided also, That the above-mentioned A. B. shall not drink before Dinner during the Term mentioned in this Indenture.*

I am not without Hopes but by this Method I shall bring some unsizeable Friends of mine into

Shape and Breath, as well as others who are languid and consumptive into Health and Vigour. Most of the Self-Murderers whom I yet hinted at, are such as preserve a certain Regularity in taking their Poison, and make it mix pretty well with their Food: But the most conspicuous of those who destroy themselves, are such as in their Youth fall into this Sort of Debauchery, and contract a certain Uneasiness of Spirit, which is not to be diverted but by Tippling as often as they can fall into Company in the Day, and conclude with downright Drunkenness at Night. These Gentlemen never know the Satisfaction of Youth, but skip the Years of Manhood, and are decrepid soon after they are of Age. I was Godfather to one of these old Fellows. He is now Three and Thirty, which is the Grand Climacterick of a young Drunkard. I went to visit the crazy Wretch this Morning, with no other Purpose but to rally him under the Pain and Uneasiness of being sober.

But as our Faults are double when they affect others besides our selves, so this Vice is still more odious in a married than a single Man. He that is the Husband of a Woman of Honour, and comes Home overloaded with Wine, is still more contemptible in Proportion to the Regard we have to the unhappy Consort of his Bestiality. The Imagination cannot shape to its self any Thing more monstrous and unnatural than the Familiarities between Drunkenness and Chastity. The wretched *Astræa*, who is the Perfection of Beauty and Innocence, has long been thus condemned for Life. The Romantick Tales of Virgins devoted to the Jaws of the Monsters, have nothing in them so terrible as the Gift of *Astræa* to that Bacchanal.

The Reflection of such a Match as spotless Innocence with abandoned Lewdness, is what puts this Vice in the worst Figure it can bear with Regard to others; but when it is looked upon with Respect only to the Drunkard himself, it has Deformities

formities enough to make it disagreeable, which may be summed up in a Word, by allowing, that he who resigns his Reason, is actually guilty of all that he is liable to from the Want of Reason.

P. S. Among many other Enormities, there are Two in the following Letters which I think should be suddenly amended; but since they are Sins of Omission only, I shall not make Remarks upon them, till I find the Delinquents persist in their Errors; and the inserting the Letters themselves shall be all their present Admonition.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*, October 16.

'SEveral that frequent Divine Service at *S. Paul's*, 'as well as my self, having with great Satis- 'faction observed the good Effect which your 'Animadversion had on an Excess in Performance 'there; it is requested, that you will take Notice 'of a contrary Fault, which is the unconcerned 'Silence, and the motionless Postures of others 'who come thither. If this Custom prevails, the 'Congregation will resemble an Audience at a 'Play-house, or rather a dumb Meeting of Qua- 'kers. Your censuring such Church-mutes in 'the Manner you think fit, may make these Dis- 'senters join with us, out of Fear lest you should 'further animadvert upon their Non-Conformity. 'According as this succeeds, you shall hear from,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

B. B.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*,

'I Was the other Day in Company with a Gen- 'tleman, who, in reciting his own Qualifica- 'tions, concluded every Period with these Words, '*The best of any Man in* England. Thus for Exam- 'ple: He kept the best House of any Man in *Eng- 'land*; he understood this, and that, and t'other, 'the

'the best of any Man in *England*. How harsh and ungrateful soever this Expression might sound to one of my Nation, yet the Gentleman was one whom it no Ways became me to interrupt; but perhaps a new Term put into his By-Words (as they call a Sentence a Man particularly affects) may cure him. I therefore took a Resolution to apply to you, who, I dare say, can easily perswade this Gentleman (whom I cannot believe an Enemy to the Union) to mend his Phrase, and be hereafter the wisest of any Man in *Great Britain*. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Scoto Britannus.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Mr. Humphrey Treloob*y*, *wearing his own Hair, a Pair of Buck-Skin Breeches, a Hunting-Whip, with a new Pair of spurs, has complained to the Censor, That on* Thursday *last he was defrauded of Half a Crown, under Pretence of a Duty to the Sexton for seeing the Cathedral of St.* Paul, London: *It is hereby ordered, That none hereafter require above Sixpence of any Country Gentleman under the Age of Twenty five for that Liberty; and that all which shall be received above the said Sum of any Person for beholding the Inside of that Sacred Edifice, be forthwith paid to Mr.* John Morphew *for the Use of Mr.* Bickerstaff, *under Pain of further Censure on the above-mentioned Extortion.*

[The] TATLER. [Nº 242.

—— *Quis iniquæ*
Tam patiens Urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se? Juv.

[F]rom *Tuesday Oct.* 24. to *Thursday Oct.* 26. 1710.

From my [O]wn Apartment, October 25.

IT was with very great Displeasure I heard this Day a Man say of a Companion of his with an Air of Approbation, *You know* Tom *never fails of saying a spightful Thing.* He has a great deal of Wit, but Satyr is his particular Talent. *Did you mind how he put the young Fellow out of Countenance that pretended to talk to him?* Such impertinent Applauses, which one meets with every Day, put me upon considering what true Raillery and Satyr were in themselves; and this, methought, occurred to me from Reflection upon the great and excellent Persons that were admired for Talents this Way. When I had ran over several such in my Thoughts, I concluded, (however unaccountable the Assertion might appear at first Sight) that Good-Nature was an essential Quality in a Satyrist, and that all the Sentiments which are beautiful in this Way of Writing must proceed from that Quality in the Author. Good-Natu[re pr]oduces a Disdain of all Baseness, Vice, and Fo[lly], which prompts them to express themselves w[it]h Smartness against the Errors of Men, without Bitterness towards their Persons. This Quality keeps the Mind in Equanimity, and never lets an Offence unseasonably throw a Man out of his Character. When *Virgil* said, He [th]at did not hate *Bavius* might love *Mævius*, he was

was in perfect good Humour, and
much moved at their Absurdities, as p
to call them Sots or Blockheads in
vective, but laughed at them with a D
Scorn, without any Mixture of Anger.

The best good Man, with the worst-natured Muse, was the Character among us of a Gentleman as famous for his Humanity as his Wit.

The ordinary Subjects for Satyr are such as incite the greatest Indignation in the best Tempers, and consequently Men of such a Make are the best qualified for speaking of the Offences in Humane Life. These Men can behold Vice and Folly when they injure Persons to whom they are wholly unacquainted, with the same Severity as others resent the Ills they do themselves. A good-natured Man cannot see an over-bearing Fellow put a bashful Man of Merit out of Countenance, or outstrip him in the Pursuit of any Advantage; but he is on Fire to succour the Oppressed, to produce the Merit of the one, and confront the Impudence of the other.

The Men of the greatest Character in this Kind were *Horace* and *Juvenal.* There is not, that I remember, one ill-natured Expression in all their Writings, not one Sentence of Severity which does not apparently proceed from the contrary Disposition. Whoever reads them, will, I believe, be of this Mind; and if they were read with this View, it may possibly perswade our young Fellows, that they may be very witty Men without speaking ill of any but those who deserve it: But in the Perusal of these Writers it may not be unnecessary to consider, that they lived in very different Times. *Horace* was intimate with a Prince of the greatest Goodness and Humanity imaginable, and his Court was formed after his Example: Therefore the Faults that Poet falls upon were little Inconsistencies in Behaviour, false Pretences to Politeness, or impertinent

pertinent Affectations of what Men were not fit for. Vice of a coarser Sort could not come under his Consideration, or enter the Palace of *Augustus*. *Juvenal* on the other Hand lived under *Domitian*, in whose Reign every Thing that was great and noble was banished the Habitations of the Men in Power. Therefore he attacks Vice as it passes by in Triumph, not as it breaks into Conversation. The Fall of Empire, Contempt of Glory, and a general Degeneracy of Manners, are before his Eyes in all his Writings. In the Days of *Augustus*, to have talked like *Juvenal* had been Madness, or in those of *Domitian* like *Horace*. Morality and Virtue are every where recommended in *Horace*, as became a Man in a polite Court, from the Beauty, the Propriety, the Convenience, of pursuing them. Vice and Corruption are attacked by *Juvenal* in a Style which denotes, he fears he shall not be heard without he calls to them in their own Language, with a bare-faced Mention of the Villanies and Obscenities of his Contemporaries.

This accidental Talk of these Two great Men runs me from my Design, which was to tell some Coxcombs that run about this Town with the Name of Smart Satyrical Fellows, that they are by no Means qualified for the Characters they pretend to, of being severe upon other Men, for they want Good-Nature. There is no Foundation in them for arriving at what they aim at; and they may as well pretend to flatter, as rail agreeably without being Good-Natured.

There is a certain Impartiality necessary to make what a Man says bear any Weight with those he speaks to. This Quality, with Respect to Men's Errors and Vices, is never seen but in Good-natured Men. They have ever such a Frankness of Mind, and Benevolence to all Men, that they cannot receive Impressions of Unkindness without mature Deliberation; and writing

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or ſpeaking ill of a Man upon Perſonal Conſiderations, is ſo irreparable and mean an Injury, that no one poſſeſſed of this Quality is capable of doing it: But in all Ages there have been Interpreters to Authors when living, of the ſame Genius with the Commentators, into whoſe Hands they fall when dead. I dare ſay, it is impoſſible for any Man of more Wit than one of theſe to take any of the Four and twenty Letters, and form out of them a Name to deſcribe the Character of a Vicious Man with greater Life, but one of theſe would immediately cry, Mr. ſuch a one is meant in that Place. But the Truth of it is, Satyriſts deſcribe the Age, and Backbiters aſſign their Deſcriptions to private Men.

In all Terms of Reproof, when the Sentence appears to ariſe from Perſonal Hatred or Paſſion, it is not then made the Cauſe of Mankind, but a Miſunderſtanding between Two Perſons. For this Reaſon, the Repreſentations of a Good-natured Man bear a Pleaſantry in them, which ſhows there is no Malignity at Heart, and by Conſequence are attended to by his Hearers or Readers becauſe they are unprejudiced. This Deference is only what is due to him; for no Man thoroughly nettled can ſay a Thing general enough to paſs off with the Air of an Opinion declared, and not a Paſſion gratified. I remember a humorous Fellow at *Oxford*, when he heard any one had ſpoken ill of him, uſed to ſay, *I won't take my Revenge on him till I have forgiven him.* What he meant by this, was, that he would not enter upon this Subject till it was grown as indifferent to him as any other; and I have, by this Rule, ſeen him more than once triumph over his Adverſary with an inimitable Spirit and Humour; for he came to the Aſſault againſt a Man full of ſore Places, and he himſelf invulnerable.

There

There is no Possibility of succeeding in a Satyrical Way of Writing or Speaking, except a Man throws himself quite out of the Question. It is great Vanity to think any one will attend a Thing because it is your Quarrel. You must make your Satyr the Concern of Society in general, if you would have it regarded. When it is so, the Good-Nature of a Man of Wit will prompt him to many brisk and disdainful Sentiments and Replies, to which all the Malice in the World will not be able to repartee.

The TATLER. [N° 243.

Infert se Septus Nebulâ, mirabile dictu
Per medios, miscetque Viris, neque cernitur ulli. Virg.

From *Thursd. Octob.* 26. to *Saturd. Octob.* 28. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Octob. 27.

I Have somewhere made Mention of *Gyges's* Ring, and intimated to my Reader, that it was at present in my Possession, though I have not since made any Use of it. The Tradition concerning this Ring is very Romantick, and taken Notice of both by *Plato* and *Tully*, who each of them make an admirable Use of it for the Advancement of Morality. This *Gyges* was the Master Shepherd to King *Candaules*. As he was wandering over the Plains of *Lydia*, he saw a great Chasm in the Earth, and had the Curiosity to enter it. After having descended pretty far into it, he found the Statue of an Horse in Brass, with Doors in the Sides of it. Upon opening of them, he found the Body of a dead Man bigger than ordinary, with a Ring upon his Finger,

ger, which he took off, and put it upon his own. The Virtues of it were much greater than he at first imagined; for upon his going into the Assembly of Shepherds, he observed, that he was invisible when he turned the Stone of the Ring within the Palm of his Hand, and visible when he turned it towards his Company. Had *Plato* and *Cicero* been as well versed in the Occult Sciences as I am, they would have found a great deal of Mystick Learning in this Tradition; but it is impossible for an Adept to be understood by one who is not an Adept.

As for my self, I have with much Study and Application arrived at this great Secret of making my self invisible, and by that Means conveying my self where I pleased; or to speak in Rosycrucian Lore, I have entered into the Clefts of the Earth, discovered the Brazen Horse, and robbed the dead Giant of his Ring. The Tradition says further of *Gyges*, that by the Means of this Ring he gained Admission into the most retired Parts of the Court, and made such Use of those Opportunities, that he at length became King of *Lydia*. For my own Part, I, who have always rather endeavoured to improve my Mind than my Fortune, have turned this Ring to no other Advantage than to get a thorough Insight into the Ways of Men, and to make such Observations upon the Errors of others as may be useful to the Publick, whatever Effect they may have upon my self.

About a Week ago, not being able to sleep, I got up and put on my magical Ring, and with a Thought transported my self into a Chamber where I saw a Light. I found it inhabited by a celebrated Beauty, though she is of that Species of Women whith we call a Slattern. Her Head-dress and one of her Shoes lay upon a Chair, her Petticoat in one Corner of the Room, and her Girdle that had a Copy of Verses made upon

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it but the Day before, with her Thread Stockings, in the middle of the Floor. I was so foolishly officious, that I could not forbear gathering up her Cloaths together to lay them upon the Chair that stood by her Bed-side, when, to my great Surprise, after a little Muttering, she cried out, *What do you do? Let my Petticoat alone.* I was startled at first, but soon found that she was in a Dream; being one of those who, to use *Shakespear's* Expression, are *so loose of Thought*, that they utter in their Sleep every Thing that passes in their Imagination. I left the Apartment of this Female Rake, and went into her Neighbours, where there lay a Male-Coquet. He had a Bottle of Salts hanging over his Head, and upon the Table, by his Bed-side, *Suckling's* Poems, with a little Heap of Black Patches on it. His Snuff Box was within Reach on a Chair: But while I was admiring the Disposition which he made of the several Parts of his Dress, his Slumber seemed interrupted by a Pang, that was accompanied by a sudden Oath, as he turned himself over hastily in his Bed. I did not care for seeing him in his nocturnal Pains, and left the Room.

I was no sooner got into another Bed-Chamber, but I heard very harsh Words uttered in a smooth uniform Tone. I was amazed to hear so great a Volubility in Reproach, and thought it too coherent to be spoken by one asleep; but upon looking nearer, I saw the Head-dress of the Person who spoke, which shewed her to be a Female with a Man lying by her Side broad awake, and as quiet as a Lamb. I could not but admire his exemplary Patience, and discovered by his whole Behaviour, that he was then lying under the Discipline of a Curtain-Lecture.

I was entertained in many other Places with this Kind of Nocturnal Eloquence, but observed, that most of those whom I found awake, were kept

kept so either by Envy or by Love. Some of these were sighing, and others cursing, in Soliloquy; some hugged their Pillows, and others gnashed their Teeth.

The Covetous I likewise found to be very wakeful People. I happened to come into a Room where one of them lay sick. His Physician and his Wife were in close Whisper near his Bed-side. I overheard the Doctor say, so the poor Gentlewoman, he cannot possibly live till Five in the Morning. She received it like the Mistress of a Family prepared for all Events. At the same Instant came in a Servant Maid, who said, *Madam, The Undertaker is below according to your Order.* The Words were scarce out of her Mouth, when the sick Man cried out with a feeble Voice, Pray, Doctor, how went Bank-Stock to Day at *'Change?* This melancholy Object made me too serious for diverting my self further this Way: But as I was going Home, I saw a Light in a Garret, and entering into it, heard a Voice crying, *And, Hand, Stand, Band, Fann'd, Tann'd.* I concluded him by this and the Furniture of his Room to be a Lunatick; but upon listening a little longer, perceived it was a Poet, writing an Heroick upon the ensuing Peace.

It was now towards Morning, an Hour when Spirits, Witches, and Conjurers are obliged to retire to their own Apartments, and feeling the Influence of it, I was hastening Home, when I saw a Man had got half Way into a Neighbour's House. I immediately called to him, and turning my Ring, appeared in my proper Person. There is something Magisterial in the Aspect of the *Bickerstaffs*, which made him run away in Confusion.

As I took a Turn or Two in my own Lodging, I was thinking, that, old as I was, I need not go to Bed alone, but that it was in my Power to marry the finest Lady in this Kingdom, if I

would wed her with this Ring. For what a Figure would she that should have it make a Visit, with so perfect a Knowledge as this would give her of all the Scandal in the Town? But instead of endeavouring to dispose of my self and it in Matrimony, I resolved to lend it to my loving Friend the Author of the *Atalantis*, to furnish a new *Secret History* of *Secret Memoirs*.

The TATLER. [N° 244.

Quid voveat dulci Nutricula majus Alumno,
Quam sapere & fari ut possit quæ sentiat? --- Hor.

From *Saturd. Octob.* 28. to *Tuesd. Octob.* 31. 1710.

Will's Coffee-house, Octob. 30.

IT is no easy Matter when People are advancing in any Thing, to prevent their going too fast for want of Patience. This happens in nothing more frequently than in the Prosecution of Studies. Hence it is, that we meet Crowds who attempt to be eloquent before they can speak. They affect the Flowers of Rhetorick before they understand the Parts of Speech. In the ordinary Conversation of this Town, there are so many who can, as they call it, talk well, that there is not One in Twenty that talks to be understood. This proceeds from an Ambition to excel, or, as the Term is, to shine, in Company. The Matter is not to make themselves understood, but admired. They come together with a certain Emulation, rather than Benevolence. When you fall among such Companions, the safe Way is to give your self up, and let the Orators declaim for your Esteem, and trouble your self

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no further. It is ſaid, that a Poet muſt be born ſo; but I think it may be much better ſaid of an Orator, eſpecially when we talk of our Town-Poets and Orators; but the Town-Poets are full of Rules and Laws, the Town-Orators go thro' thick and thin, and are, forſooth, Perſons of ſuch eminent natural Parts and Knowledge of the World, that they deſpiſe all Men as unexperienced Scholaſticks who wait for an Occaſion before they ſpeak, or who ſpeak no more than is neceſſary. They had half perſwaded me to go to the Tavern the other Night, but that a Gentleman whiſpered me, Prithee, *Iſaac*, go with us; there is *Tom Varniſh* will be there, and he is a Fellow that talks as well as any Man in *England*.

I muſt confeſs, when a Man expreſſes himſelf well upon any Occaſion, and his falling into an Account of any Subject ariſes from a Deſire to oblige the Company, or from Fulneſs of the Circumſtance it ſelf, ſo that his ſpeaking of it at large is occaſioned only by the Openneſs of a Companion; I ſay, in ſuch a Caſe as this, it is not only pardonable, but agreeable when a Man takes the Diſcourſe to himſelf; but when you ſee a Fellow watch for Opportunities for being Copious, it is exceſſively troubleſome. A Man that ſtammers, if he has Underſtanding, is to be attended with Patience and good Nature; but he that ſpeaks more than he need, has no Right to ſuch an Indulgence. The Man who has a Defect in his Speech takes Pains to come to you, while a Man of a weak Capacity with Fluency of Speech triumphs in out-running you. The Stammerer ſtrives to be fit for your Company; the loquacious Man endeavours to ſhow you, you are not fit for his.

With Thoughts of this Kind do I always enter into that Man's Company who is recommended as a Perſon that talks well; but if I were to

chuse the People with whom I would spend my Hours of Conversation, they should be certainly such as laboured no farther than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have Patience and Curiosity to understand me. To have good Sense, and Ability to express it, are the most essential and necessary Qualities in Companions. When Thoughts rise in us fit to utter, among familiar Friends there needs but very little Care in cloathing them.

Urbanus is, I take it, a Man one might live with whole Years, and enjoy all the Freedom and Improvement imaginable, and yet be insensible of a Contradiction to you in all the Mistakes you can be guilty of. His great good Will to his Friends has produced in him such a general Deference in his Discourse, that if he differs from you in his Sense of any Thing, he introduces his own Thoughts by some agreeable Circumlocution, or he has often observed such and such a Circumstance that made him of another Opinion. Again, where another would be apt to say, This I am confident of, I may pretend to judge of this Matter as well as any Body; *Urbanus* says, I am verily perswaded, I believe one may conclude. In a Word, there is no Man more clear in his Thoughts and Expressions than he is, or speaks with greater Diffidence. You shall hardly find one Man of any Consideration, but you shall observe one of less Consequence form himself after him. This happens to *Urbanus*; but the Man who steals from him almost every Sentiment he utters in a whole Week, disguises the Theft, by carrying it with quite a different Air. *Umbratilis* knows *Urbanus's* doubtful Way of Speaking proceeds from Good-Nature and Good-Breeding, and not from Uncertainty in his Opinions. *Umbratilis* therefore has no more to do but repeat the Thoughts of *Urbanus* in a positive Manner, and appear to the Undiscern-

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ing a wiser Man than the Person from whom he borrows: But those who know him, can see the Servant in his Master's Habit; and the more he struts, the less do his Clothes appear his own.

In Conversation, the Medium is neither to affect Silence or Eloquence; not to value our Approbation, and to endeavour to excel us who are of your Company, are equal Inquiries. The great Enemies therefore to good Company, and those who transgress most against the Laws of Equality, (which is the Life of it) are, the Clown, the Wit, and the Pedant. A Clown, when he has Sense, is conscious of his Want of Education, and with an aukward Bluntness hopes to keep himself in Countenance, by overthrowing the Use of all polite Behaviour. He takes Advantage of the Restraint good Breeding lays upon others not to offend him to trespass against them, and is under the Man's own Shelter while he intrudes upon him. The Fellows of this Class are very frequent in the Repetition of the Words, Rough and Manly. When these People happen to be by their Fortunes of the Rank of Gentlemen, they defend their other Absurdities by an impertinent Courage; and to help out the Defect of their Behaviour, add their being dangerous to their being disagreeable. This Gentleman (though he displeases, professes to do so, and knowing that, dares still go on to do so) is not so painful a Companion as he who will please you against your Will, and resolves to be a Wit.

This Man upon all Occasions, and whoever he falls in Company with, talks in the same Circle, and in the same Round of Chat which he has learned at one of the Tables of this Coffee-house. As Poetry is in it self an Elevation above ordinary and common Sentiments, so there is no Fop is so very near a Mad-man in indifferent Company as a Poetical one. He is not apprehensive that the

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Generality of the World are intent upon the Bufineſs of their own Fortune and Profeſſion, and have as little Capacity as Curioſity to enter into Matters of Ornament or Speculation. I remember at a full Table in the City, one of theſe ubiquitary Wits was entertaining the Company with a Soliloquy (for ſo I call it when a Man talks to thoſe who do not underſtand him) concerning Wit and Humour. An honeſt Gentleman who ſate next to me, and was worth Half a Plumb, ſtared at him, and obſerving there was ſome Senſe as he thought, mixed with his Impertinence, whiſpered me, *Take my Word for it, this Fellow is more Knave than Fool.* This was all my good Friend's Applauſe of the wittieſt Man of Talk that I was ever preſent at, which wanted nothing to make it excellent but that there was no Occaſion for it.

The Pedant is ſo obvious to Ridicule, that it would be to be one to offer to explain him. He is a Gentleman ſo well known, that there is none but thoſe of his own Claſs who do not laugh at and avoid him. Pedantry proceeds from much Reading and little Underſtanding. A Pedant among Men of Learning and Senſe, is like an ignorant Servant giving an Account of a polite Converſation. You may find he has brought with him more than could have entered into his Head without being there, but ſtill that he is not a Bit wiſer than if he had not been there at all.

The TATLER. [N° 245.

From *Tuesd. Octob.* 31. to *Thursd. Nov.* 2. 1710.

From my own Apartment, November 1.

THE Lady hereafter mentioned having come to me in very great Hast, and paid me much above the usual Fee as a Cunning-Man to find her stolen Goods, and also having approved my late Discourse of *Advertisements*, obliged me to draw up this, and insert it in the Body of my Paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHereas *Bridget Howd'ee*, late Servant to the Lady *Fardingale*, a short, thick, lively, hard-favoured Wench, of about Twenty nine Years of Age, her Eyes small and bleared, her Nose very broad at Bottom, and turning up at the End, her Mouth wide, and Lips of an unusual Thickness, Two Teeth out before, the rest black and uneven, the Tip of her Left Ear being of a Mouse-Colour, her Voice loud and shrill, quick of Speech, and something of a *Welch* Accent; withdrew her self on *Wednesday* last from her Ladyship's Dwelling-House, and, with the Help of her Consorts, carried off the following Goods of her said Lady, *viz.* A thick wadded Callico Wrapper, a Musk-coloured Velvet Mantle lined with Squirrel-Skins, Eight Night-Shifts, Four Pair of Silk-Stockings curiously derned, Six Pair of Laced Shoes, new and old, with the Heels of half Two Inches higher than their Fellows; a Quilted Petticoat of the largest Size, and one of Canvas with Whalebone Hoops; Three Pair of Stays, boulstered below the Left Shoul-

Shoulder; Two Pair of Hips of the newest Fashion, Six round-about Aprons with Pockets, and Four striped Muslin Night-Rails very little frayed; a Silver Pot for Coffee or Chocolate, the Lid much bruised; a broad-brim'd flat Silver Plate for Sugar with Rhenish Wine, a Silver Ladle for Plumb-Porridge; a Silver Cheese-Toaster with Three Tongues, an Ebony Handle, and Silvering at the End; a Silver Posnet to butter Eggs; One Cawdle and Two Cordial-Water Cups, Two Coco Cups, and an Ostridge's Egg, with Rims and Feet of Silver; a Marrow Spoon, with a Scoop at the other End; a Silver Orange Strainer, Eight Sweetmeat Spoons made with Forks at the End, an Aggat-Handle Knife and Fork in a Sheath, a Silver Tongue-Scraper, a Silver Tobacco-Box, with a Tulip graved on the Top; and a Bible bound in Shagreen, with gilt Leaves and Clasps, never opened but once. Also a small Cabinet, with Six Drawers inlaid with red Tortoise-shell, and Brass gilt Ornaments at the Four Corners, in which were Two Leather Forehead-Cloths, Three Pair of oiled Dogskin Gloves, Seven Cakes of Superfine *Spanish* Wool, half a Dozen of *Portugal* Dishes, and a Quire of Paper from thence; Two Pair of brand-new Plumpers, Four Black-lead Combs, Three Pair of fashionable Eye-brows, Two Sets of Ivory Teeth, little the worse for wearing, and One Pair of Box for common Use; *Adam* and *Eve* in Bugle-Work, without Fig-Leaves, upon Canvas, curiously wrought with her Ladyship's own Hand; several Filagrain Curiosities; a Crochet of 122 Diamonds, set strong and deep in Silver, with a Rump Jewel after the same Fashion; Bracelets of braided Hair, Pomander, and Seed-Pearl; a large old Purple Velvet Purse embroidered, and shutting with a Spring, containing Two Pictures in Miniature, the Features visible; a broad thick Gold Ring with a Hand in

Hand graved upon it, and within this Posie, *While Life does last, I'll hold thee fast*; another set round with small Rubies and Sparks, Six wanting; another of *Turkey* Stone cracked through the Middle; an *Elizabeth* and Four *Jacobus's*; one Guinea the first of the Coin, an Angel with a Hole bored through, a broken Half of a *Spanish* Piece of Gold, a Crown-Piece with the Breeches, an old Ninepence bent both Ways by *Lilly* the Almanack maker for Luck at Langteraloo, and Twelve of the Shells called Black-moor's Teeth; one small Amber Box with Apoplectick Balsam, and one Silver gilt of a larger Size for Cashu and Carraway-Comfits, to be taken at long Sermons, the Lid enamelled, representing a *Cupid* fishing for Hearts, with a Piece of Gold on his Hook; over his Head this Rhime, *Only with Gold you me shall hold*. In the lower Drawer was a large new Gold Repeating Watch, made by a *Frenchman*; a Gold Chain, and all the proper Appurtenances hung upon Steel Swivels, to wit, Lockets with the Hair of dead and living Lovers, Seals with Arms, Emblems and Devices cut in Cornelian, Aggat, and Onyx, with Cupids, Hearts, Darts, Altars, Flames, Rocks, Pickaxes, Roses, Thorns, and Sun-Flowers; as also Variety of ingenious *French* Motto's; together with Gold Etuys for Quills, Scissars, Needles, Thimbles, and a Spunge dipped in *Hungary* Water, left but the Night before by a young Lady going upon a Frolick *Incog*. There was also a Bundle of Letters, dated between the Years 1670 and 1682, most of them signed *Philander*, the rest *Strephon*, *Amyntas*, *Corydon*, and *Adonis*; together with a Collection of Receipts to make Pastes for the Hands, Pomatums, Lip-Salves, White Pots, Beautifying Creams, Water of Talk, and Frog Spawn Water; Decoctions for clearing the Complexion, and an approved Medicine to procure Abortion.

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Whoever can discover the aforesaid Goods, so that they may be had again, shall have Fifty Guinea's for the Whole, or proportionable for any Part. *N. B.* Her Ladyship is pleased to promise Ten Pounds for the Packet of Letters over and above, or Five for *Philander*'s only, being her First Love. *My Lady bestows those of* Strephon *to the Finder, being so written, that they may serve to any Woman who reads them.*

POSTSCRIPT.

As I am Patron of Persons who have no other Friend to apply to, I cannot suppress the following Complaint.

SIR,

' I Am a Black-moor Boy, and have, by my ' Lady's Order, been christened by the Chap- ' lain. The good Man has gone further with ' me, and told me a great deal of good News ; ' as, that I am as good as my Lady herself as I ' am a Christian, and many other Things: But ' for all this, the Parrat who came over with me ' from our Country is as much esteemed by her ' as I am. Besides this, the Shock-Dog has a ' Collar that cost almost as much as mine. I de- ' sire also to know, whether now I am a Chri- ' stian, I am obliged to dress like a *Turk*, and ' wear a Turbant. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

POMPEY.

The TATLER. [N° 246.

—— Vitiis nemo sine nascitur, optimus ille
Qui minimis urgetur. —— Hor.

From *Thursday Nov.* 2. to *Saturday Nov.* 4. 1710.

From my own Apartment, November 3.

WHen one considers the Turn which Conversation takes in almost every Set of Acquaintance, Club or Assembly, in this Town or Kingdom, one cannot but observe, that in spight of what I am every Day saying, and all the Moral Writers since the Beginning of the World have said, the Subject of Discourse is generally upon one another's Faults. This in a great Measure proceeds from Self-Conceit, which were to be endured in one or other individual Person; but the Folly has spread it self almost over all the Species; and one cannot only say, *Tom, Jack*, or *Will*, but in general, *That Man is a Coxcomb.* From this Source it is, that any Excellence is faintly received, any Imperfection unmercifully exposed. But if Things were put in a true Light, and we would take Time to consider that Man in his very Nature is an imperfect Being, our Sense of this Matter would be immediately altered, and the Word *Imperfection* would not carry an unkinder Idea than the Word *Humanity.* It is a pleasant Story, that we, forsooth, who are the only imperfect Creatures in the Universe, are the only Beings that will not allow of Imperfection. Some Body has taken Notice, that we stand in the Middle of Existencies, and are by this one Circumstance the most unhappy of all others. The Brutes are guided by Instinct, and know no

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Sorrow; the Angels have Knowledge, and they are happy; but Men are govern'd by Opinion, which is I know not what Mixture of Instinct and Knowledge, and are neither indolent nor happy. It is very observable, that Criticks are a People between the Learned and the Ignorant, and by that Situation enjoy the Tranquility of neither. As Criticks stand among Men, so do Men in general between Brutes and Angels. Thus every Man as he is a Critick and a Coxcomb, till improved by Reason and Speculation, is ever forgetting himself, and laying open the Faults of others.

At the same Time that I am talking of the Cruelty of urging People's Faults with Severity, I cannot but bewail some which Men are guilty of for want of Admonition. These are such as they can easily mend, and no Body tells them of; for which Reason I shall make Use of the Penny-Post, (as I have with Success to several young Ladies about turning their Eyes, and holding up their Heads) to certain Gentlemen whom I remark habitually guilty of what they may reform in a Moment. There is a fat Fellow whom I have long remarked wearing his Breast open in the Midst of Winter, out of an Affectation of Youth. I have therefore sent him just now the following Letter in my Physical Capacity.

SIR,

'FRom the Twentieth Instant to the First of
'*May* next, both Days inclusive, I beg of
'you to button your Wastcoat from your Collar
'to your Wastband. I am

Your most humble Servant,

Isaac Bickerstaff, *Philomath.*

There is a very handsome well-shaped Youth that frequents the Coffee-houses about *Charing-*

Cross, and ties a very pretty Riband with a Cross of Jewels at his Breast. This being something new, and a Thing in which the Gentleman may offend the *Heralds-Office*, I have addressed my self to him as I am Censor:

Dear Countryman,

'WAS that Ensign of Honour, which you 'wear, given you by a Prince or a Lady 'that you have served? If you bear it as an absent 'Lover, please to hang it on a black Riband; if 'as a rewarded Soldier, you may have my Licence 'to continue the red.

Your Faithful Servant,

Bickerstaff, *Censor*.

These little Intimations do great Service, and are very useful, not only to the Persons themselves, but to inform others how to conduct themselves towards them.

Instead of this honest private Method, or a Friendly one Face to Face, of acquainting People with Things in their Power to explain or amend, the usual Way among People is to take no Notice of Things you can help, and nevertheless expose you for those you cannot.

Plumbeus and *Levis* are constantly in each others Company: They would, if they took proper Methods, be very agreeable Companions; but they so extravagantly aim at what they are unfit for, and each of them rallies the other so much in the wrong Place, that instead of doing each other the Offices of Friends, they do but instruct the rest of the World to laugh at them with more Knowledge and Skill. *Plumbeus* is of a saturnine and sullen Complexion; *Levis*, of a mercurial and airy Disposition. Both these Gentlemen have but very slow Parts, but would make a very good Figure, did they pursue what they ought. If *Plumbeus* would take to Business, he would

would in a fews Years know the Forms of Orders ſo well, as to direct and dictate with ſo much Eaſe, as to be thought a ſolid, able, and at the ſame Time, a ſure Man of Diſpatch. *Levis*, with a little Reading and coming more into Company, would ſoon be able to write a Song, or lead up a Country-Dance. Inſtead of theſe proper Purſuits, in Obedience to their reſpective Genius's, *Plumbeus* endeavours to be the Man of Pleaſure, and *Levis* the Man of Buſineſs. This appears in their Speech, and in their Dreſs: *Plumbeus* is ever egregiouſly fine, and talking ſomething like Wit; *Levis* is ever extremely grave, and with a ſilly Face repeating Maxims. Theſe Two pardon each other for affecting what each is incapable of, the one to be wiſe, and the other gay; but are extremely critical in their Judgments of each other in their Way towards what they pretend to. *Plumbeus* acknowledges *Levis* a Man of a great Reach, becauſe it is what *Plumbeus* never cared for being thought himſelf, and *Levis* allows *Plumbeus* to be an agreeable Rake for the ſame Reaſon. Now were theſe dear Friends to be free with each other as they ought to be, they would change Characters, and be both as commendable, inſtead of being as ridiculous, as their Capacities will admit of.

Were it not too grave, all that I would urge on this Subject is, that Men are bewildered when they conſider themſelves in any other View than that of Strangers, who are in a Place where it is no great Matter whether they can, or unreaſonable to expect they ſhould, have every Thing about them as well as at their own Home. This Way of Thinking is, perhaps, the only one that can put this Being into a proper Poſture for the Eaſe of Society. It is certain, this would reduce all Faults into thoſe which proceed from Malice or Diſhoneſty: It would quite change our Manner of beholding one another, and nothing that was

not

not below a Man's Nature would be below his Character. The Arts of this Life would be proper Advances towards the next; and a very good Man would be a very fine Gentleman. As it now is, Humane Life is inverted, and we have not learned half the Knowledge of this World before we are dropping into another. Thus, inſtead of the Raptures and Contemplations which naturally attend a well-ſpent Life from the Approach of Eternity, even we old Fellows are afraid of the Ridicule of thoſe who are born ſince us, and aſhamed not to underſtand, as well as peeviſh to reſign, the Mode, the Faſhion, the Ladies, the Fiddles, the Balls, and what not. *Dick Reptile,* who does not want Humour, is very pleaſant at our Club when he ſees an old Fellow touchy at being laughed at for any Thing that is not in the Mode, and bawls in his Ear, *Prithee don't mind him; tell him thou art mortal.*

The TATLER. [N° 247.

By *Jenny D ſtaff*, Half-Siſter to Mr. *Bickerſtaff.*

Ædepol, næ nos æque ſumus omnes inviſæ Viris
Propter paucas, quæ omnes faciunt dignæ ut videamur malo. Ter.

From *Saturd. Nov.* 4. to *Tueſd. Nov.* 7. 1710.

From my own Apartment, November 6.

MY Brother having written the above Piece of *Latin*, deſired me to take Care of the reſt of the enſuing Paper. Towards this he bid me anſwer the following Letter, and ſaid, Nothing I could write properly on the Subject of it would be diſagreeable to the Motto. It is the Cauſe of my Sex, and I therefore enter upon it with

with great Alacrity. The Epiſtle is literally thus:

Mr. Bickerſtaff, *Edenbourgh, Oct. 23.*

‘I Preſume to lay before you an Affair of mine, and begs you'le be very ſinceir in giving me your Judgment and Advice in this Matter, which is as followes:

‘ A very agreeable young Gentleman, who is endowed with all the good Quallities that can make a Man compleat, has this long Time maid Love to me in the moſt paſſionat Manner that was poſable. He has left nothing unſaid to make me belive his Affections real; and in his Letters expreſſed himſelf ſo hanſomly, and ſo tenderly, that I had all the Reaſon imaginable to belive him ſinceir. In ſhort, he poſitively has promiſed me he would marry me: But I find all he ſaid nothing; for when the Queſtion was put to him, he wouldn't; but ſtill would continue my Humble Servant, and would go on at the ould Rate, repeating the Aſſurences of his Fidelity (and at the ſame Time has none in him). He now writs to me in the ſame endearing Style he uſt to do, would have me ſpake to no Man but himſelf. His Eſtate is in his oune Hand, his Father being dead. My Fortune at my oune Diſpoſal, (mine being alſo dead) and to the full anſwers his Eſtate. Pray, Sir, be ingeinous, and tell me cordially, if you don't think I ſhall do my ſelf an Injurey if I keep Company or a Coroſpondance any longe[illegible] this Gentleman. I hope you'le faver an honeſt *North Briton* (as I am) with your Advice in this Amoure; for I am reſolved juſt to folow your Directions. Sir, you'le do me a ſenſable Pleaſure, and very great Honour, if you'le pleas to inſirt this poor Scrole, with your Anſwer to it, in your *Tatler*. Pray fail not to give

‘ me

‘ me your Anſwer; for on it depends the Hap-‘ pineſs of

Diſconſolat Almeira.

MADAM,

‘ I Have frequently read over your Letter, and ‘ am of Opinion, that as lamentable as it is, ‘ it is the moſt common of any Evil that attends ‘ our Sex. I am very much troubled for the Tenderneſs you expreſs towards your Lover, but ‘ rejoice at the ſame Time that you can ſo far ‘ ſurmount your Inclination for him as to reſolve ‘ to diſmiſs him when you have my Brother's ‘ Opinion for it. His Senſe of the Matter, he deſired me to communicate to you. Oh *Almeira!* The common Failing of our Sex is to value ‘ the Merit of our Lovers rather from the Grace ‘ of their Addreſs, than the Sincerity of their ‘ Hearts. *He has expreſſed himſelf ſo handſomely!* ‘ Can you ſay, that after you have Reaſon to ‘ doubt his Truth? It is a very melancholy ‘ Thing, that in this Circumſtance of Love (which ‘ is the moſt important of all others in Female ‘ Life) we Women, who are, they ſay, always ‘ weak, are ſtill weakeſt. The true Way of valuing a Man, is to conſider his Reputation ‘ among the Men: For Want of this neceſſary ‘ Rule towa ds her Conduct, when it is too late, ‘ we find our ſelves married to the Outcaſts of ‘ that Sex; and it is generally from being diſagreeable among Men, that Fellows endeavour ‘ to make themſelves pleaſing to us. The little ‘ Accompliſhments of coming into a Room with ‘ a good Air, and telling while they are with us ‘ what we cannot hear among our ſelves, uſually ‘ make up the whole of a Woman's Man's Merit. ‘ But if we, when we began to reflect upon our ‘ Lover, in the firſt Place conſidered what Figures ‘ they make in the Camp, at the Bar, on the ‘ *'Change*, in their Country, or at Court, we ſhould

‘ be-

'behold them in quite another View than at pre-'sent.

'Were we to behave our selves according to 'this Rule, we should not have the just Imputa-'tion of favouring the silliest of Mortals, to the 'great Scandal of the wisest, who value our Fa-'vour as it advances their Pleasure, not their 'Reputation. In a Word, Madam, if you would 'judge aright in Love, you must look upon it as 'in a Case of Friendship. Were this Gentleman 'treating with you for any Thing but your self, 'when you had consented to his Offer, if he fell 'off, you would call him a Cheat and an Impostor. 'There is therefore nothing left for you to do, but 'to despise him and your self for doing with Re-'gret.

I am,

MADAM, &c.

I have heard it often argued in Conversation, that this Evil Practice is owing to the perverted Tast of the Wits in the last Generation. A Libertine on the Throne, could very easily make the Language and the Fashion turn his own Way. Hence it is, that Woman is treated as a Mistress, and not a Wife. It is from the Writings of those Times, and the traditional Accounts of the Debauches of their Men of Pleasure, that the Coxcombs now-a-days take upon them, forsooth, to be false Swains and perjured Lovers. Methinks I feel all the Woman rise in me, when I reflect upon the nauseous Rogues that pretend to deceive us. Wretches, that can never have it in their Power to over-reach any Thing living but their Mistresses! In the Name of Goodness, if we are designed by Nature as suitable Companions to the other Sex, Why are we not treated accordingly? If we have Merit, as some allow, Why is it not as base in Men to injure us as one another? If we are the Insignificants that others call us, Where is the

the Triumph in deceiving us? But when I look at the Bottom of this Diſaſter, and recollect the many of my Acquaintance whom I have known in the ſame Condition with the *Northern Laſs* that occaſions this Diſcourſe, I muſt own I have ever found the Perfidiouſneſs of Men has been generally owing to our ſelves, and we have contributed to our own Deceit. The Truth is, we do not conduct our ſelves as we are courted, but as we are inclined. When we let our Imaginations take this unbridled Swing, it is not he that acts beſt is moſt lovely, but he that is moſt lovely acts beſt. When our humble Servants make their Addreſſes, we do not keep our ſelves enough diſingaged to be Judges of their Merit; and we ſeldom give our Judgment of our Lover, till we have loſt our Judgment of him.

While *Clarinda* was paſſionately attended and addreſſed to by *Strephon*, who is a Man of Senſe and Knowledge in the World; and *Caſſio*, who has a plentiful Fortune and an excellent Underſtanding, ſhe fell in Love with *Damon* at a Ball: From that Moment ſhe that was before the moſt reaſonable Creature of all my Acquaintance, cannot hear *Strephon* ſpeak, but it is ſomething ſo out *of the Way of Ladies Converſation*: And *Caſſio* has never ſince opened his Mouth before us, but ſhe whiſpers me, *How ſeldom do Riches and Senſe go together?* The Iſſue of all this is, that for the Love of *Damon*, who has neither Experience, Underſtanding, or Wealth, ſhe deſpiſes thoſe Advantages in the other Two which ſhe finds wanting in her Lover; or elſe thinks he has them for no Reaſon but becauſe he is her Lover. This and many other Inſtances may be given in this Town; but I hope thus much may ſuffice to prevent the Growth of ſuch Evils at *Edinburgh*.

The TATLER. [N° 248.

By *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq;

——— *Media sese tulit obvia Silva*
Virginis Os Habitumque gerens. ——— Virg.

From *Tuesday Nov.* 7. to *Thursday Nov.* 9. 1710.

From my own Apartment, November 8.

IT may perhaps appear ridiculous; but I must confess, this last Summer as I was riding in *Enfield Chase*, I met a young Lady whom I could hardly get out of my Head, and for ought I know my Heart, ever since. She was mounted on a Pad, with a very well-fancied Furniture. She sate her Horse with a very graceful Air; and when I saluted her with my Hat, she bowed to me so obligingly, that whether it was her Civility or Beauty that touched me so much, I know not, but I am sure I shall never forget her. She dwells in my Imagination in a Figure so much to her Advantage, that if I were to draw a Picture of Youth, Health, Beauty, or Modesty, I should represent any or all of them in the Person of that young Woman.

I do not find that there are any Descriptions in the ancient Poets so beautiful as those they draw of Nymphs in their Pastoral Dresses and Exercises. *Virgil* gives *Venus* the Habit of a *Spartan* Huntress when she is to put *Æneas* in his Way, and relieve his Cares with the most agreeable Object imaginable. *Diana* and her Train are always described as Inhabitants of the Woods, and Followers of the Chase. To be well diverted, is the safest Guard to Innocence; and, methinks, it should

ſhould be one of the firſt Things to be regarded among People of Condition to find out proper Amuſements for young Ladies. I cannot but think this of Riding might eaſily be revived among them, when they conſider how much it muſt contribute to their Beauty. This would lay up the beſt Portion they could bring into a Family, a good Stock of Health, to tranſmit to their Poſterity. Such a charming Bloom as this gives the Countenance, is very much preferable to the real or affected Feebleneſs or Softneſs which appear in the Faces of our modern Beauties.

The Comedy, called, *The Lady's Cure*, repreſents the Affectation of wan Looks and languid Glances to a very entertaining Extravagance. There is, as the Lady in the Play complains, ſomething ſo robuſt in perfect Health, that it is with her a Point of Breeding and Delicacy to appear in publick with a ſickly Air. But the natural Gaiety and Spirit which ſhine in the Complexion of ſuch as form to themſelves a Sort of diverting Induſtry by chuſing Recreations that are Exerciſes, ſurpaſs all the falſe Ornaments and Graces that can be put on by applying the whole Diſpenſary of a Toilet. An healthy Body and a chearful Mind give Charms as irreſiſtible as inimitable. The Beauteous *Dictynna*, who came to Town laſt Week, has from the conſtant Proſpect in a delicious Country, and the moderate Exerciſe and Journeys in the Viſits ſhe made round it, contracted a certain Life in her Countenance which will in vain employ both the Painters and Poets to repreſent. The becoming Negligence in her Dreſs, the ſevere Sweetneſs of her Looks, and a certain innocent Boldneſs in all her Behaviour, are the Effect of the active Recreations I am talking of.

But inſtead of ſuch or any other as innocent and pleaſing Method of paſſing away their Time with Alacrity, we have many in Town who ſpend

ſpend their Hours in an indolent State of Body and Mind, without either Recreations or Reflections. I am apt to believe, there are ſome Parents imagine their Daughters will be accompliſhed enough, if nothing interrupts their Growth or their Shape. According to this Method of Education, I could name you Twenty Families, where all the Girls hear of in this Life is, That it is Time to riſe and to come to Dinner; as if they were ſo inſignificant as to be wholly provided for when they are fed and cloathed.

It is with great Indignation that I ſee ſuch Crowds of the Female World loſt to humane Society, and condemned to a Lazineſs, which makes Life paſs away with leſs Reliſh than in the hardeſt Labour. *Paleſtris* in her Drawing-Room, is ſupported by Spirits to keep off the Returns of Spleen and Melancholy, before ſhe can get over half the Day for want of ſomething to do, while the Wench in the Kitchen ſings and ſcowrs from Morning to Night.

The next diſagreeable Thing to a lazy Lady, is a very buſy one. A Man of Buſineſs in good Company, who gives an Account of his Abilities and Diſpatches, is hardly more inſupportable than her they call a Notable Woman, and a Manager. Lady *Goodday*, where I viſited the other Day at a very polite Circle, entertained a great Lady with a *Recipe* for a Poultice, and gave us to underſtand, that ſhe had done extraordinary Cures ſince ſhe was laſt in Town. It ſeems a Countryman had wounded himſelf with his Sithe as he was Mowing; and we were obliged to hear of her Charity, her Medicine, and her Humanity, in the harſheſt Tone, and courſeſt Language imaginable.

What I would requeſt in all this Prattle is, that our Females would either let us have their Perſons or their Minds in ſuch Perfection as Nature deſigned them.

The

The Way to this is, that thoſe who are in the Quality of Gentlewomen ſhould propoſe to themſelves ſome ſuitable Method of paſſing away their Time. This would furniſh them with Reflections and Sentiments proper for the Companions of reaſonable Men, and prevent the unnatural Marriages which happen every Day between the moſt accompliſhed Women, and the verieſt Oafs; the worthieſt Men, and the moſt inſignificant Females. Were the general Turn of Womens Education of another Kind than it is at preſent, we ſhould want one another for more Reaſons than we do as the World now goes. The common Deſign of Parents is to get their Girls off as well as they can, and make no Conſcience of putting into our Hands a Bargain for our whole Life, which will make our Hearts ake every Day of it.

I ſhall therefore take this Matter into ſerious Conſideration, and will propoſe, for the better Improvement of the Fair Sex, a *Female Library*. This Collection of Books ſhall conſiſt of ſuch Authors as do not corrupt while they divert, but ſhall tend more immediately to improve them, as they are Women. They ſhall be ſuch as ſhall not hurt a Feature by the Auſterity of their Reflections, nor cauſe one impertinent Glance by the Wantonneſs of them. They ſhall all tend to advance the Value of their Innocence as Virgins, improve their Underſtanding as Wives, and regulate their Tenderneſs as Parents. It has been very often ſaid in theſe Lucubrations, that the Ideas which moſt frequently paſs through our Imaginations, leave Traces of themſelves in our Countenances. There ſhall be a ſtrict Regard had to this in my Female Library, which ſhall be furniſhed with nothing that ſhall give Supplies to Oſtentation or Impertinence; but the whole ſhall be ſo digeſted for the Uſe of my Students, that they ſhall not go out of Character in their Enquiries, but their Knowledge appear only a cultivated Innocence.

The

The TATLER. [N° 249.

Per varios Caſus, per tot Diſcrimina Rerum,
Tendimus. ——— Virg.

From *Thurſday Nov.* 9. to *Saturday Nov.* 11. 1710.

From my own Apartment, November 10.

I Was laſt Night viſited by a Friend of mine who has an inexhauſtible Fund of Diſcourſe, and never fails to entertain his Company with a Variety of Thoughts and Hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in Complaiſance to my Way of Living, or his real Opinion, he advanced the following Paradox, That it required much greater Talents to fill up and become a retired Life, than a Life of Buſineſs. Upon this Occaſion he rallied very agreeably the buſie Men of the Age, who only valued themſelves of being in Motion, and paſſing through a Series of trifling and inſignificant Actions. In the Heat of his Diſcourſe, ſeeing a Piece of Money lying on my Table, I defie (ſays he) any of theſe active Perſons to produce half the Adventures that this Twelvepenny-Piece has been engaged in, were it poſſible for him to give us an Account of his Life.

My Friend's Talk made ſo odd an Impreſſion upon my Mind, that ſoon after I was a-Bed I fell inſenſibly into a moſt unaccountable *Reſverie*, that had neither Moral nor Deſign in it, and cannot be ſo properly called a Dream as a Delirium.

Methoughts the Shilling that lay upon the Table reared it ſelf upon its Edge, and turning the Face towards me, opened its Mouth, and in a ſoft

Silver Sound gave me the following Account of his Life and Adventures:

I was born, ſays he, on the Side of a Mountain, near a little Village of *Peru*, and made a Voyage to *England* in an Ingot, under the Convoy of Sir *Francis Drake*. I was, ſoon after my Arrival, taken out of my *Indian* Habit, refined, naturalized, and put into the *Britiſh* Mode, with the Face of Queen *Elizabeth* on one Side, and the Arms of the Country on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful Inclination to ramble, and viſit all the Parts of the new World into which I was brought. The People very much favoured my natural Diſpoſition, and ſhifted me ſo faſt from Hand to Hand, that before I was Five Years old, I had travelled into almoſt every Corner of the Nation. But in the Beginning of my Sixth Year, to my unſpeakable Grief, I fell into the Hands of a miſerable old Fellow, who clapped me into an Iron Cheſt, where I found Five Hundred more of my own Quality who lay under the ſame Confinement. The only Relief we had, was to be taken out and counted over in the freſh Air every Morning and Evening. After an Impriſonment of ſeveral Years, we heard ſome Body knocking at our Cheſt, and breaking it open with an Hammer. This we found was the old Man's Heir, who, as his Father lay a dying, was ſo good as to come to our Releaſe: He ſeparated us that very Day. What was the Fate of my Companions, I know not: As for my ſelf, I was ſent to the Apothecary's Shop for a Pint of Sack. The Apothecary gave me to an Herb-Woman, the Herb-Woman to a Butcher, the Butcher to a Brewer, and the Brewer to his Wife, who made a Preſent of me to a Nonconformiſt Preacher. After this Manner I made my Way merrily through the World; for, as I told you before, we Shillings love nothing ſo much as travelling. I ſometimes fetched in a Shoulder of Mutton,

ſome-

ſometimes a Play-Book, and often had the Satiſfaction to treat a Templer at a Twelvepenny Ordinary, or carry him with Three Friends to *Weſtminſter-Hall.*

In the Midſt of this pleaſant Progreſs which I made from Place to Place, I was arreſted by a ſuperſtitious old Woman, who ſhut me up in a greazy Purſe, in Purſuance of a fooliſh Saying, That while ſhe kept a Queen *Elizabeth*'s Shilling about her, ſhe ſhould never be without Money. I continued here a cloſe Priſoner for many Months, till at laſt I was exchanged for Eight and Forty Farthings.

I thus rambled from Pocket to Pocket till the Beginning of the Civil Wars, when (to my Shame be it ſpoken) I was employed in raiſing Soldiers againſt the King: For being of a very tempting Breadth, a Serjeant made Uſe of me to inveigle Country Fellows, and liſt them in the Service of the Parliament.

As ſoon as he had made one Man ſure, his Way was to oblige him to take a Shilling of a more homely Figure, and then practiſe the ſame Trick upon another. Thus I continued doing great Miſchief to the Crown, till my Officer chancing one Morning to walk Abroad earlier than ordinary, ſacrificed me to his Pleaſures, and made Uſe of me to ſeduce a Milk-Maid. This Wench bent me, and gave me to her Sweetheart, applying more properly than ſhe intended the uſual Form of, *To my Love and from my Love.* This ungenerous Gallant marrying her within few Days after, pawned me for a Dram of Brandy, and drinking me out next Day, I was beaten flat with an Hammer, and again ſet a running.

After many Adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was ſent to a young Spendthrift, in Company with the Will of his deceaſed Father. The young Fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great Demonſtrations of Joy at

the Receiving the Will; but opening it, he found himſelf diſinherited and cut off from the Poſſeſſion of a fair Eſtate, by Vertue of my being made a Preſent to him. This put him into ſuch a Paſſion, that after having taken me in his Hand, and curſed me, he ſquirred me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented Place under a dead Wall, where I lay undiſcovered and uſeleſs, during the Uſurpation of *Oliver Cromwell*.

About a Year after the King's Return, a poor Cavalier that was walking there about Dinner-time fortunately caſt his Eye upon me, and, to the great Joy of us both, carried me to a Cook's-Shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the King's Health. When I came again into the World, I found that I had been happier in my Retirement than I thought, having probably by that Means eſcaped wearing a monſtrous Pair of Breeches.

Being now of great Credit and Antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a Medal than an ordinary Coin; for which Reaſon a Gameſter laid hold of me, and converted me into a Counter, having got together ſome Dozens of us for that Uſe. We led a melancholy Life in his Poſſeſſion, being buſy at thoſe Hours wherein Current Coin is at reſt, and partaking the Fate of our Maſter, being in a few Moments valued at a Crown, a Pound, or a Sixpence, according to the Situation in which the Fortune of the Cards placed us. I had at length the good Luck to ſee my Maſter break, by which Means I was again ſent Abroad under my primitive Denomination of a Shilling.

I ſhall paſs over many other Accidents of leſs Moment, and haſten to that fatal Cataſtrophe when I fell into the Hands of an Artiſt who conveyed me under Ground, and with an unmerciful Pair of Sheers cut off my Titles, clipped my Brims,

Brims, retrenched my Shape, rubbed me to my inmost Ring, and, in short, so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave me worth a Groat. You may think what a Confusion I was in to see my self thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have shown my Head, had not all my old Acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful Figure. excepting some few that were punched through the Belly. In the midst of this general Calamity, when every Body thought our Misfortune irretrievable, and our Case desperate, we were thrown into the Furnace together, and (as it often happens with Cities rising out of a Fire) appeared with greater Beauty and Lustre than we could ever boast of before. What has happened to me since this Change of Sex which you now see, I shall take some other Opportunity to relate. In the mean Time I shall only repeat Two Adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my Life. The First was, my being in a Poet's Pocket, who was so taken with the Brightness and Novelty of my Appearance, that it gave Occasion to the finest Burlesque Poem in the *British* Language, entituled from me, *The Splendid Shilling.* The Second Adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the Year 1703, when I was given away in Charity to a blind Man; but indeed this was by a Mistake, the Person who gave me having heedlesly thrown me into the Hat among a Pennyworth of Farthings.

The TATLER. [Nº 250.

Scis etenim Justum gemina suspendere Lance
Ancipitis Libræ. ——— Perf.

From *Saturd. Nov.* 11. to *Tuesd. Nov.* 14. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 13.

I Last Winter erected a Court of Justice for the correcting of several Enormities in Dress and Behaviour, which are not cognizable in any other Courts of this Realm. The Vintner's Case which I there tryed is still fresh in every Man's Memory. That of the Petticoat gave also a general Satisfaction, not to mention the more important Points of the Cane and Perspective; in which, if I did not give Judgments and Decrees according to the strictest Rules of Equity and Justice, I can safely say, I acted according to the best of my Understanding. But as for the Proceedings of that Court, I shall refer my Reader to an Account of them, written by my Secretary, which is now in the Press, and will shortly be published under the Title of *Lillie*'s *Reports*.

As I last Year presided over a Court of Justice, it is my Intention this Year to set my self at the Head of a Court of Honour. There is no Court of this Nature any where at present, except in *France*, where, according to the best of my Intelligence, it consists of such only as are Marshals of that Kingdom. I am likewise informed, that there is not one of that honourable Board at present who has not been driven out of the Field by the Duke of *Marlborough*: But whether this be only an accidental or a necessary Qualification, I must confess I am not able to determine.

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As for the Court of Honour of which I am here speaking, I intend to fit my self in it as President, with several Men of Honour on my Right Hand, and Women of Virtue on my Left, as my Assistants. The First Place of the Bench I have given to an old *Tangereen* Captain with a Wooden Leg. The Second is a Gentleman of a long twisted Periwig without a Curl in it, a Muff with very little Hair upon it, and a Thread-bare Coat with new Buttons, being a Person of great Worth, and Second Brother to a Man of Quality. The Third is a Gentleman-Usher, extreamly well read in Romances, and Grandson to one of the greatest Wits in *Germany*, who was some Time Master of the Ceremonies to the Duke of *Wolfembuttel*.

As for those who sit further on my Right Hand, as it is usual in publick Courts, they are such as will fill up the Number of Faces upon the Bench, and serve rather for Ornament than Use.

The chief upon my Left Hand are, an old Maiden Lady, that preserves some of the best Blood of *England* in her Veins.

A *Welsh* Woman of a little Stature, but high Spirit.

An old Prude that has censured every Marriage for these Thirty Years, and is lately wedded to a young Rake.

Having thus furnished my Bench, I shall establish Correspondencies with the Horse-Guards, and the Veterans of *Chelsea-College*; the former to furnish me with Twelve Men of Honour as often as I shall have Occasion for a Grand Jury, and the latter with as many good Men and true for a Petty Jury.

As for the Women of Virtue, it will not be difficult for me to find them about Midnight at Crimp and Basset.

Having given this publick Notice of my Court, I muſt further add, that I intend to open it on this Day Sevennight, being *Monday* the Twentieth Inſtant; and do hereby invite all ſuch as have ſuffered Injuries and Affronts, that are not to be redreſſed by the common Laws of this Land, whether they be ſhort Bows, cold Salutations, ſupercilious Looks, unreturned Smiles, diſtant Behaviour, or forced Familiarity; as alſo all ſuch as have been aggrieved by any ambiguous Expreſſion, accidental Juſtle, or unkind Repartee; likewiſe all ſuch as have been defrauded of their Right to the Wall, tricked out of the upper End of the Table, or have been ſuffered to place themſelves in their own Wrong on the Back-Seat of the Coach: Theſe, and all of theſe, I do, as I above ſaid, invite to bring in their ſeveral Caſes and Complaints, in which they ſhall be relieved with all imaginable Expedition.

I am very ſenſible, that the Office I have now taken upon me will engage me in the Diſquiſition of many weighty Points that daily perplex the Youth of the *Britiſh* Nation, and therefore I have already diſcuſſed ſeveral of them for my future Uſe; as, How far a Man may brandiſh his Cane in the telling a Story, without inſulting his Hearer? What Degree of Contradiction amounts to the Lye? How a Man ſhould reſent another's ſtaring and cocking a Hat in his Face? If asking Pardon is an Attonement for treading upon ones Toes? Whether a Man may put up a Box on the Ear received from a Stranger in the Dark? Or, Whether a Man of Honour may take a Blow of his Wife? With ſeveral other Subtilties of the like Nature.

For my Direction in the Duties of my Office, I have furniſhed my ſelf with a certain Aſtrological Pair of Scales which I have contrived for this Purpoſe. In one of them I lay the Injuries, in the other the Reparations. The firſt are repre-

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ſented by little Weights made of a Metal reſembling Iron, and the other in Gold. Theſe are not only lighter than the Weights made uſe of in Averdupois, but alſo than ſuch as are uſed in Troy-Weight. The heavieſt of thoſe that repreſent the Injuries amount but to a Scruple; and decreaſe by ſo many Sub-diviſions, that there are ſeveral imperceptible Weights which cannot be ſeen without the Help of a very fine Microſcope. I might acquaint my Reader, that theſe Scales were made under the Influence of the Sun when he was in *Libra*, and deſcribe many Signatures on the Weights both of Injury and Reparation: But as this would look rather to proceed from an Oſtentation of my own Art than any Care for the Publick, I ſhall paſs it over in Silence.

The Letter of the 7th Inſtant, enquired for by another of the 11th, came to Hand.

The TATLER. [N° 251.

Quiſnam igitur Liber? Sapiens, ſibi qui Imperioſus,
Quem neque Pauperies, neque Mors, neque Vincula terrent:
Reſponſare Cupidinibus, contemnere Honores,
Fortis, & in ſeipſo totus teres atque rotundus,
Externi nequid valeat per læve morari;
In quem manca ruit ſemper Fortuna. —— Hor.

From *Tueſd. Nov.* 14. to *Thurſd. Nov.* 16. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 15.

IT is neceſſary to an eaſy and happy Life, to poſſeſs our Minds in ſuch a Manner as to be always well ſatisfied with our own Reflections.

The Way to this State, is to meaſure our Actions by our own Opinion, and not by that of the reſt of the World. The Senſe of other Men ought to prevail over us in Things of leſs Conſideration, but not in Concerns where Truth and Honour are engaged. When we look into the Bottom of Things, what at firſt appears a Paradox, is a plain Truth; and thoſe Profeſſions which, for Want of being duly weighed, ſeem to proceed from a Sort of Romantick Philoſophy, and Ignorance of the World, after a little Reflection are ſo reaſonable, that it is direct Madneſs to walk by any other Rules. Thus to contradict our Deſires, and to conquer the Impulſes of our Ambition, if they do not fall in with what we in our inward Sentiments approve, is ſo much our Intereſt, and ſo abſolutely neceſſary to our real Happineſs, that to contemn all the Wealth and Power in the World, where they ſtand in Competition with a Man's Honour, is rather good Senſe than Greatneſs of Mind.

Did we conſider that the Mind of a Man is the Man himſelf, we ſhould think it the moſt unnatural Sort of Self-Murther to ſacrifice the Sentiment of the Soul to gratify the Appetites of the Body. Bleſs us! Is it poſſible, that when the Neceſſities of Life are ſupplied, a Man would flatter to be rich, or circumvent to be powerful? When we meet a poor Wretch urged with Hunger and Cold asking an Alms, we are apt to think this a State we could rather ſtarve than ſubmit to: But yet how much more deſpicable is his Condition who is above Neceſſity, and yet ſhall reſign his Reaſon and his Integrity to purchaſe Superfluities? Theſe are both abject and common Beggars; but ſure it is leſs deſpicable to beg a Supply to a Man's Hunger than his Vanity. But Cuſtom and general Prepoſſeſſions have ſo far prevailed over an unthinking World, that thoſe neceſſitous Creatures who cannot reliſh Life without

without Applause, Attendance, and Equipage, are so far from making a contemptible Figure, that distressed Virtue is less esteemed than successful Vice. But if a Man's Appeal in Cases that regarded his Honour were made to his own Soul, there would be a Basis and standing Rule for our Conduct, and we should always endeavour rather to be than appear honourable. Mr. *Collier*, in his Essay on *Fortitude*, has treated this Subject with great Wit and Magnanimity. *What* (says he) *can be more honourable than to have Courage enough to execute the Commands of Reason and Conscience; to maintain the Dignity of our Nature, and the Station assigned us? To be Proof against Poverty, Pain, and Death it self? I mean so far as not to do any Thing that's scandalous or sinful to avoid them? To stand Adversity under all Shapes with Decency and Resolution? To do this, is to be great above Title and Fortune. This argues the Soul of an Heavenly Extraction, and is worthy the Offspring of the Deity.*

What a generous Ambition has this Man pointed to us? When Men have settled in themselves a Conviction by such noble Precepts, that there is nothing honourable that is not accompanied with Innocence; nothing mean but what has Guilt in it; I say, when they have attained thus much, though Poverty, Pain, and Death, may still retain their Terrors, yet Riches, Pleasures, and Honours, will easily lose their Charms, if they stand between us and our Integrity.

What is here said with Allusion to Fortune and Fame, may as justly be applied to Wit and Beauty; for these latter are as adventitious as the other, and as little concern the Essence of the Soul. They are all laudable in the Man who possesses them only for the just Application of them. A bright Imagination, while it is subservient to an honest and noble Soul, is a Faculty which makes a Man justly admired by Mankind, and

furnishes him with Reflections upon his own Actions, which add Delicates to the Feast of a good Conscience: But when Wit descends to wait upon sensual Pleasures, or promote the base Purposes of Ambition, it is then to be contemned in Proportion to its Excellence. If a Man will not resolve to place the Foundation of his Happiness in his own Mind, Life is a bewildered and unhappy State, incapable of Rest or Tranquillity: For to such a one the general Applause of Valour, Wit, nay of Honesty it self, can give him but a very feeble Comfort, since it is capable of being interrupted by any one who wants either Understanding or Good-nature to see or acknowledge such Excellencies. This Rule is so necessary, that one may very safely say, it is impossible to know any true Relish of our Being without it. Look about you in common Life among the ordinary Race of Mankind, and you will find Merit in every Kind is allowed only to those who are in particular Districts or Sets of Company: But since Men can have little Pleasure in these Faculties which denominate them Persons of Distinction, let them give up such an empty Pursuit, and think nothing essential to Happiness but what is in their own Power, the Capacity of reflecting with Pleasure on their own Actions, however they are interpreted.

It is so evident a Truth, that it is only in our own Bosoms we are to search for any Thing to make us happy, that it is, methinks, a Disgrace to our Nature to talk of the taking our Measures from thence only as a Matter of Fortitude. When all is well there, the Vicissitudes and Distinctions of Life are the meer Scenes of a Drama, and he will never act his Part well who has his Thoughts more fixed upon the Applause of the Audience than the Design of his Part.

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The Life of a Man who acts with a steady Integrity, without valuing the Interpretation of his Actions, has but one uniform regular Path to move in, where he cannot meet Opposition, or fear Ambuscade. On the other Side, the least Deviation from the Rules of Honour introduces a Train of numberless Evils, and involves him in inexplicable Mazes. He that has entred into Guilt has bid Adieu to Rest, and every Criminal has his Share of the Misery expressed so emphatically in the Tragedian;

Mackbeth shall sleep no more!

It was with Detestation of any other Grandeur but the calm Command of his own Passion, that the excellent Mr. *Cowley* cries out with so much Justice;

If e're Ambition did my Fancy cheat,
With any Thought so mean as to be great,
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
The humble Blessings of that Life I love.

The TATLER. [N° 252.

Narratur & prisci Catonis
Saepe Mero caluisse Virtus. Hor.

From *Thursd. Nov.* 16. to *Saturd. Nov.* 18. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 17.

THE following Letter, and several others to the same Purpose, accuse me of a Rigour of which I am far from being guilty, to wit, the disallowing the chearful Use of Wine.

Mr. Bickerſtaff, *From my Country-houſe*, Oct. 25.

‘YOur Diſcourſe againſt Drinking, in *Tueſday's Tatler*, I like well enough in the main; but in my humble Opinion, you are become too rigid where you ſay to this Effect: [Were there only this ſingle Conſideration, that we are the leſs Maſters of our ſelves if we drink the leaſt Proportion beyond the Exigence of Thirſt.] I hope no one drinks Wine to allay this Appetite. This ſeems to be deſigned for a loftier Indulgence of Nature; for it were hard to ſuppoſe, that the Author of Nature, who impoſed upon her her Neceſſities and Pains, does not allow her her Pleaſures, and we may reckon among the latter the moderate Uſe of the Grape: And though I am as much againſt Exceſs, or whatever approaches it, as your ſelf, yet I conceive one may ſafely go farther than the Bounds you there preſcribe, not only without forfeiting the Title of being one's own Maſter, but alſo to poſſeſs it in a much greater Degree. If a Man's expreſſing himſelf upon any Subject with more Life and Vivacity, more Variety of Idea's, more copiouſly, more fluently, and more to the Purpoſe, argues it he thinks clearer, ſpeaks more ready, and with greater Choice of comprehenſive and ſignificant Terms. I have the good Fortune now to be intimate with a Gentleman remarkable for this Temper, who has an inexhauſtible Source of Wit to entertain the Curious, the Grave, the Humorous, and the Frolick. He can transform himſelf into different Shapes, and adapt himſelf to every Company; yet in a Coffee-houſe, or in the ordinary Courſe of Affairs, appears rather dull than ſprightly. You can ſeldom get him to the Tavern, but when once he is is arrived to his Pint, and begins to look about and like his Company, you admire a Thou-

'tand Things in him, which before lay buried. Then you diſcover the Brightneſs of his Mind, and the Strength of his Judgment, accompanied with the moſt graceful Mirth. In a Word, by this enlivening Aid, he is whatever is polite, inſtructive, and diverting. What makes him ſtill more agreeable is, that he tells a Story, ſerious or comical, with as much Delicacy of Humour as *Cervantes* himſelf. And for all this, at other Times, even after a long Knowledge of him, you ſhall ſcarce diſcern in this incomparable Perſon a whit more than what might be expected from one of a common Capacity. Doubtleſs, there are Men of great Parts that are guilty of downright Baſhfulneſs, that by a ſtrange Heſitation and Reluctance to ſpeak, murder the fineſt and moſt elegant Thoughts, and render the moſt lively Conceptions flat and heavy.

'In this Caſe, a certain Quantity of my White or Red Cordial, which you will, is an eaſie, but an infallible Remedy. It awakens the Judgment, quickens Memory, ripens Underſtanding, diſperſes Melancholy, chears the Heart; in a Word, reſtores the whole Man to himſelf and his Friends without the leaſt Pain or Indiſpoſition to the Patient. To be taken only in the Evening in a reaſonable Quantity before going to Bed. *Note*, My Bottles are ſealed with Three Flower-de-Luces and a Bunch of Grapes. Beware of Counterfeits. I am

Your moſt Humble Servant, &c.

Whatever has been ſaid againſt the Uſe of Wine, upon the Suppoſition that it enfeebles the Mind, and renders it unfit for the Duties of Life, bears forcibly to the Advantage of that delicious Juice, in Caſes where it only heightens Converſation, and brings to Light agreeable Talents, which otherwiſe would have lain concealed under the Oppreſſion

Oppression of an unjust Modesty. I must acknowledge I have seen many of the Temper mentioned by this Correspondent, and own, Wine may very allowably be used in a Degree above the Supply of meer Necessity by such as labour under Melancholy, or are Tongue-ty'd by Modesty. It is certainly a very agreeable Change, when we see a Glass raise a lifeless Conversation into all the Pleasures of Wit and good Humour. But when *Caska* adds to his natural Impudence the Fluster of a Bottle, that which Fools called Fire when he was sober, all Men abhor as Outrage when he is drunk. Thus he that in the Morning was only saucy, is in the Evening tumultuous. It makes one sick to hear one of these Fellows say, They love a Friend and a Bottle. Noisy Mirth has something too rustick in it to be considered without Terror by Men of Politeness: But while the Discourse improves in a well chosen Company, from the Addition of Spirits which flow from moderate Cups, it must be acknowledged, that Leisure Time cannot be more agreeably, or perhaps more usefully employed than at such Meetings: But there is a certain Prudence in this and all other Circumstances which makes Right or Wrong in the Conduct of ordinary Life. Sir *Jeoffrey Wildacre* has nothing so much at Heart as that his Son should know the World betimes: For this End he introduces him among the Sots of his own Age, where the Boy learns to laugh at his Father from the Familiarity with which he sees him treated by his Equals. This the old Fellow calls Living well with his Heir, and teaching him to be too much his Friend to be impatient for his Estate. But for the more exact Regulation of Society in this and other Matters, I shall publish Tables of the Characters and Relations among Men, and by them instruct the Town in making Sets and Companies for a Bottle. This Humour

of

of Sir *Jeoffrey* ſhall be taken Notice of in the firſt Place; for there is, methinks, a Sort of Inceſt in Drunkenneſs, and Sons are not to behold Fathers ſtripped of all Reverence.

It is ſhocking in Nature for the Young, to ſee thoſe whom they ſhould have an Awe for in Circumſtances of Contempt. I ſhall therefore utterly forbid, that thoſe in whom Nature ſhould admoniſh to avoid too groſs Familiarities, ſhall be received in Parties of Pleaſure where there is the leaſt Danger of Exceſs. I ſhould run through the whole Doctrine of Drinking, but that my Thoughts are at preſent too much employed in the Modelling *my Court of Honour*; and altering the Seats, Benches, Bar, and Canopy from that of the Court wherein I laſt Winter ſate upon Cauſes of leſs Moment. By the Way I ſhall take an Opportunity to examine, what Method is to be taken to make Joiners and other Artificers get out of a Houſe they have once entered, not forgetting to tie them under proper Regulations. It is for Want of ſuch Rules, that I have a Day or two longer than I expected been tormented and deafened with Hammers, inſomuch that I neither can purſue this Diſcourſe, or anſwer the following and many other Letters of the higheſt Importance.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*,

'WE are Man and Wife, and have a Boy and 'a Girl: The Lad Seventeen, the Maiden 'Sixteen. We are quarrelling about ſome Parts 'of their Education. I *Ralph* cannot bear that 'I muſt pay for the Girl's Learning on the Spinnet, when I know ſhe has no Ear. I *Bridget* 'have not Patience to have my Son whipped be'cauſe he cannot make Verſes, when I know he 'is a Blockhead. Pray, Sir, inform us, Is it ab'ſolutely neceſſary that all who wear Breeches 'muſt be taught to Rhime, all in Petticoats to 'touch an Inſtrument? Pleaſe to interpoſe in this

'and

'and the like Cases, to end much solid Distress 'which arises from trifling Causes, as it is com- 'mon in Wedlock, and you will very much oblige 'us and ours.

Ralph } *Yokefellow.*
Bridget }

The TATLER. [Nº 253.

Pietate gravem ac Meritis si forte Virum quem Conspexere, silent, arrectisq; Auribus astant. Virg.

From *Saturd.* *Nov* 18. to *Tuesd.* *Nov.* 21. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 20.

Extract of the Journal of the *Court of Honour*, 1710.

Die Lunæ vicesimo Novembris, Hora nona Antemeridiana.

THE Court being sat, an Oath prepared by the Censor was administred to the Assistants on his Right Hand, who were all sworn upon their Honour. The Women on his Left Hand took the same Oath upon their Reputation. Twelve Gentlemen of the Horse-Guards were empannelled, having unanimously chosen Mr. *Alexander Truncheon*, who is their Right-Hand Man in the Troop, for their Foreman in the Jury. Mr. *Truncheon* immediately drew his Sword, and holding it with the Point towards his own Body, presented it to the Censor. Mr. *Bickerstaff* received it, and after having surveyed the Breadth of the Blade, and Sharpness of the Point, with more than

than ordinary Attention, returned it to the Foreman in a very graceful Manner. The rest of the Jury, upon the Delivery of the Sword to their Foreman, drew all of them together as one Man, and saluted the Bench with such an Air, as signified the most resigned Submission to those who commanded them, and the greatest Magnanimity to execute what they should command.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*, after having received the Compliments on his Right Hand, cast his Eye upon the Left, where the whole Female Jury paid their Respects by a low Courtesie, and by laying their Hands upon their Mouths. Their Forewoman was a professed *Platonist*, that had spent much of her Time in exhorting the Sex to set a just Value upon their Persons, and to make the Men know themselves.

There followed a profound Silence, when at length, after some Recollection, the Censor, who continued hitherto uncovered, put on his Hat with great Dignity; and after having composed the Brims of it in a Manner suitable to the Gravity of his Character, he gave the following Charge, which was received with Silence and Attention, that being the only Applause which he admits of, or is ever given in his Presence.

'The Nature of my Office, and the Solemnity 'of this Occasion, requiring that I should open 'my First Session with a Speech, I shall cast what 'I have to say under Two principal Heads.

'Under the First, I shall endeavour to show the 'Necessity and Usefulness of this new-erected 'Court; and under the Second, I shall give a Word 'of Advice and Instruction to every constituent 'Part of it.

'As for the First, it is well observed by *Phædrus* 'an Heathen Poet,

Nisi utile est quod facimus, frustra est Gloria.

' Which is the same, Ladies, as if I should say, ' *It would be of no Reputation for me to be President* ' *of a Court which is of no Benefit to the Publick.* ' Now the Advantages that may arise to the ' Weal-Publick from this Institution will more ' plainly appear, if we consider what it suffers ' for the Want of it. Are not our Streets daily ' filled with wild Pieces of Justice and random ' Penalties? Are not Crimes undetermined, and ' Reparations disproportioned? How often have ' we seen the Lye punished by Death, and the ' Lyar himself deciding his own Cause? nay, not ' only acting the Judge, but the Excutioner? ' Have we not known a Box on the Ear more se- ' verely accounted for than Manslaughter? In ' these Extrajudicial Proceedings of Mankind, an ' unmannerly Jest is frequently as Capital as a ' premeditated Murder.

' But the most pernicious Circumstance in this ' Case is, that the Man who suffers the Injury ' must put himself upon the same Foot of Danger ' with him that gave it, before he can have his ' just Revenge; so that the Punishment is altoge- ' ther accidental, and may fall as well upon the ' Innocent as the Guilty.

' I shall only mention a Case which happens ' frequently among the more polite Nations of ' the World, and which I the rather mention, be- ' cause both Sexes are concerned in it, and which ' therefore you Gentlemen and you Ladies of the ' Jury will the rather take Notice of; I mean ' that great and known Case of Cuckoldom. ' Supposing the Person who has suffered Insults in ' his dearer and better-Half; supposing, I say, this ' Person should resent the Injuries done to his ' tender Wife, What is the Reparation he may ' expect? Why, to be used worse than his ' poor Lady, run through the Body, and left

' Breath-

'Breathless upon the Bed of Honour. What then 'will you on my Right Hand say must the Man 'do that is affronted? Must our Sides be elbow-'ed, our Shins broken? Must the Wall, or per-'haps our Mistress, be taken from us? May a 'Man knit his Forhead into a Frown, toss up his 'Arm, or pish at what we say, and must the 'Villain live after it? Is there no Redress for 'injured Honour? Yes, Gentlemen, that is the 'Design of the Judicature we have here esta-'blished.

'A Court of Conscience, we very well know, 'was first instituted for the determining of se-'veral Points of Property that were too little and 'trivial for the Cognizance of higher Courts of 'Justice. In the same Manner, our Court of Ho-'nour is appointed for the Examination of seve-'ral Niceties and Punctilio's that do not pass for 'Wrongs in the Eye of our common Laws. But 'notwithstanding no Legislators of any Nation 'have taken into Consideration these little Cir-'cumstances, they are such as often lead to 'Crimes big enough for their Inspection, though 'they come before them too late for their Re-'dress.

'Besides, I appeal to you, Ladies, [*Here Mr.* Bick-'erstaff *turned to his Left Hand*] if these are not 'the little Stings and Thorns in Life that make 'it more uneasy than its most substantial Evils? 'Confess ingenuously, Did you never lose a Morn-'ing's Devotions because you could not offer them 'up from the highest Place of the Pew? Have you 'not been in Pain, even at a Ball, because ano-'ther has been taken out to dance before you? 'Do you love any of your Friends so much as 'those that are below you? Or have you any 'Favourites that walk on your Right Hand? 'You have answered me in your Looks, I ask no 'more.

I

'I come now to the Second Part of my Dis-
'course, which obliges me to address my self in
'particular to the respective Members of the
'Court, in which I shall be very brief.

'As for you, Gentlemen and Ladies my
'Assistants and Grand Juries, I have made Choice
'of you on my Right Hand, because I know you
'very jealous of your Honour; and you on my
'Left, because I know you very much concerned
'for the Reputation of others; for which Rea-
'son I expect great Exactness and Impartiality in
'your Verdicts and Judgments.

'I must in the next Place address my self to
'you, Gentlemen of the Council: You all know,
'that I have not chosen you for your Knowledge
'in the litigious Parts of the Law, but because
'you have all of you formerly fought Duels, of
'which I have Reason to think you have repent-
'ed, as being now settled in the peaceable State
'of Benchers. My Advice to you is, only that in
'your Pleadings you are short and expressive: To
'which End you are to banish out of your Dis-
'courses all synonymous Terms, and unnecessary
'Multiplications of Verbs and Nouns. I do more-
'over forbid you the Use of the Words *also* and
'*likewise*; and must further declare, That if I
'catch any one among you, upon any Pretence
'whatsoever, using the Particle *or*, I shall inces-
'santly order him to be stripped of his Gown, and
'thrown over the Bar.

This is a true Copy:

Charles Lillie.

N. B. The Sequel of the Proceedings of this Day will be published on *Tuesday* next.

The TATLER. [N° 254.

Splendidè Mendax—— Hor.

From *Tuesday* Nov. 21. to *Thursday* Nov. 23. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 22.

THere are no Books which I more delight in than in Travels, especially those that describe remote Countries, and give the Writer an Opportunity of showing his Parts without incurring any Danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the Authors of this Kind, our renowned Countryman Sir *John Mandeville* has distinguished himself, by the Copiousness of his Invention, and Greatness of his Genius. The Second to Sir *John* I take to have been *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto*, a Person of infinite Adventure, and unbounded Imagination. One reads the Voyages of these Two great Wits with as much Astonishment as the Travels of *Ulysses* in *Homer*, or of the *Red Cross* Knight in *Spencer*. All is Enchanted Ground, and Fairy Land.

I have got into my Hands by great Chance several Manuscripts of these Two eminent Authors, which are filled with greater Wonders than any of those they have communicated to the Publick; and indeed, were they not so well attested, would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think, the ingenious Authors did not publish them with the rest of their Works, lest they should pass for Fictions and Fables: A Caution not unnecessary, when the Reputation of their Veracity was not yet established in the World. But as this Reason has now no further Weight, I shall

I shall make the Publick a Present of these curious Pieces at such Times as I shall find my self unprovided with other Subjects.

The present Paper I intend to fill with an Extract of Sir *John*'s Journal, in which that learned and worthy Knight gives an Account of the Freezing and Thawing of several short Speeches which he made in the Territories of *Nova Zembla*. I need not inform my Reader, that the Author of *Hudibras* alludes to this strange Quality in that cold Climate, when, speaking of abstracted Notions cloathed in a visible Shape, he adds that apt Simile,

Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.

Not to keep my Reader any longer in Suspence, the Relation put into modern Language is as follows:

We were separated by a Storm in the Latitude of 73, insomuch that only the Ship which I was in, with a *Dutch* and a *French* Vessel, got safe into a Creek of *Nova Zembla*. We landed, in order to refit our Vessels, and store our selves with Provisions. The Crew of each Vessel made themselves a Cabbin of Turf and Wood, at some Distance from each other, to fence themselves against the Inclemencies of the Weather, which was severe beyond Imagination. We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our Words, and could not hear one another at above Two Yards Distance, and that too when we sat very near the Fire. After much Perplexity, I found that our Words froze in the Air before they could reach the Ears of the Person to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this Conjecture, when, upon the Increase of the Cold, the whole Company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every Man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the Sounds no sooner took Air, than they

they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable Spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every Man talking, and no Man heard. One might observe a Seaman, that could hail a Ship at a League distance, beckoning with his Hands, straining his Lungs, and tearing his Throat, but all in vain.

- - - - Nec vox, nec Verba, sequuntur.

We continued here Three Weeks in this dismal Plight. At length, upon a Turn of Wind, the Air about us began to thaw. Our Cabbin was immediately filled with a dry clattering Sound, which I afterwards found to be the Crackling of Consonants that broke above our Heads, and were often mixed with a gentle Hissing, which I imputed to the Letter *S*, that occurs so frequently in the *English* Tongue. I soon after felt a Breeze of Whispers rushing by my Ear; for those being of a soft and gentle Substance, immediately liquefied in the warm Wind that blew across our Cabbin. These were soon followed by Syllables and short Words, and at length by entire Sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard every Thing that had been *spoken* during the whole Three Weeks that we had been *silent*, if I may use that Expression. It was now very early in the Morning, and yet, to my Surprize, I heard some Body say, *Sir* John, *it is Midnight, and Time for the Ship's Crew to go to Bed.* This I knew to be the Pilot's Voice, and upon recollecting my self, I concluded that he had spoken these Words to me some Days before, though I could not hear them before the present Thaw. My Reader will easily imagine how the whole Crew was amazed, to hear every Man talking, and see no Man opening his Mouth. In the Midst of this great Surprize we were all in, we heard a Volley of Oaths and Curses, lasting for a long

a long while, and uttered in a very hoarſe Voice, which I knew belonged to the Boatſwain, who was a very cholerick Fellow, and had taken his Opportunity of Curſing and Swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had ſeveral Times given him the Strappado on that Account, as I did not fail to repeat it for theſe his pious Soliloquies when I got him on Shipboard.

I muſt not omit the Names of ſeveral Beauties in *Wapping*, which were heard every now and then, in the Midſt of a long Sigh that accompanied them; as, Dear *Kate!* Pretty Mrs. *Peggy!* When ſhall I ſee my *Sue* again? This betray'd ſeveral Amours which had been concealed till that Time, and furniſhed us with a great deal of Mirth in our Return to *England*.

When this Confuſion of Voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at Speaking, as fearing I ſhould not be heard, I propoſed a Viſit to the *Dutch* Cabbin, which lay about a Mile further up into the Country. My Crew were extreamly rejoiced to find they had again recovered their Hearing, though every Man uttered his Voice with the ſame Apprehenſions that I had done!

—— *Et timide Verba intermiſſa retentat.*

At about half a Mile's Diſtance from our Cabbin, we heard the Groanings of a Bear, which at firſt ſtartled us; but upon Enquiry we were informed by ſome of our Company, that he was dead, and now lay in Salt, having been killed upon that very Spot about a Fortnight before, in the Time of the Froſt. Not far from the ſame Place we were likewiſe entertained with ſome poſthumous Snarls and Barkings of a Fox.

We at length arrived at the little *Dutch* Settlement, and upon entering the Room, found it filled

with Sighs that ſmelt of Brandy, and ſeveral other unſavourly Sounds that were altogether inarticulate. My Valet, who was an *Iriſhman*, fell into ſo great a Rage at what he heard, that he drew his Sword; but not knowing where to lay the Blame, he put it up again. We were ſtunned with theſe confuſed Noiſes, but did not hear a ſingle Word till about half an Hour after; which I aſcribed to the harſh and obdurate Sounds of that Language, which wanted more Time than ours to melt and become audible.

After having here met with a very hearty Welcome, we went to the *French* Cabbin, who, to make Amends for their Three Weeks Silence, were Talking and Diſputing with greater Rapidity and Confuſion than ever I heard in an Aſſembly even of that Nation. Their Language as I found, upon the firſt Giving of the Weather, fell aſunder and diſſolved. I was here convinced of an Error into which I had before fallen; for I fancied, that for the Freezing of the Sound, it was neceſſary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preſerved in Breath; but I found my Miſtake, when I heard the Sound of a Kit playing a Minuet over our Heads. I asked the Occaſion of it; upon which one of the Company told me, that it would play there above a Week longer if the Thaw continued; for, ſays he, finding our ſelves bereft of Speech, we prevailed upon one of the Company, who had this Muſical Inſtrument about him, to play to us from Morning to Night; all which Time we employed in Dancing, in order to diſſipate our Chagrin, *& tuer le Temps.*

Here Sir *John* gives very good Philoſophical Reaſons why the Kit could be heard during the Froſt; but as they are ſomething Prolix, I paſs them over in Silence, and ſhall only obſerve, that the honourable Author ſeems, by his Quotations, to have been well verſed in the ancient Poets,

Poets, which perhaps raiſed his Fancy above the ordinary Pitch of Hiſtorians, and very much contributed to the Embelliſhment of his Writings.

The TATLER. [N° 255.

——Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
Labentem Pietas nec Apollinis Inſula texit. Virg.

From *Thurſd. Nov.* 23. to *Saturd. Nov.* 25. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 24.

To the Cenſor of Great Britain.

SIR,

‘I AM at preſent under very great Difficulties, which it is not in the Power of any one, beſides your ſelf, to redreſs. Whether or no you ſhall think it a proper Caſe to come before your *Court of Honour*, I cannot tell; but thus it is: I am Chaplain to an honourable Family, very regular at the Hours of Devotion, and I hope of an unblameable Life; but for not offering to riſe at Second Courſe, I found my Patron and his Lady very ſullen and out of Humour, though at firſt I did not know the Reaſon of it. At length, when I happened to help my ſelf to a Jelly, the Lady of the Houſe, otherwiſe a devout Woman, told me, That it did not become a Man of my Cloth to delight in ſuch frivolous Food: But as I ſtill continued to ſit out the laſt Courſe, I was Yeſterday informed by the Butler, that his Lordſhip had no further Occaſion for my Service. All which

'is humbly ſubmitted to your Conſideration,
'by,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant, &c.

The Caſe of this Gentleman deſerves Pity, eſpecially if he loves Sweetmeats, to which, if I may gueſs by his Letter, he is no Enemy. In the mean Time, I have often wondered at the Indecency of diſcarding the holieſt Man from the Table as ſoon as the moſt delicious Parts of the Entertainment are ſerved up, and could never conceive a Reaſon for ſo abſurd a Cuſtom. Is it becauſe a liquoriſh Palate, or a ſweet Tooth (as they call it) is not conſiſtent with the Sanctity of his Character? This is but a trifling Pretence. No Man of the moſt rigid Virtue gives Offence by any Exceſſes in Plumb-Pudding or Plumb-Porridge, and that, becauſe they are the firſt Parts of the Dinner. Is there any Thing that tends to Incitation in Sweetmeats more than in ordinary Diſhes? Certainly not. Sugar-Plumbs are a very innocent Diet, and Conſerves of a much colder Nature than your common Pickles. I have ſometimes thought, that the Ceremony of the Chaplain's flying away from the Deſſert was Typical and Figurative, to mark out to the Company how they ought to retire from all the luſcious Baits of Temptation, and deny their Appetites the Gratifications that are moſt pleaſing to them; or at leaſt to ſignify, that we ought to ſtint our ſelves in our moſt lawful Satisfactions, and not make our Pleaſure, but our Support, the End of Eating: But moſt certainly, if ſuch a Leſſon of Temperance had been neceſſary at a Table, our Clergy would have recommended it to all the Lay-Maſters of Families, and not have diſturbed other Men's Tables with ſuch unſeaſonable Examples of Abſtinence. The Original

therefore of this barbarous Custom, I take to have been meerly accidental. The Chaplain retired out of pure Complaisance to make Room for the Removal of the Dishes, or possibly for the Ranging of the Dessert. This by Degrees grew into a Duty, till at length, as the Fashion improved, the good Man found himself cut off from the third Part of the Entertainment; and if the Arrogance of the Patron goes on, it is not impossible but, in the next Generation, he may see himself reduced to the Tythe, or Tenth Dish of the Table; a sufficient Caution not to part with any Privilege we are once possessed of. It was usual for the Priest in old Times to feast upon the Sacrifice, nay the Honey-Cake, while the hungry Laity looked upon him with great Devotion, or as the late Lord *Rochester* describes it in a very lively Manner:

And while the Priest did eat, the People stared.

At present the Custom is inverted; the Laity feast, while the Priest stands by as an humble Spectator. This necessarily puts the good Man upon making great Ravages on all the Dishes that stand near him, and distinguishing himself by Voraciousness of Appetite, as knowing that his Time is short. I would fain ask these stiff-neck'd Patrons, Whether they would not take it ill of a Chaplain that, in his Grace after Meat, should return Thanks for the whole Entertainment, with an Exception to the Dessert? And yet I cannot but think, that in such a Proceeding he would but deal with them as they deserved. What would a Roman Catholick Priest think, who is always helped first, and placed next the Ladies, should he see a Clergyman giving his Company the Slip at the first Appearance of the Tarts or Sweetmeats? Would not he believe that he had the same Antipathy to a Candied Orange, or a Piece of Puff-Past, as some have to

a *Cheshire* Cheese, or a Breast of Mutton? Yet to so ridiculous a Height is this foolish Custom grown, that even the *Christmas* Pye, which in its very Nature is a kind of consecrated Cate, and a Badge of Distinction, is often forbidden to the Druid of the Family. Strange! that a Sirloin of Beef, whether boiled or roasted, when entire, is exposed to his utmost Depredations and Incisions; but if minced into small Pieces, and tossed up with Plumbs and Sugar, changes its Property, and, forsooth, is Meat for his Master.

In this Case I know not which to censure, the Patron or the Chaplain, the Insolence of Power, or the Abjectness of Dependance. For my own Part, I have often blushed to see a Gentleman, whom I knew to have much more Wit and Learning than my self, and who was bred up with me at the University upon the same Foot of a liberal Education, treated in such an ignominious Manner, and sunk beneath those of his own Rank, by reason of that Character which ought to bring him Honour. This deters Men of generous Minds from placing themselves in such a Station of Life, and by that Means frequently excludes Persons of Quality from the improving and agreeable Conversation of a learned and obsequious Friend.

Mr. *Oldham* lets us know, That he was affrighted from the Thought of such an Employment, by the scandalous Sort of Treatment which often accompanies it.

Some think themselves exalted to the Sky,
If they light in some Noble Family:
Diet, an Horse, and Thirty Pounds a Year,
Besides th' Advantage of his Lordship's Ear.
The Credit of the Business, and the State,
Are Things that in a Youngster's Sense sound great.

O 2 Little

Little the unexperienc'd Wretch does know,
What Slavery he oft must undergo:
Who tho' in Silken Scarf, and Cassock drest,
Wears but a gayer Livery at best.
When Dinner calls, the Implement must wait,
With holy Words to consecrate the Meat.
But hold it for a Favour seldom known,
If he be deign'd the Honour to sit down.
Soon as the Tarts appear, Sir Crape *withdraw,*
Those Dainties are not for a Spiritual Maw.
Observe your Distance, and be sure to stand
Hard by the Cistern with your Cap in Hand:
There for Diversion you may pick your Teeth,
Till the kind Voider comes for your Relief.
Let others who such Meannesses can brook,
Strike Countenance to ev'ry great Man's Look;
I rate my Freedom higher.

This Author's Raillery is the Raillery of a Friend, and does not turn the Sacred Order into Ridicule, but is a just Censure on such Persons as take Advantage from the Necessities of a Man of Merit, to impose on him Hardships that are by no Means suitable to the Dignity of his Profession.

The

The TATLER. [N° 256.

— *Nostrum est, tantas componere Lites.* Virg.

From *Saturd. Nov.* 25. to *Tuesday Nov.* 28. 1710.

The Proceedings of the Court of Honour, *held in* Sheer-Lane *on* Monday *the* 20*th of* November, 1710. *before* Isaac Bickerstaff *Esq;* *Censor of* Great Britain.

Peter Plumb, of *London*, Merchant, was indicted by the Honourable Mr. *Thomas Gules*, of *Gule-Hall* in the County of *Salop*, for that the said *Peter Plumb* did in *Lombard-street, London*, between the Hours of Two and Three in the Afternoon, meet the said Mr. *Thomas Gules*, and after a short Salutation, put on his Hat, Value Five-Pence, while the Honourable Mr. *Gules* stood bare-headed for the Space of Two Seconds. It was further urged against the Criminal, That during his Discourse with the Prosecutor, he feloniously stole the Wall of him, having clapped his Back against it in such a Manner that it was impossible for Mr. *Gules* to recover it again at his taking Leave of him. The Prosecutor alledged, That he was the Cadet of a very ancient Family; and that according to the Principles of all the younger Brothers of the said Family, he had never sullied himself with Business, but had chosen rather to starve like a Man of Honour, than do any Thing beneath his Quality. He produced several Witnesses, that he had never employed himself beyond the Twisting of a Whip, or the Making of a Pair of Nut-Crackers, in which he

only worked for his Diversion, in order to make a Present now and then to his Friends. The Prisoner being asked what he could say for himself, cast several Reflections upon the Honourable Mr. *Gules*; as, That he was not worth a Groat; That no Body in the City would trust him for a Halfpenny; That he owed him Money, which he had promised to pay him several Times, but never kept his Word: And in short, That he was an idle, beggarly Fellow, and of no Use to the Publick. This Sort of Language was very severely reprimanded by the Censor, who told the Criminal, That he spoke in Contempt of the Court, and that he should be proceeded against for Contumacy, if he did not change his Style. The Prisoner therefore desired to be heard by his Council, who urged in his Defence, That he put on his Hat through Ignorance, and took the Wall by Accident. They likewise produced several Witnesses, That he made several Motions with his Hat in his Hand, which are generally understood as an Invitation to the Person we talk with to be covered; and that the Gentleman not taking the Hint, he was forced to put on his Hat, as being troubled with a Cold. There was likewise an *Irish* Man who deposed, That he had heard him cough Three and twenty times that Morning. And as for the Wall, it was alledged, That he had taken it inadvertently, to save himself from a Shower of Rain which was then falling. The Censor having consulted the Men of Honour who sat at his Right Hand on the Bench, found they were all of Opinion, That the Defence made by the Prisoner's Council did rather aggravate than extenuate his Crime; That the Motions and Intimations of the Hat were a Token of Superiority in Conversation, and therefore not to be used by the Criminal to a Man of the Prosecutor's Quality, who was likewise vested with a double Title to the Wall at the Time of

their

their Conversation, both as it was the upper Hand, and as it was a Shelter from the Weather. The Evidence being very full and clear, the Jury, without going out of Court, declared their Opinion unanimously by the Mouth of their Foreman, That the Prosecutor was bound in Honour to make the Sun shine through the Criminal, or, as they afterwards explained themselves, to whip him through the Lungs.

The Censor knitting his Brows into a Frown, and looking very sternly upon the Jury, after a little Pause, gave them to know, That this Court was erected for the finding out of Penalties suitable to Offences, and to restrain the Outrages of private Justice; and that he expected they should moderate their Verdict. The Jury therefore retired, and being willing to comply with the Advices of the Censor, after an Hour's Consultation, declared their Opinion as follows:

That in Consideration this was *Peter Plumb*'s first Offence, and that there did not appear any *Malice prepense* in it, as also that he lived in good Reputation among his Neighbours, and that his taking the Wall was only *se defendendo*, the Prosecutor should let him escape with Life, and content himself with the Slitting of his Nose, and the Cutting off both his Ears. Mr. *Bickerstaff* smiling upon the Court, told them, That he thought the Punishment, even under its present Mitigation, too severe; and that such Penalties might be of ill Consequence in a Trading Nation. He therefore pronounced Sentence against the Criminal in the following Manner: That his Hat, which was the Instrument of Offence, should be forfeited to the Court; That the Criminal should go to the Warehouse from whence he came, and thence, as Occasion should require, proceed to the *Exchange*, or *Garraway*'s Coffee-house, in what Manner he pleased; but that neither he nor any of the Family of the

Plumbs ſhould hereafter appear in the Streets of *London* out of their Coaches, that ſo the Foot-Way might be left open and undiſturbed for their Betters.

Dathan, a Peddling *Jew*, and *T. R*-----, a *Welſhman*, were indicted by the Keeper of an Alehouſe in *Weſtminſter*, for breaking the Peace and two Earthen Mugs, in a Diſpute about the Antiquity of their Families, to the great Detriment of the Houſe, and Diſturbance of the whole Neighbourhood. *Dathan* ſaid for himſelf, that he was provoked to it by the *Welſhman*, who pretended, that the *Welſh* were an ancienter People than the *Jews*; whereas, ſays he, I can ſhew by this Genealogy in my Hand, that I am the Son of *Meſheck*, that was the Son of *Naboth*, that was the Son of *Shalem*, that was the Son of---- The *Welſhman* here interrupted him, and told him, That he could produce Shennalogy as well as himſelf; for that he was *John ap Rice, ap Shenkin, ap Shones*. He then turned himſelf to the Cenſor, and told him in the ſame broken Accent, and with much Warmth, That the *Jew* would needs uphold, that King *Cadwallader* was younger than *Iſſachar*. Mr. *Bickerſtaff* ſeemed very much inclined to give Sentence againſt *Dathan*, as being a *Jew*; but finding Reaſons, by ſome Expreſſions which the *Welſhman* let fall in aſſerting the Antiquity of his Family, to ſuſpect that the ſaid *Welſhman* was a *Præ-Adamite*, he ſuffered the Jury to go out, without any previous Admonition. After ſome Time they returned, and gave their Verdict, That it appearing the Perſons at the Bar did neither of them wear a Sword, and that conſequently they had no Right to quarrel upon a Point of Honour; to prevent ſuch frivolous Appeals for the future, they ſhould both of them be toſſed in the ſame Blanket, and there adjuſt the Superiority

rity as they could agree it between themſelves. The Cenſor confirmed the Verdict.

Richard Newman was indicted by Major *Punto*, for having uſed the Words, *Perhaps it may be ſo*, in a Diſpute with the ſaid Major. The Major urged, That the Word, *Perhaps*, was queſtioning his Veracity, and that it was an indirect Manner of giving him the Lye. *Richard Newman* had nothing more to ſay for himſelf, than that he intended no ſuch Thing, and threw himſelf upon the Mercy of the Court. The Jury brought in their Verdict Special.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff* ſtood up, and after having caſt his Eyes over the whole Aſſembly, hem'd thrice. He then acquainted them, That he had laid down a Rule to himſelf, which he was reſolved never to depart from, and which, as he conceived, would very much conduce to the ſhortening the Buſineſs of the Court; I mean, ſays he, never to allow of the Lye being given by Conſtruction, Implication, or Induction, but by the ſole Uſe of the Word it ſelf. He then proceeded to ſhow the great Miſchiefs that had ariſen to the *Engliſh* Nation from that pernicious Monoſyllable; That it had bred the moſt fatal Quarrels between the deareſt Friends; That it had frequently thin'd the Guards, and made great Havock in the Army; That it had ſometimes weaken'd the City Trained Bands; and, in a Word, had deſtroyed many of the braveſt Men in the Iſle of *Great Britain*. For the Prevention of which Evils for the future, he inſtructed the Jury to *preſent* the Word it ſelf as a Nuſance in the *Engliſh* Tongue; and further promiſed them, That he would, upon ſuch their Preſentment, publiſh an Edict of the Court for the entire Baniſhment and Excluſion of it out of the Diſcourſes and Converſation of all civil Societies.

This is a true Copy,

Charles Lillie.

Monday next is set apart for the Tryal of several Female Causes,

N. B. *The Case of the Hassock will come on between the Hours of Nine and Ten.*

The TATLER. [N° 257.

In nova fert Animus mutatas dicere Formas
Corpora: Dii, Cœptis (nam vos mutastis & illas)
Aspirate meis. —— Ovid. Met.

From *Tuesday Nov.* 28. to *Thursday Nov.* 30. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 29.

EVery Nation is distinguished by Productions that are peculiar to it. *Great Britain* is particularly fruitful in Religions, that shoot up and flourish in this Climate more than in any other. We are so famous Abroad for our great Variety of Sects and Opinions, that an ingenious Friend of mine, who is lately returned from his Travels, assures me, there is a Show at this Time *carried* up and down in *Germany*, which represents all the Religions of *Great Britain* in Wax-work. Notwithstanding that the Pliancy of the Matter in which the Images are wrought makes it capable of being moulded into all Shapes and Figures, my Friend tells me, that he did not think it possible for it to be twisted and tortured into so many skrew'd Faces and wry Features as appeared in several of the Figures that composed the Show. I was indeed so pleased with the Design of the *German* Artist, that I begged my Friend to give me an Account of it in all its Particulars, which he did after the following Manner:

I have

I have often, ſays he, been preſent at a Show of Elephants, Camels, Dromedaries, and other ſtrange Creatures, but I never ſaw ſo great an Aſſembly of Spectators as were met together at the Opening of this great Piece of Wax-work. We were all placed in a large Hall, according to the Price that we had paid for our Seats: The Curtain that hung before the Show was made by a Maſter of Tapeſtry, who had woven it in the Figure of a monſtrous *Hydra* that had ſeveral Heads, which brandiſhed out their Tongues, and ſeemed to hiſs at each other. Some of theſe Heads were large and entire; and where any of them had been lopped away, there ſprouted up ſeveral in the Room of them; inſomuch that for one Head cut off, a Man might ſee Ten, Twenty, or an Hundred, of a ſmaller Size, creeping through the Wound. In ſhort, the whole Picture was nothing but Confuſion and Bloodſhed. On a ſudden, ſays my Friend, I was ſtartled with a Flouriſh of many Muſical Inſtruments that I had never heard before, which was followed by a ſhort Tune (if it might be ſo called) wholly made up of Jars and Diſcords. Among the reſt, there was an Organ, a Bagpipe, a Groaning-Board, a Stentorophonick-Trumpet, with ſeveral Wind Inſtruments of a moſt diſagreeable Sound, which I do not ſo much as know the Name of. After a ſhort Flouriſh, the Curtain was drawn up, and we were preſented with the moſt extraordinary Aſſembly of Figures that ever entered into a Man's Imagination. The Deſign of the Workman was ſo well expreſſed in the dumb Show before us, that it was not hard for an *Engliſhman* to comprehend the Meaning of it.

The principal Figures were placed in a Row, conſiſting of Seven Perſons. The middle Figure, which immediately attracted the Eyes of the whole Company, and was much bigger than the reſt, was formed like a Matron, dreſſed in the Habit

of

of an elderly Woman of Quality in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Days. The moſt remarkable Parts of her Dreſs, was the Beaver with the Steeple Crown, the Scarf that was darker than Sable, and the Lawn Apron that was whiter than Ermin. Her Gown was of the richeſt black Velvet, and juſt upon her Heart ſtudded with large Diamonds of an ineſtimable Value, diſpoſed in the Form of a Croſs. She bore an inexpreſſible Chearfulneſs and Dignity in her Aſpect; and though ſhe ſeemed in Years, appeared with ſo much Spirit and Vivacity, as gave her at the ſame Time an Air of old Age and Immortality. I found my Heart touched with ſo much Love and Reverence at the Sight of her, that the Tears ran down my Face as I looked upon her; and ſtill the more I looked upon her, the more my Heart was melted with the Sentiments of Filial Tenderneſs and Duty. I diſcovered every Moment ſomething ſo charming in this Figure, that I could ſcarce take my Eyes off it. On its Right Hand there ſat the Figure of a Woman ſo covered with Ornaments, that her Face, her Body, and her Hands, were almo[illegible]ely hid under them. The little yo[illegible]d ſee of her Face was painted; and what I thought very odd, had ſomething in it like artificial Wrinkles; but I was the leſs ſurpriſed at it, when I ſaw upon her Forehead an old-faſhioned Tower of grey Hairs. Her Head-Dreſs roſe very high by Three ſeveral Stories or Degrees; her Garments had a Thouſand Colours in them, and were embroidered with Croſſes in Gold, Silver and Silk: She had nothing on, ſo much as a Glove or a Slipper, which was not marked with this Figure; nay, ſo ſuperſtitiouſly fond did ſhe appear of it, that ſhe ſat croſs-legged. I was quickly ſick of this tawdry Compoſition of Ribands, Silks and Jewels, and therefore caſt my Eye on a Dame which was juſt the Reverſe of it. I need not tell

my

my Reader, that the Lady before deſcribed was *Popery*, or that ſhe I am now going to deſcribe is *Presbytery*. She ſat on the Left Hand of the venerable Matron, and ſo much reſembled her in the Features of her Countenance, that ſhe ſeemed her Siſter; but at the ſame Time that one obſerved a Likneſs in her Beauty, one could not but take Notice, that there was ſomething in it ſickly and ſplenatick. Her Face had enough to diſcover the Relation, but it was drawn up into a peeviſh Figure, ſowred with Diſcontent, and overcaſt with Melancholy. She ſeemed offended at the Matron for the Shape of her Hat, as too much reſembling the triple Coronet of the Perſon who ſat by her. One might ſee likewiſe, that ſhe diſſented from the white Apron and the Croſs; for which Reaſons ſhe had made her ſelf a plain, homely Dowdy, and turned her Face towards the Sectaries that ſat on her Left Hand, as being afraid of looking upon the Matron, leſt ſhe ſhould ſee the Harlot by her.

On the Right Hand of *Popery* ſat *Judaiſm*, repreſented by an old Man embroidered with Phylacteries, and diſtinguiſhed by many Typical Figures, which I have not Skill enough to unriddle. He was placed among the Rubbiſh of a Temple; but inſtead of weeping over it, (which I ſhould have expected from him) he was counting out a Bag of Money upon the Ruins of it.

On his Right Hand was *Deiſm*, or *Natural Religion*. This was a Figure of an half-naked aukward Country Wench, who with proper Ornaments and Education would have made an agreeable and beautiful Appearance; but for Want of thoſe Advantages, was ſuch a Spectacle, as a Man would bluſh to look upon.

I have now, continued my Friend, given you an Account of thoſe who were placed on the Right Hand of the Matron, and who, according to the Order in which they ſat, were *Deiſm*, *Judaiſm*,

daiſm, and *Popery*. On the Left Hand, as I told you, appeared *Presbytery*. The next to her was a Figure which ſomewhat puzzled me: It was that of a Man looking, with Horror in his Eyes, upon a Silver Baſon filled with Water. Obſerving ſomething in his Countenance that looked like Lunacy, I fancied at firſt that he was to expreſs that kind of Diſtraction which the Phyſicians call the *Hydro-Phobia*; but conſidering what the Intention of the Show was, I immediately recollected my ſelf, and concluded it to be *Anabaptiſm*.

The next Figure was a Man that ſat under a moſt profound Compoſure of Mind: He wore an Hat whoſe Brims were exactly parallel with the Horizon: His Garment had neither Sleeve nor Skirt, nor ſo much as a ſuperfluous Button. What they called his Cravat, was a little Piece of white Linen quilled with great Exactneſs, and hanging below his Chin about two Inches. Seeing a Book in his Hand, I asked our Artiſt what it was, who told me it was the *Quakers* Religion; upon which I deſired a Sight of it. Upon Peruſal, I found it to be nothing but a new-faſhioned Grammar, or an Art of abridging ordinary Diſcourſe. The Nouns were reduced to a very ſmall Number, as the *Light*, *Friend*, *Babylon*. The principal of his Pronouns was *Thou*; and as for You, Ye, and Yours, I found they were not looked upon as Parts of Speech in this Grammar. All the Verbs wanted the Second Perſon Plural; the Participles ended all in *ing* or *ed*, which were marked with a particular Accent. There were no Adverbs beſides *Yea* and *Nay*. The ſame Thrift was obſerved in the Prepoſitions. The Conjunctions were only *Hem!* and *Ha!* and the Interjections brought under the Three Heads of Sighing, Sobbing, and Groaning.

There

There was at the End of the Grammar a little Nomenclature, call'd, *The Chriſtian Man's Vocabulary*, which gave new Appellations, or (if you will) Chriſtian Names to almoſt every Thing in Life. I replaced the Book in the Hand of the Figure, not without admiring the Simplicity of its Garb, Speech, and Behaviour.

Juſt oppoſite to this Row of Religions, there was a Statue dreſſed in a Fool's Coat, with a Cap of Bells upon his Head, laughing and pointing at the Figures that ſtood before him. This Ideot is ſuppoſed to ſay in his Heart what *David's* Fool did ſome Thouſands of Years ago, and was therefore deſigned as a proper Repreſentative of thoſe among us who are called Atheiſts and Infidels by others, and Free-Thinkers by themſelves.

There were many other Groupes of Figures which I did not know the Meaning of; but ſeeing a Collection of both Sexes turning their Backs upon the Company, and laying their Heads very cloſe together, I enquired after their Religion, and found that they called themſelves the *Philadelphians*, or the Family of Love.

In the oppoſite Corner there ſat another little Congregation of ſtrange Figures, opening their Mouths as wide as they could gape, and diſtinguiſhed by the Title of the *Sweet Singers of Iſrael*.

I muſt not omit, that in this Aſſembly of Wax there were ſeveral Pieces that moved by Clockwork, and gave great Satisfaction to the Spectators. Behind the Matron there ſtood one of theſe Figures, and behind *Popery* another, which, as the Artiſt told us, were each of them the Genius of the Perſon they attended. That behind *Popery* repreſented *Perſecution*, and the other *Moderation*. The firſt of theſe moved by ſecret Springs towards a great Heap of dead Bodies that lay piled upon one another at a conſiderable Diſtance behind the principal Figures. There were written

on

on the Foreheads of these dead Men several hard Words, as *Præ-Adamites*, *Sabbatarians*, *Camaronians*, *Muggletonians*, *Brownists*, *Independants*, *Masonites*, *Camisars*, and the like. At the Approach of *Persecution*, it was so contrived, that as she held up her Bloody Flag, the whole Assembly of dead Men, like those in the *Rehearsal*, started up and drew their Swords. This was followed by great Clashings and Noise, when, in the Midst of the Tumult, the Figure of *Moderation* moved gently towards this new Army, which upon her holding up a Paper in her Hand, inscribed, *Liberty of Conscience*, immediately fell into a Heap of Carcasses, remaining in the same quiet Posture that they lay at first.

The TATLER. [Nº 258.

Occidit miseros crambe repetita —— Juv.

From *Thursday Nov.* 30. to *Satur.* Dec. 2. 1710.

From my own Apartment, December 1.

WHen a Man keeps a constant Table, he may be allowed sometimes to serve up a cold Dish of Meat, or toss up the Fragments of a Feast into a Ragoust. I have sometimes, in a Scarcity of Provisions, been obliged to take the same Kind of Liberty, and to entertain my Reader with the Leavings of a former Treat. I must this Day have Recourse to the same Method, and beg my Guests to sit down to a kind of *Saturday*'s Dinner. To let the Metaphor rest, I intend to fill up this Paper with a Bundle of Letters relating to Subjects on which I have formerly treated, and have ordered my Bookseller to

print

print at the End of each Letter the Minutes with which I endorsed it, after the first Perusal of it.

To Isaac Bickerstaff *Esq*;

SIR, *Nov.* 22. 1710.

'DIning Yesterday with Mr. *South-British* and ' Mr. *William North-Briton*, Two Gentle-' men, who, before you ordered it otherwise, ' were known by the Names of Mr. *English* and ' Mr. *William Scott*. Among other Things, the ' Maid of the House (who in her Time I believe ' may have been a *North-British* Warming-pan) ' brought us up a Dish of *North-British* Collops. ' We liked our Entertainment very well, only we ' observed the Table-Cloth, being not so fine as ' we could have wished, was *North-British* Cloth: ' But the worst of it was, we were disturbed all ' Dinner-time by the Noise of the Children, ' who were playing in the pav'd Court at *North-* ' *British* Hoppers; so we paid our *North-Briton* ' sooner than we designed, and took Coach to ' *North-Britain* Yard, about which Place most of ' us live. We had indeed gone a-foot, only we ' were under some Apprehensions lest a *North-* ' *British* Mist should wet a *South-British* Man to ' the Skin.

' We think this Matter properly expressed, ac-' cording to the Accuracy of the new Style set-' tled by you in one of your late Papers. You ' will please to give your Opinion upon it to,

SIR,

Your most humble Servants,

J. S.
M. P.
N. R.

See if this Letter be conformable to the Directions given in the Tatler *above-mentioned.*

To

To Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq;*

S I R, *Kent, Nov.* 22. 1710.

A Gentleman in my Neighbourhood, who happens to be Brother to a Lord, though neither his Father nor Grandfather were ſo, is perpetually making Uſe of this Phraſe, *A Perſon of my Quality.* He has it in his Mouth Fifty times a Day, to his Labourers, his Servants, his Children, his Tenants, and his Neighbours. Wet or dry, at home or abroad, drunk or ſober, angry or pleaſed, it is the conſtant Burthen of his Style. Sir, as you are Cenſor of *Great Britain,* as you value the Repoſe of a loyal County, and the Reputation of my Neighbour, I beg you will take this cruel Grievance into your Conſideration, elſe, for my own Particular, I am reſolved to give up my Farm, ſell my Stock, and remove with my Wife and Seven Children next Spring to *Falmouth* or *Berwick,* if my Strength will permit me, being brought into a very weak Condition. I am, (with great Reſpect)

S I R,

Your moſt obedient and

languiſhing Servant, &c.

Let this be referred to the Court of Honour.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff,*

I Am a young Lady of a good Fortune, and at preſent inveſted by ſeveral Lovers who lay cloſe Siege to me, and carry on their Attacks with all poſſible Diligence. I know which of them has the firſt Place in my own Heart, but would freely croſs my private Inclinations to make Choice of the Man who loves me beſt, which it is impoſſible for me to know, all of them

'them pretending to an equal Paſſion for me. 'Let me therefore beg of you, dear Mr. *Bicker-ſtaff*, to lend me your *Ithuriel*'s Spear, in order 'to touch this Troop of Rivals; after which I 'will moſt faithfully return it to you again, with 'the greateſt Gratitude. I am,

S I R, &c.

Query 1. What Figure this Lady doth think her Lover will appear in? Or what Symptoms he will betray of his Paſſion upon being touched?

2. Whether a Touch of her Fan may not have the ſame Efficacy as a Touch of *Ithuriel*'s Spear?

Great Lincolns-Inn Square, Nov. 29.

Honoured Sir,

'GRatitude obliges me to make this publick 'Acknowledgment of the eminent Service 'you have done my ſelf in particular, and the 'whole Body of Chaplains (I hope) in general. 'Coming Home on *Sunday* about Dinner-time, I 'found Things ſtrangely altered for the better; 'the Porter ſmiled in my Face when he let me 'in, the Footman bowed to me as I paſſed him, 'the Steward ſhook me by the Hand, and 'Mrs. *Beatrice* dropt me a Courteſie as ſhe went 'along. I was ſurprized at all this Civility, and 'knew not to what I might aſcribe it, except to 'my bright Beaver and ſhining Scarf that were 'new that Day. But I was ſtill more aſtoniſhed 'to find ſuch an agreeable Change at the Table: 'My Lord helped me to a fat Slice of Veniſon 'with his own Hand, and my Lady did me the 'Honour to drink to me. I offered to riſe at my 'uſual Time, but was deſired to ſit ſtill, with 'this kind Expreſſion: Come Doctor, a Gelly or 'a Conſerve will do you no Harm; don't be a-'fraid of the Deſſert. I was ſo confounded with 'the Favour, that I returned my Thanks in a 'moſt aukward Manner, wondering what was 'the Meaning of this total Transformation: But

'my

my Lord soon put an End to my Admiration, by shewing me a Paper that challenged you, Sir, for its Author, and rallied me very agreeably on the Subject, asking me, which was best handled, the Lord or his Chaplain? I owned my self to think the Banter sharpest against our selves, and that these were trifling Matters, not fit for a Philosopher to insist on. His Lordship was in so good a Humour, that he ordered me to return his Thanks with my own, and my Lady joins in the same, with this one Exception to your Paper, That the Chaplain in her Family was always allow'd Minc'd-Pyes from *Allhallows* to *Candlemas*. I am,

SIR,

Your most Obliged,

Humble Servant,

T. W.

Requires no Answer.

Mr. *Censor,* *Oxford, Nov.* 27.

I Have read your Account of *Nova Zembla* with great Pleasure, and have ordered it to be transcribed in a little Map, and inserted in Mr. *Tonson*'s late Edition of *Hudibras.* I could wish you would furnish us with more Notes upon that Author, to fill up the Place of those dull Annotations with which several Editions of that Book have been incumbered. I would particularly desire of you to give the World the Story of *Talicotius,* who makes a very eminent Figure in the first *Canto,* not having been able to meet with any Account of the said *Talicotius* in the Writings of any other Author. I am, (with the most profound Respect)

The most humble of your Admirers,

Q. Z.

To be answered next Thursday, *if nothing more material intervenes.*

Mr.

Mr. *Censor*,

" IN your Survey of the People, you must have
" observed Crowds of single Persons that are
" qualified to increase the Subjects of this glorious
" Island, and yet neglect that Duty to their Coun-
" try. In order to reclaim such Persons, I lay be-
" fore you this Proposal.

Your most obedient Servant,

Th. Cl.

This to be considered on Saturday *next*.

The TATLER. [Nº 259.

——Vexat Censura Columbas. Juv.

From *Saturday Dec.* 2. to *Tuesday Dec.* 5. 1710.

A Continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honour, *held in* S[damaged]ne *on* Monday *the* 27*th of* November, *before* Isaac Bickerstaff *Esq*; *Censor of* Great Britain.

E*Lizabeth Makebate*, of the Parish of St. *Catherine's*, Spinster, was indicted for surreptitiously taking away the Hassock from under the Lady *Grave-Airs*, between the Hours of Four and Five, on *Sunday* the 26th of *November*. The Prosecutor deposed, That as she stood up to make a Courtesie to a Person of Quality in a neighbouring Pew, the Criminal conveyed away the Hassock by Stealth, insomuch that the Prosecutor was obliged to sit all the while she was at Church, or to say her Prayers in a Posture that did not become a Woman of her Quality. The Prisoner

Prisoner pleaded Inadvertency; and the Jury were going to bring it in Chance-medley, had not several Witnesses been produced against the said *Elizabeth Makebate*, that she was an old Offender, and a Woman of a bad Reputation. It appeared in particular, That on the *Sunday* before she had detracted from a new Petticoat of Mrs. *Mary Doelittle*, having said in the Hearing of several credible Witnesses, that the said Petticoat was scowred, to the great Grief and Detriment of the said *Mary Doelittle*. There were likewise many Evidences produced against the Criminal, that though she never failed to come to Church on *Sunday*, she was a most notorious Sabbath-Breaker, and that she spent her whole Time, during Divine Service, in disparaging other People's Clothes, and whispering to those who sat next her. Upon the whole, she was found guilty of the Indictment, and received Sentence to ask Pardon of the Prosecutor upon her bare Knees, without either Cushion or Hassock under her, in the Face of the Court.

N. B. As soon as the Sentence was [illegible]d on the Criminal, which was done in open Court with the utmost Severity, the first Lady of the Bench on Mr. *Bickerstaff*'s Right Hand stood up, and made a Motion to the Court, That whereas it was impossible for Women of Fashion to dress themselves before the Church was half done, and whereas many Confusions and Inconveniencies did arise thereupon, it might be lawful for them to send a Footman, in order to keep their Places, as was usual in other polite and well regula[illegible] Assemblies. The Motion was ordered to be entred in the Books, and considered at a more convenient Time.

Charles Cambrick, Linendraper, in the City of *Westminster*, was indicted for speaking obscenely to the Lady *Penelope Touchwood*. It appeared, That the Prosecutor and her Woman going in a Stage-

Stage-Coach from *London* to *Brentford*, where they were to be met by the Lady's own Chariot, the Criminal and another of his Acquaintance travelled with them in the same Coach, at which Time the Prisoner talked Bawdy for the Space of Three Miles and a half. The Prosecutor alledged, That over against the *Old Fox* at *Knightsbridge* he mentioned the Word Linen; That at the further End of *Kensington* he made Use of the Term Smock; and that before he came to *Hammersmith*, he talked almost a Quarter of an Hour upon Wedding-Shifts. The Prosecutor's Woman confirmed what her Lady had said, and added further, That she had never seen her Lady in so great a Confusion, and in such a Taking, as she was during the whole Discourse of the Criminal. The Prisoner had little to say for himself, but that he talked only in his own Trade, and meant no Hurt by what he said. The Jury however found him guilty, and represented by their Forewoman, That such Discourses were apt to sully the Imagination, and that by a Concatenation of Idea's, the Word Linen implied many Things that were not proper to be stirred up in the Mind of a Woman who was of the Prosecutor's Quality, and therefore gave it as their Verdict, That the Linendraper should lose his Tongue. Mr. *Bickerstaff* said, he thought the Prosecutor's Ears were as much to blame as the Prisoner's Tongue, and therefore gave Sentence as follows: That they should both be placed over-against one another in the Midst of the Court, there to remain for the Space of one Quarter of an Hour, during which Time, the Linendraper was to be gagged, and the Lady to hold her Hands close upon both her Ears, which was executed accordingly.

Edward Callicoat was indicted as an Accomplice to *Charles Cambrick*, for that he the said *Edward Callicoat* did, by his Silence and his Smiles, seem

to

to approve and abet the faid *Charles Cambrick* in every Thing he faid. It appeared, That the Prifoner was Foreman of the Shop to the aforefaid *Charles Cambrick*, and by his Poft obliged to fmile at every Thing that the other fhould be pleafed to fay: Upon which he was acquitted.

Jofias Shallow was indicted in the Name of Dame *Winifred*, fole Relict of *Richard Dainty* Efq; for having faid feveral Times in Company, and in the Hearing of feveral Perfons there prefent, That he was extremely obliged to the Widow *Dainty*, and that he fhould never be able fufficiently to exprefs his Gratitude. The Profecutor urged, That this might blaft her Reputation, and that it was in Effect a boafting of Favours which he had never received. The Prifoner feemed to be much aftonifhed at the Conftruction which was put upon his Words, and faid, That he meant nothing by them, but that the Widow had befriended him in a Difeafe, and was very kind to his younger Sifter. The Jury finding him a little weak in his Underftanding, without going out of the Court, brought in their Verdict *Ignoramus*.

Urfula Goodenough was accufed by the Lady *Betty Wou'dbe*, for having faid, That fhe the Lady *Betty Wou'dbe* was painted. The Prifoner brought feveral Perfons of good Credit to witnefs to her Reputation, and proved by undeniable Evidences, that fhe was never at the Place where the Words were faid to have been uttered. The Cenfor obferving the Behaviour of the Profecutor, found Reafon to believe that fhe had indicted the Prifoner for no other Reafon but to make her Complexion be taken Notice of, which indeed was very frefh and beautiful: He therefore asked the Offender with a very ftern Voice, How fhe could prefume to fpread fo groundlefs a Report? And whether fhe faw any Colours in the Lady *Wou'dbe's* Face that could procure Credit to fuch a Falfhood?

Falſhood? Do you ſee (ſays he) any Lillies or Roſes in her Cheeks, any Bloom, any Probability? —— The Proſecutor, not able to bear ſuch Language any longer, told him, That he talked like a blind old Fool, and that ſhe was aſham'd to have entertain'd any Opinion of his Wiſdom: But ſhe was ſoon put to Silence, and ſentenced to wear her Mask for Five Months, and not to preſume to ſhow her Face till the Town ſhould be empty.

Benjamin Buzzard Eſq; was indicted for having told the Lady *Everbloom* at a publick Ball, That ſhe looked very well for a Woman of her Years. The Priſoner not denying the Fact, and perſiſting before the Court that he looked upon it as a Compliment, the Jury brought him in *Non Compos Mentis*.

The Court then adjourned to Monday *the* 11*th Inſtant.*

Copia Vera,
Charles Lillie.

The TATLER. [Nº 260.

Non cuicunque datum eſt habere Naſum. Mart.

From *Tueſday Dec.* 5. to *Thurſday Dec.* 7. 1710.

From my own Apartment, December 6.

WE have a very learned and elaborate Diſſertation upon Thumbs in *Montaigne's Eſſays*, and another upon Ears in the *Tale of a Tub*. I am here going to write one upon Noſes, having choſen for my Text the following Verſes out of *Hudibras*:

So learned Talicotius *from*
The brawny Part of Porter's Bum
Cut Supplemental Noses, which
Lasted as long as Parent Breech:
But when the Date of Nock was out,
Off drop'd the Sympathetick Snout.

Notwithstanding that there is nothing obscene in Natural Knowledge, and that I intend to give as little Offence as may be to Readers of a well-bred Imagination, I must, for my own Quiet, desire the Criticks (who in all Times have been famous for good Noses) to refrain from the Lecture of this curious Tract. These Gentlemen were formerly marked out and distinguished by the little Rhinocerical Nose, which was always looked upon as an Instrument of Derision, and which they were used to cock, toss, or draw up in a contemptuous Manner upon reading the Works of their ingenious Contemporaries. It is not therefore for this Generation of Men that I write the present Transaction,

—— *Minus aptus acutis*
Naribus horum Hominum ——

But for the Sake of some of my Philosophical Friends in the Royal Society, who peruse Discourses of this Nature with a becoming Gravity, and a Desire of improving by them.

Many are the Opinions of learned Men concerning the Rise of that fatal Distemper which has always taken a particular Pleasure in venting its Spight upon the Nose. I have seen a little Burlesque Poem in *Italian* that gives a very pleasant Account of this Matter. The Fable of it runs thus: *Mars*, the God of War, having served during the Siege of *Naples* in the Shape of a *French* Colonel, received a Visit one Night from *Venus*, the Goddess of Love, who had been always his professed Mistress and Admirer. The Poem

Poem says, she came to him in the Disguise of a Suttling Wench, with a Bottle of Brandy under her Arm. Let that be as it will, he managed Matters so well, that she went away big-bellied, and was at length brought to Bed of a little *Cupid*. This Boy, whether it were by Reason of any Bad Food that his Father had eaten during the Siege, or of any particular Malignity in the Stars that reigned at his Nativity, came into the World with a very sickly Look, and crazy Constitution. As soon as he was able to handle his Bow, he made Discoveries of a most perverse Disposition. He dipped all his Arrows in Poison, that rotted every Thing they touched; and what was more particular, aimed all his Shafts at the Nose, quite contrary to the Practice of his elder Brothers, who had made a humane Heart their Butt in all Countries and Ages. To break him of this Roguish Trick, his Parents put him to School to *Mercury*, who did all he could to hinder him from demolishing the Noses of Mankind; but in Spight of Education, the Boy continued very unlucky; and tho' his Malice was a little softened by good Instructions, he would very frequently let fly an envenomed Arrow, and wound his Votaries oftner in the Nose than in the Heart. Thus far the Fable.

I need not tell my learned Reader, that *Correggio* has drawn a *Cupid* taking his Lesson from *Mercury*, conformable to this Poem; nor that the Poem it self was designed as a Burlesque upon *Fracastorius*.

It was a little after this fatal Siege of *Naples* that *Talicotius* begun to practise in a Town of *Germany*. He was the first Clap-Doctor that I meet with in History, and a greater Man in his Age than our celebrated Dr. *Wall*. He saw his Species extremely mutilated and disfigured by this new Distemper that was crept into it; and therefore, in Pursuance of a very seasonable In-

vention, set up a Manufacture of Noses, having first got a Patent that none should presume to make Noses besides himself. His first Patient was a great Man of *Portugal*, who had done good Services to his Country, but in the Midst of them unfortunately lost his Nose. *Talicotius* grafted a new one on the remaining Part of the Gristle or Cartilaginous Substance, which would sneeze, smell, take Snuff, pronounce the Letters *M.* or *N.* and in short, do all the Functions of a Genuine and Natural Nose. There was however one Misfortune in this Experiment: The *Portuguese*'s Complexion was a little upon the Subfusk, with very black Eyes and dark Eyebrows; and the Nose being taken from a Porter that had a white *German* Skin, and cut out of those Parts that are not exposed to the Sun, it was very visible that the Features of his Face were not Fellows. In a Word, the *Comdé* resembled one of those maimed antique Statues that has often a modern Nose of fresh Marble glewed to a Face of such a yellow Ivory Complexion as nothing can give but Age. To remedy this Particular for the future, the Doctor got together a great Collection of Porters, Men of all Complexions, black, brown, fair, dark, sallow, pale, and ruddy; so that it was impossible for a Patient of the most out-of-the-way Colour not to find a Nose to match it.

The Doctor's House was now very much enlarged, and become a Kind of College, or rather Hospital, for the fashionable Cripples of both Sexes that resorted to him from all Parts of *Europe.* Over his Door was fastened a large Golden Snout, not unlike that which is placed over the great Gates at *Brazen-Nose* College in *Oxford*; and as it is usual for the Learned in Foreign Universities to distinguish their Houses by a *Latin* Sentence, the Doctor writ underneath this great Golden Proboscis Two Verses out of *Ovid*:

Militat

Militat omnis Amans, habet & sua Castra Cupido,
Pontice, crede mihi, militat omnis Amans.

It is reported, That *Taliacotius* had at one Time in his House Twelve *German* Counts, Nineteen *French* Marquisses, and a Hundred *Spanish* Cavaliers, besides One solitary *English* Esquire, of whom more hereafter. Tho' the Doctor had the Monopoly of Noses in his own Hands, he is said not to have been unreasonable. Indeed if a Man had Occasion for a high *Roman* Nose, he must go to the Price of it. A Carbuncle Nose likewise bore an excessive Rate: But for your ordinary short turned-up Noses, of which there was the greatest Consumption, they cost little or nothing; at least the Purchasers thought so, who would have been content to have paid much dearer for them, rather than to have gone without them.

The Sympathy betwixt the Nose and its Parent was very extraordinary. *Hudibras* has told us, that when the Porter died, the Nose dropped of Course, in which Case it was always usual to return the Nose, in order to have it interred with its first Owner. The Nose was likewise affected by the Pain as well as Death of the Original Proprietor. An eminent Instance of this Nature happen'd to Three *Spaniards*, whose Noses were all made out of the same Piece of Brawn. They found them one Day shoot and swell extremely; upon which they sent to know how the Porter did, and heard upon Enquiry, that the Parent of the Noses had been severely kicked the Day before, and that the Porter kept his Bed on Account of the Bruises it had received. This was highly resented by the *Spaniards*, who found out the Person that had used the Porter so unmercifully, and treated him in the same Manner as if the Indignity had been done to their own Noses. In this and several other Cases it might be said, That the Porters led the Gentlemen by the Nose.

On the other Hand, if any Thing went amiſs with the Noſe, the Porter felt the Effects of it, inſomuch that it was generally articled with the Patient, that he ſhould not only abſtain from all his old Courſes, but ſhould on no Pretence whatſoever ſmell Pepper, or eat Muſtard; on which Occaſion, the Part where the Inciſion had been made was ſeized with unſpeakable Twinges and Prickings.

The *Engliſhman* I before mentioned was ſo very irregular, and relapſed ſo frequently into the Diſtemper which at firſt brought him to the learned *Talicotius*, that in the Space of Two Years he wore out Five Noſes, and by that Means ſo tormented the Porters, that if he would have given 500 *l.* for a Noſe, there was not one of them that would accommodate him. This young Gentleman was born of honeſt Parents, and paſſed his firſt Years in Fox-hunting; but accidentally quitting the Woods, and coming up to *London*, he was ſo charmed with the Beauties of the Play-houſe, that he had not been in Town Two Days before he got the Misfortune which carried off this Part of his Face. He uſed to be called in *Germany*, The *Engliſhman* of Five Noſes, and, The Gentleman that had thrice as many Noſes as he had Ears: Such was the Raillery of thoſe Times.

I ſhall cloſe this Paper with an Admonition to the young Men of this Town, which I think the more neceſſary, becauſe I ſee ſeveral new freſh-coloured Faces, that have made their firſt Appearance in it this Winter. I muſt therefore aſſure them, that the Art of making Noſes is entirely loſt; and in the next Place, beg them not to follow the Example of our ordinary Town Rakes, who live as if there was a *Talicotius* to be met with at the Corner of every Street. Whatever young Men may think, the Noſe is a very becoming Part of the Face, and a Man makes but a very ſilly Figure without it. But it is the Nature of Youth not

to know the Value of any Thing till they have loſt it. The general Precept therefore I ſhall leave with them is, to regard every Town-Woman as a particular Kind of Siren, that has a Deſign upon their Noſes; and that, amidſt her Flatteries and Allurements, they will fancy ſhe ſpeaks to 'em in that humorous Phraſe of old *Plautus*:

Ego tibi Faciem denaſabo mordicus.

'Keep your Face out of my Way, or I'll bite 'off your Noſe.

The TATLER. [N° 261.

From *Thurſd. Dec.* 7. to *Saturd. Dec.* 9. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Dec. 8.

IT is the Duty of all who make Philoſophy the Entertainment of their Lives, to turn their Thoughts to practical Schemes for the Good of Society, and not paſs away their Time in fruitleſs Searches, which tend rather to the Oſtentation of Knowledge than the Service of Life. For this Reaſon I cannot forbear reading even the common Bills that are daily put into People's Hands as they paſs the Streets, which give us Notice of the preſent Reſidence, the paſt Travels, and infallible Medicines of Doctors uſeful in their Generation, though much below the Character of the renowned *Talicotius*: But upon a nice Calculation of the Succeſſes of ſuch Adepts, I find their Labours tend moſtly to the enriching only one Sort of Men, that is to ſay, the Society of Upholders. From this Obſervation, and many other which occur to me when I am numbering the good People of *Great Britain*, I cannot but favour any Propoſal which tends to repairing the Loſſes we ſuſtain

by *eminent Cures*. The best I have met with in this Kind, has been offered to my Consideration, and recommended by a Letter, subscribed *Thomas Clement*. The Title to his printed Articles runs thus: *By the Profitable Society at the* Wheat-Sheaf *over-against* Tom's Coffee-house *in* Russel-Street, Covent-Garden, *new Proposals for promoting a Contribution towards raising Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds to be made on the Baptizing of any Infant born in Wedlock*. The Plan is laid with such proper Regulations, as serves (to such as fall in with it for the Sake of their Posterity) all the Uses, without any of the Inconveniencies of Settlements. By this Means, such whose Fortunes depend upon their own Industry, or Personal Qualifications, need not be deterred by Fear of Poverty from that State which Nature and Reason prescribe to us as the Fountain of the greatest Happiness in Humane Life. The Censors of *Rome* had Power vested in them to lay Taxes on the unmarried; and I think I cannot show my Impartiality better than in enquiring into the extravagant Privileges my Brother Batchelors enjoy, and fine them accordingly. I shall not allow a Single Life in one Sex to be reproached, and held in Esteem in the other. It would not, methinks, be amiss, if an old Batchelor, who lives in Contempt of Matrimony, were obliged to give a Portion to an old Maid who is willing to enter into it. At the same Time I must allow, that those who can plead Courtship, and were unjustly rejected, shall not be liable to the Pains and Penalties of Celibacy. But such as pretend an Aversion to the whole Sex, because they were ill treated by a particular Female, and cover their Sense of Disappointment in Women under a Contempt of their Favour, shall be proceeded against as Batchelors Convict. I am not without Hopes, that from this slight Warning, all the unmarried Men of Fortune, Tast, and Refinement, will, without further Delay, become Lovers

vers and humble Servants to ſuch of their Acquaintance as are moſt agreeable to them, under Pain of my Cenſures: And it is to be hoped, the reſt of the World, who remain ſingle for fear of the Incumbrances of Wedlock, will become Subſcribers to Mr. *Clement*'s Propoſal. By theſe Means we ſhall have a much more numerous Account of Births in the Year, 1711, than any ever before known in *Great Britain*, where meerly to be born is a Diſtinction of Providence, greater than being born to a Fortune in another Place.

As I was going on in the Conſideration of this good Office which Mr. *Clement* propoſes to do his Country, I received the following Letter, which ſeems to be dictated by a like modeſt and publick Spirit, that makes Uſe of me alſo in its Deſign of obliging Mankind.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*,

' IN the Royal Lottery for a Million and an half, ' I had the good Fortune of obtaining a Prize. ' From before the Drawing I had devoted a Fifth ' of whatever ſhould ariſe to me to Charitable ' Uſes. Accordingly, I lately troubled you with ' my Requeſt and Commiſſion for placing half a ' Dozen Youths with Mr. *More*, Writing-Maſter ' in *Caſtle ſtreet*, to whom, it is ſaid, we owe ' all the fine Devices, Flouriſhes, and the Com' poſure of all the Plates, for the Drawing and ' paying the Tickets. Be pleaſed therefore, good ' Sir, to find or make Leiſure for complying there' with, for I would not appear concerned in this ' ſmall Matter. I am very much

Your humble Servant, &c.

It is no ſmall Pleaſure to obſerve, that in the midſt of a very degenerate Age, there are ſtill Spirits which retain their natural Dignity, and purſue the Good of their Fellow Creatures: Some in

making themſelves uſeful by profeſſed Service, ſome by ſecret Generoſity. Were I at Liberty to diſcover even all the Good I know of many Men living at this Time, there would want nothing but a ſuitable Hiſtorian to make them appear as illuſtrious as any of the nobleſt of the old *Greeks* or *Romans.* The Cunning ſome have uſed to do handſome and worthy Actions, the Addreſs to do Men Services, and eſcape their Notice, has produced ſo many ſurprizing Incidents, (which have been laid before me during my Cenſorſhip) as, in the Opinion of Poſterity, would abſolve this Age of all its Crimes and Follies. I know no Way to deal with ſuch delicate Minds as theſe, but by aſſuring them, that when they ceaſe to do Good, I ſhall tell all the Good they have done already. Let therefore the Benefactor to the Youths above-mentioned continue ſuch Bounties, upon Pain of being publickly praiſed. But there is no Probability of his running into that Hazard; for a ſtrong Habit of Virtue can make Men ſuſpend the receiving Acknowledgments due to their Merit, till they are out of a Capacity of receiving them. I am ſo very much charmed with Accidents of this Kind, that I have made a Collection of all the memorable handſome Things done by private Men in my Time. As a Specimen of my Manner of noting ſuch Actions, take the following Fragment out of much more which is written in my Year-Book on the remarkable Will of a Gentleman, whom I ſhall here call *Celamico.*

'This Day died that plain and excellent Man, 'my much honoured Friend *Celamico*, who bequeathed his whole Eſtate to a Gentleman no 'Way related to him, and to whom he had given 'no ſuch Expectation in his Life-time.

He was a Perſon of a very enlarged Soul, and thought the neareſt Relation among Men to be the Reſemblance of their Minds and Sentiments. He was

was not mistaken in the Worth of his Successor, who received the News of this unexpected good Fortune with an Air that showed him less moved with the benefit, than the Loss of the Benefactor.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Notice is hereby given, That on Monday *the* 11*th Instant, the* Case of the Visit *comes on, between the Hours of Ten and Eleven, at the* Court of Honour; *where both Persons are to attend, the Meeting there not being to be understood as a Visit, and the Right of the next Visit being then to be wholly settled, according to the Prayer of the Plaintiff.*

The TATLER. [Nº 262.

Verba Togæ sequeris Junctura callidus acri,
Ore teres modico, pallentes radere Mores,
Doctus & ingenuo Culpam defigere Ludo.
Pers. Sat. 5.

From *Saturday Dec.* 9. to *Tuesday Dec.* 12. 1710.

Journal of the Court of Honour, *&c.*

T*Imothy Treatall* Gent. was indicted by several Ladies of his Sisters Acquaintance for a very rude Affront offered to them at an Entertainment, to which he had invited them on *Tuesday* the 7th of *November* last past, between the Hours of Eight and Nine in the Evening. The Indictment set forth, That the said Mr. *Treatall*, upon the Serving up of the Supper, desired the Ladies to take their Places according to their different Age and Seniority, for that it was the Way always at his Table to pay Respect to Years. The Indictment added, That this produced an unspeakable

Confusion

Confusion in the Company; for that the Ladies, who before had pressed together for a Place at the upper End of the Table, immediately crowded with the same Disorder towards the End that was quite opposite; That Mrs. *Frontly* had the Insolence to clap her self down at the very lowest Place of the Table; That the Widow *Partlett* seated her self on the Right Hand of Mrs. *Frontly*, alledging for her Excuse, that no Ceremony was to be used at a Round Table; That Mrs. *Fidget* and Mrs. *Fescue* disputed above half an Hour for the same Chair, and that the latter would not give up the Cause till it was decided by the Parish Register, which happened to be kept hard by. The Indictment further said, That the rest of the Company who sat down, did it with a Reserve to their Right, which they were at Liberty to assert on another Occasion; and that Mrs. *Mary Pippe*, an old Maid, was placed by the unanimous Vote of the whole Company at the upper End of the Table, from whence she had the Confusion to behold several Mothers of Families among her Inferiors. The Criminal alledged in his Defence, That what he had done, was to raise Mirth, and avoid Ceremony, and that the Ladies did not complain of his Rudeness till the next Morning, having eaten up what he had provided for them with great Readiness and Alacrity. The Censor frowning upon him, told him, That he ought not to discover so much Levity in Matters of a serious Nature, and (upon the Jury's bringing him in guilty) sentenced him to treat the whole Assembly of Ladies over again, and to take Care that he did it with the Decorum which was due to Persons of their Quality.

Rebecca Shapely, Spinster, was indicted by Mrs. *Sarah Smack*, for speaking many Words reflecting upon her Reputation, and the Heels of her Silk Slippers, which the Prisoner had maliciously suggested to be two Inches higher than they

they really were. The Proſecutor urged, as an Aggravation of her Guilt, That the Priſoner was her ſelf guilty of the ſame Kind of Forgery which ſhe had laid to the Proſecutor's Charge, for that ſhe the ſaid *Rebecca Shapely* did always wear a Pair of Steel Bodice, and a falſe Rump. The Cenſor ordered the Slippers to be produced in open Court, where the Heels were adjudged to be of the Statutable Size. He then ordered the Grand Jury to ſearch the Criminal, who, after ſome Time ſpent therein, acquitted her of the Bodice, but found her guilty of the Rump; upon which ſhe received Sentence as is uſual in ſuch Caſes.

William Trippit Eſquire, of the *Middle-Temple*, brought his Action againſt the Lady *Elizabeth Prudely*, for having refuſed him her Hand as he offered to lead her to her Coach from the Opera. The Plaintiff ſet forth, That he had entred himſelf into the Liſt of thoſe Volunteers who officiate every Night behind the Boxes as Gentlemen-Uſhers of the Play-houſe; That he had been at a conſiderable Charge in white Gloves, Periwigs, and Snuff-Boxes, in order to qualify himſelf for that Employment, and in Hopes of making his Fortune by it. The Council for the Defendant reply'd, That the Plaintiff had given out that he was within a Month of wedding their Client, and that ſhe had refuſed her Hand to him in Ceremony, leſt he ſhould interpret it as a Promiſe that ſhe would give it him in Marriage. As ſoon as their Pleadings on both Sides were finiſhed, the Cenſor ordered the Plaintiff to be caſhier'd from his Office of Gentleman-Uſher to the Play-houſe, ſince it was too plain that he had undertaken it with an ill Deſign; and at the ſame Time ordered the Defendant either to marry the ſaid Plaintiff, or to pay him Half a Crown, for the new Pair of Gloves and Coach-hire that he was at the Expence of in her Service.

The

The Lady *Townly* brought an Action of Debt againſt Mrs. *Flambeau*, for that the ſaid Mrs. *Flambeau* had not been to ſee the ſaid Lady *Townly*, and wiſh her Joy, ſince her Marriage with Sir *Ralph*, notwithſtanding ſhe the ſaid Lady *Townly* had paid Mrs. *Flambeau* a Viſit upon her firſt coming to Town. It was urged in the Behalf of the Defendant, That the Plaintiff had never given her any regular Notice of her being in Town; That the Viſit ſhe alledged had been made on a *Monday*, which ſhe knew was a Day on which Mrs. *Flambeau* was always abroad, having ſet aſide that only Day in the Week to mind the Affairs of her Family; That the Servant who enquired whether ſhe was at Home, did not give the Viſiting-Knock; That it was not between the Hours of Five and Eight in the Evening; That there was no Candles lighted up; That it was not on Mrs. *Flambeau*'s Day; and in ſhort, That there was not one of the eſſential Points obſerved that conſtitute a Viſit. She further proved by her Porter's Book, which was produced in Court, that ſhe had paid the Lady *Townly* a Viſit on the Twenty fourth Day of *March*, juſt before her leaving the Town, in the Year 1709-10, for which ſhe was ſtill Creditor to the ſaid Lady *Townly*. To this the Plaintiff only replied, That ſhe was now under Covert, and not liable to any Debts contracted when ſhe was a ſingle Woman. Mr. *Bickerſtaff* finding the Cauſe to be very intricate, and that ſeveral Points of Honour were likely to ariſe in it, he deferred giving Judgment upon it till the next Seſſion Day, at which Time he ordered the Ladies on his Left Hand to preſent to the Court a Table of all the Laws relating to Viſits.

Winifred Lear brought her Action againſt *Richard Sly*, for having broken a Marriage Contract, and wedded another Woman, after he had engaged himſelf to marry the ſaid *Winifred Lear*. She alledged, That he had ogled her twice at an Ope-

ra,

ra, thrice in *St. James*'s Church, and once at *Powel*'s Puppet-Show, at which Time he promised her Marriage by a Side-Glance, as her Friend could testify that sat by her. Mr. *Bickerstaff* finding that the Defendant had made no further Overture of Love or Marriage, but by Looks, and Ocular Engagement; yet at the same Time considering how very apt such impudent Seducers are to lead the Ladies Hearts astray, ordered the Criminal to stand upon the Stage in the *Haymarket*, between each Act of the next Opera, there to be exposed to publick View as a false *Ogler*.

Upon the Rising of the Court, Mr. *Bickerstaff* having taken one of these Counterfeits in the very Fact as he was ogling a Lady of the Grand Jury, ordered him to be seized, and prosecuted upon the Statute of Ogling. He likewise directed the Clerk of the Court to draw up an Edict against these common Cheats, that make Women believe they are distracted for them, by staring them out of Countenance, and often blast a Lady's Reputation whom they never spoke to, by saucy Looks and distant Familiarities.

The TATLER. [N° 263.

— *Minimâ contentos Nocte Britannos.* Juv. Sat. 2.

From *Tuesday* Dec. 12. to *Thursday* Dec. 14. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Dec. 13.

AN old Friend of mine being lately come to Town, I went to see him on *Tusday* last about Eight a Clock in the Evening, with a Design to sit with him an Hour or two, and talk over old Stories; but upon enquiring after him, his Servant told me he was just gone to Bed. The next Morning, as soon as I was up and dressed, and had dispatched

patched a little Buſineſs, I came again to my Friend's Houſe about Eleven a Clock, with a Deſign to renew my Viſit; but upon aſking for him, his Servant told me he was juſt ſat down to Dinner. In ſhort, I found that my old faſhioned Friend religiouſly adhered to the Example of his Fore-fathers, and obſerved the ſame Hours that had been kept in the Family ever ſince the Conqueſt.

It is very plain, that the Night was much longer formerly in this Iſland than it is at preſent. By the Night, I mean that Portion of Time which Nature has thrown into Darkneſs, and which the Wiſdom of Mankind had formerly dedicated to Reſt and Silence. This uſed to begin at Eight a Clock in the Evening, and conclude at Six in the Morning. The Corfeu, or Eight a Clock Bell, was the Signal throughout the Nation for putting out their Candles and going to Bed.

Our Grandmothers, tho' they were wont to ſit up the laſt in the Family, were all of them faſt aſleep at the ſame Hours that their Daughters are buſy at Crimp and Baſſet. Modern Stateſmen are concerting Schemes, and engaged in the Depth of Politicks, at the Time when their Fore-fathers were laid down quietly to Reſt, and had nothing in their Heads but Dreams. As we have thus thrown Buſineſs and Pleaſure into the Hours of Reſt, and by that Means made the natural Night but half as long as it ſhould be, we are forced to piece it out with a great Part of the Morning; ſo that near Two thirds of the Nation lie faſt aſleep for ſeveral Hours in broad Day-light. This Irregularity is grown ſo very faſhionable at preſent, that there is ſcarce a Lady of Quality in *Great Britain* that ever ſaw the Sun riſe. And if the Humour encreaſes in Proportion to what it has done of late Years, it is not impoſſible but our Children may hear the Bell-Man going about the Streets at Nine a Clock in the Morning, and the Watch

Watch making their Rounds till Eleven. This unaccountable Diſpoſition in Mankind to continue awake in the Night, and ſleep in Sunſhine, has made me inquire, Whether the ſame Change of Inclination has happened to any other Animals? For this Reaſon I deſired a Friend of mine in the Country to let me know, Whether the Lark riſes as early as he did formerly? And whether the Cock begins to crow at his uſual Hour? My Friend has anſwered me, That his Poultry are as regular as ever, and that all the Birds and the Beaſts of his Neighbourhood keep the ſame Hours that they have obſerved in the Memory of Man; and the ſame which, in all Probability, they have kept for theſe Five Thouſand Years.

If you would ſee the Innovations that have been made among us in this Particular, you may only look into the Hours of Colleges, where they ſtill dine at Eleven, and ſup at Six, which were doubtleſs the Hours of the whole Nation at the Time when thoſe Places were founded. But at preſent the Courts of Juſtice are ſcarce opened in *Weſtminſter-Hall* at the Time when *William Rufus* uſed to go to Dinner in it. All Buſineſs is driven forward: The Land-Marks of our Fathers (if I may ſo call them) are removed, and planted further up into the Day; inſomuch that I am afraid our Clergy will be obliged (if they expect full Congregations) not to look any more upon Ten a Clock in the Morning as a Canonical Hour. In my own Memory the Dinner has crept by Degrees from Twelve a Clock to Three, and where it will fix no Body knows.

I have ſometimes thought to draw up a Memorial in the Behalf of Supper againſt Dinner, ſetting forth, That the ſaid Dinner has made ſeveral Encroachments upon the ſaid Supper, and entered very far upon his Frontiers; That he has baniſhed him out of ſeveral Families, and in all has driven him from his Head-Quarters, and forced him to

make

make his Retreat into the [illegible]urs of Midnight; and in ſhort, That he is now i[n] Danger of being entirely confounded and loſt in [B]reakfaſt. Thoſe who have read *Lucian*, and ſeen the Complaints of the Letter *T.* againſt *S.* upo[n] Accoun[t] of many Injuries and Uſurpations of the ſame Nature, will, not, I believe, think ſuch a Memorial forced and unnatural. If Dinner has been thus poſtponed, or (if you pleaſe) kept back from Time to Time, you may be ſure that it has been in Compliance with the other Buſineſs of the Day, and that Supper has ſtill obſerved a proportionable Diſtance. There is a venerable Proverb, which we have all of us heard in our Infancy, of *putting the Children to Bed, and laying the Gooſe to the Fire.* This was one of the Jocular Sayings of our Fore-fathers, but may be properly uſed in the Literal Senſe at preſent. Who would not wonder at this perverted Reliſh of thoſe who are reckoned the moſt polite Part of Mankind, that prefer Sea-Coals and Candles to the Sun, and [ex]change ſo many chearful Morning Hours for [th]e Pleaſures of Midnight Revels and Debauches? If a Man was only to conſult his Healt[h], [he w]ould chuſe to live his whole Time (if poſſible) [i]n Day-light, and to retire out of the World into Silence and Sleep, while the raw Damps and unwholeſome Vapours fly Abroad without a Sun to diſperſe, moderate, or controul them. For my own Part, I value an Hour in the Morning as much as common Libertines do an Hour at Midnight. When I find my ſelf awakened into Being, and perceive my Life renewed within me, and at the ſame Time ſee the whole Face of Nature recovered out of the dark uncomfortable State in which it lay for ſeveral Hours, my Heart overflows with ſuch ſecret Sentiments of Joy and Gratitude as are a Kind of implicit Praiſe to the great Author of Nature. The Mind in theſe early Seaſons of the Day is ſo refreſhed in all its Faculties, and born up with

ſuch

ſuch new Supplies of Animal Spirits, that ſhe finds her ſelf in a State of Youth, eſpecially when ſhe is entertained with the Breath of Flowers, the Melody of Birds, the Dews that hang upon the Plants, and all thoſe other Sweets of Nature that are peculiar to the Morning.

It is impoſſible for a Man to have this Reliſh of Being, this exquiſite Taſt of Life, who does not come into the World before it is in all its Noiſe and Hurry; who loſes the Riſing of the Sun, the ſtill Hours of the Day, and immediately upon his firſt getting up plunges himſelf into the ordinary Cares or Follies of the World.

I ſhall conclude this Paper with *Milton*'s inimitable Deſcription of *Adam*'s awakening his *Eve* in Paradiſe, which indeed would have been a Place as little delightful as a barren Heath or Deſert to thoſe who ſlept in it. The Fondneſs of the Poſture in which *Adam* is repreſented, and the Softneſs of his Whiſper, are Paſſages in this Divine Poem that are above all Commendation, and rather to be admired than praiſed.

Now Morn her Roſie Steps in th'Eaſtern Clime
Advancing, ſow'd the Earth with Orient Pearl,
When Adam *wak'd, ſo cuſtom'd; for his Sleep*
Was Airy-light from pure Digeſtion bred,
And temperate Vapours bland, which th'only Sound
Of *Leaves and fuming Rills,* Aurora*'s Fan*
Lightly diſpers'd, and the ſhrill Matin Song
Of *Birds on ev'ry Bough; ſo much the more*
His Wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With Treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing Cheek,
As through unquiet Reſt: He on his Side
Leaning half rais'd, with Looks of Cordial Love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar Graces. Then with Voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus *on* Flora *breaths,*
Her Hand ſoft touching, whiſper'd thus; Awake,

My

My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
Heav'n's laſt beſt Gift, my ever new Delight,
Awake, the Morning ſhines, and the freſh Field
Calls us; we loſe the Prime, to mark how ſpring
Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
What drops the Myrrh, and what the Balmy Reed,
How Nature paints her Colours, how the Bee
Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid Sweet.
Such Whiſp'ring wak'd her, but with ſtartled Eye
On Adam, *whom embracing, thus ſhe ſpake:*
O Sole! in whom my Thoughts find all Repoſe,
My Glory, my Perfection, glad I ſee
Thy Face, and Morn return'd. ——

The TATLER. [Nº 264.

Favete Linguis. ——— Hor.

From *Thurſd. Dec.* 14. to *Saturd. Dec.* 16. 1710.

From my own Apartment, December 15.

BOccalini, in his *Parnaſſus*, indicts a Laconick Writer for ſpeaking that in Three Words which he might have ſaid in Two, and ſentences him for his Puniſhment to read over all the Works of *Guicciardin.* This *Guicciardin* is ſo very prolix and circumſtantial in his Writings, that I remember our Countryman Dr. *Don*, ſpeaking of that Majeſtick and Conciſe Manner in which *Moſes* has deſcribed the Creation of the World, adds, " That if ſuch an Author as *Guicciardin* were to have written on ſuch a Subject, ' the World it ſelf would not have been able to ' have contained the Books that gave the Hiſtory ' of its Creation.

I look upon a tedious Talker, or what is generally known by the Name of a Story-Teller, to be

be much more inſufferable than even a prolix Writer. An Author may be toſs'd out of your Hand, and thrown aſide when he grows dull and tireſome; but ſuch Liberties are ſo far from being allowed towards your Orators in common Converſation, that I have known a Challenge ſent a Perſon for going out of the Room abruptly, and leaving a Man of Honour in the Midſt of a Diſſertation. This Evil is at preſent ſo very Common and Epidemical, that there's ſcarce a Coffee-houſe in Town that has not ſome Speakers belonging to it, who utter their Political Eſſays, and draw Parallels out of *Baker's Chronicle* to almoſt every Part of Her Majeſty's Reign. It was ſaid of two ancient Authors who had very different Beauties in their Style, That if you took a Word from one of them, you only ſpoiled his Eloquence; but if you took a Word from the other, you ſpoiled his Senſe. I have often applied the firſt Part of this Criticiſm to ſeveral of theſe Coffee-houſe Speakers whom I have at preſent in my Thoughts, tho' the Character that is given to the laſt of thoſe Authors is what I would recommend to the Imitation of my loving Countrymen; But it is not only publick Places of Reſort, but private Clubs and Converſations over a Bottle, that are infeſted with this loquacious Kind of Animal, eſpecially with that Species which I comprehend under the Name of a Story-Teller. I would earneſtly deſire theſe Gentlemen to conſider, that no Point of Wit or Mirth at the End of a Story can attone for the Half-Hour that has been loſt before they come at it. I would likewiſe lay it home to their ſerious Conſideration, Whether they think that every Man in the Company has not a Right to ſpeak as well as themſelves? And whether they do not think they are invading another Man's Property, when they engroſs the Time which ſhould be divided equally amongſt the Company to their own private Uſe?

What

What makes this Evil the much greater in Converſation is, that theſe Humdrum Companions ſeldom endeavour to wind up their Narrations into a Point of Mirth or Inſtruction, which might make ſome Amends for the Tedíouſneſs of them, but think they have a Right to tell any Thing that has happened within their Memory. They look upon Matter of Fact to be a ſufficient Foundation for a Story, and give us a long Account of Things, not becauſe they are entertaining or ſurpriſing, but becauſe they are true.

My ingenious Kinſman, Mr. *Humphrey Wagſtaff*, uſes to ſay, The Life of Man is too ſhort for a Story-Teller.

Methuſalem might be half an Hour in telling what a Clock it was; but as for us Poſtdiluvians, we ought to do every Thing in Haſt; and in our Speeches, as well as Actions, remember that our Time is ſhort. A Man that talks for a Quarter of an Hour together in Company, if I meet him frequently, takes up a great Part of my Span. A Quarter of an Hour may be reckoned the Eight and fortieth Part of a Day, a Day the Three hundred and ſixtieth Part of a Year, and a Year the Threeſcore and tenth Part of Life. By this moral Arithmetick, ſuppoſing a Man to be in the Talking World one third Part of the Day, whoever gives another a Quarter of an Hour's Hearing, makes him a Sacrifice of more than the Four hundred thouſandth Part of his Converſable Life.

I would eſtabliſh but one great general Rule to be obſerved in all Converſation, which is this, *That Men ſhould not talk to pleaſe themſelves, but thoſe that hear them.* This would make them conſider, Whether what they ſpeak be worth Hearing? Whether there be either Wit or Senſe in what they are about to ſay? And, Whether it be adapted to the Time when, the Place where, and the Perſon to whom, it is ſpoken?

For the utter Extirpation of theſe Orators and Story-Tellers, which I look upon as very great Peſts of Society, I have invented a Watch, which divides the Minute into Twelve Parts, after the ſame Manner that the ordinary Watches are divided into Hours; and will endeavour to get a Patent, which ſhall oblige every Club or Company to provide themſelves with one of theſe Watches (that ſhall lie upon the Table as an Hour-Glaſs is often placed near the Pulpit) to meaſure out the Length of a Diſcourſe.

I ſhall be willing to allow a Man one Round of my Watch, that is, a whole Minute to ſpeak in; but if he exceeds that Time, it ſhall be lawful for any of the Company to look upon the Watch, or to call him down to Order.

Provided however, That if any one can make it appear he is turned of Threeſcore, he may take two, or, if he pleaſes, three Rounds of the Watch without giving Offence. Provided alſo, That this Rule be not conſtrued to extend to the Fair Sex, who ſhall ſtill be at Liberty to talk by the ordinary Watch that is now in Uſe. I would likewiſe earneſtly recommend this little Automaton, which may be eaſily carried in the Pocket without any Incumbrance, to all ſuch as are troubled with this Infirmity of Speech, that upon pulling out their Watches, they may have frequent Occaſion to conſider what they are doing, and by that Means cut the Thread of their Story ſhort, and hurry to a Concluſion. I ſhall only add, That this Watch, with a Paper of Directions how to uſe it, is ſold at *Charles Lillie's*.

I am afraid, a *Tatler* will be thought a very improper Paper to cenſure this Humour of being Talkative; but I would have my Readers know, that there is a great Difference between Tattle and Loquacity, as I ſhall ſhow at large in a following Lucubration, it being my Deſign to throw away

a Candle

a Candle upon that Subject, in order to explain the whole Art of Tattling in all its Branches and Subdivisions.

The TATLER. [N° 265.

Arbiter hic igitur factus de Lite Jocosâ. Ovid. Met.

From *Saturday* Dec. 16. to *Tuesday* Dec. 19. 1710.

Continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honour, *&c.*

AS soon as the Court was sat, the Ladies of the Bench presented, according to Order, a Table of all the Laws now in Force relating to Visits and Visiting-Days, methodically digested under their respective Heads, which the Censor ordered to be laid upon the Table, and afterwards proceeded upon the Business of the Day.

Henry Heedless Esq; was indicted by Colonel *Touchy*, of Her Majesty's Trained-Bands, upon an Action of Assault and Battery; for that he the said Mr. *Heedless* having espied a Feather upon the Shoulder of the said Colonel, struck it off gently with the End of a Walking-Staff, Value Three Pence. It appeared, That the Prosecutor did not think himself injured till a few Days after the aforesaid Blow was given him; but that having ruminated with himself for several Days, and conferred upon it with other Officers of the Militia, he concluded, that he had in Effect been cudgelled by Mr. *Heedless*, and that he ought to resent it accordingly. The Council for the Prosecutor alledged, That the Shoulder was the tenderest Part in a Man of Honour; That it had

had a natural Antipathy to a Stick, and that every Touch of it, with any Thing made in the Fashion of a Cane, was to be interpreted as a Wound in that Part, and a Violation of the Person's Honour who received it. Mr. *Heedless* replied, That what he had done was out of Kindness to the Prosecutor, as not thinking it proper for him to appear at the Head of the Trained-Bands with a Feather upon his Shoulder; and further added, That the Stick he had made use of on this Occasion was so very small, that the Prosecutor could not have felt it, had he broken it on his Shoulders. The Censor hereupon directed the Jury to examine into the Nature of the Staff, for that a great deal would depend upon that Particular. Upon which he explained to them the different Degrees of Offence that might be given by the Touch of Crab-tree from that of Cane, and by the Touch of Cane from that of a plain Hazle Stick. The Jury, after a short Perusal of the Staff, declared their Opinion by the Mouth of their Foreman, That the Substance of the Staff was *British* Oak. The Censor then observing that there was some Dust on the Skirts of the Criminal's Coat, ordered the Prosecutor to beat it off with his aforesaid Oaken Plant; and thus, said the Censor, I shall decide this Cause by the Law of Retaliation: If Mr. *Heedless* did the Colonel a good Office, the Colonel will by this Means return it in Kind; but if Mr. *Heedless* should at any Time boast that he had cudgelled the Colonel, or laid his Staff over his Shoulders, the Colonel might boast in his Turn, that he has brushed Mr. *Heedless*'s Jacket, or (to use the Phrase of an ingenious Author) that he has rubbed him down with an Oaken Towel.

Benjamin Busy, of *London*, Merchant, was indicted by *Jasper Tattle* Esq; for having pulled out his Watch and looked upon it thrice, while the said Esquire *Tattle* was giving him an Account

of the Funeral of the ſaid Eſquire *Tattle*'s firſt Wife. The Priſoner alledged in his Defence, That he was going to buy Stocks at the Time when he met the Proſecutor; and that, during the Story of the Proſecutor, the ſaid Stocks roſe above Two *per Cent.* to the great Detriment of the Priſoner. The Priſoner further brought ſeveral Witneſſes, That the ſaid *Jaſper Tattle* Eſq; was a moſt notorious Story-Teller; That before he met the Priſoner, he had hinder'd one of the Priſoners Acquaintance from the Purſuit of his lawful Buſineſs, with the Account of his Second Marriage; and that he had detained another by the Button of his Coat that very Morning, till he had heard ſeveral witty Sayings and Contrivances of the Proſecutor's eldeſt Son, who was a Boy of about Five Years of Age. Upon the whole Matter, Mr. *Bickerſtaff* diſmiſſed the Accuſation as frivolous, and ſentenced the Proſecutor to pay Damages to the Priſoner for what the Priſoner had loſt by giving him ſo long and patient an Hearing. He further reprimanded the Proſecutor very ſeverely, and told him, That if he proceeded in his uſual Manner to interrupt the Buſineſs of Mankind, he would ſet a Fine upon him for every Quarter of an Hour's Impertinence, and regulate the ſaid Fine according as the Time of the Perſon ſo injured ſhould appear to be more or leſs precious.

Sir *Paul Swaſh* Kt. was indicted by *Peter Double* Gent. for not returning the Bow which he received of the ſaid *Peter Double*, on *Wedneſday* the 6th Inſtant, at the Play-houſe in the *Hay-Market*. The Priſoner denied the Receipt of any ſuch Bow, and alledged, in his Defence, That the Proſecutor would oftentimes look full in his Face, but that when he bowed to the ſaid Proſecutor, he would take no notice of it, or bow to ſome Body elſe that ſat quite on the other Side of him. He likewiſe alledged, That ſeveral Ladies had complained of the Proſecutor, who,

after ogling them a Quarter of an Hour, upon their making a Courteſy to him, would not return the Civility of a Bow. The Cenſor obſerving ſeveral Glances of the Proſecutor's Eye, and perceiving, that when he talked to the Court, he looked upon the Jury, found Reaſon to ſuſpect that there was a wrong Caſt in his Sight, which upon Examination proved true. The Cenſor therefore ordered the Priſoner (that he might not produce any more Confuſions in publick Aſſemblies) never to bow to any Body whom he did not at the ſame Time call to by his Name.

Oliver Bluff, and *Benjamin Browbeat*, were indicted for going to fight a Duel ſince the Erection of the *Court of Honour*. It appeared, That they were both taken up in the Street as they paſſed by the Court, in their Way to the Fields behind *Mountague-Houſe*. The Criminals would anſwer nothing for themſelves, but that they were going to execute a Challenge which had been made above a Week before the *Court of Honour* was erected. The Cenſor finding ſome Reaſons to ſuſpect (by the Sturdineſs of their Behaviour) that they were not ſo very brave as they would have the Court believe them, ordered them both to be ſearched by the Grand Jury, who found a Breaſt-Plate upon the one, and Two Quires of Paper upon the other. The Breaſt-Plate was immediately order'd to be hung upon a Peg over Mr. *Bickerſtaff*'s Tribunal, and the Paper to be laid upon the Table for the Uſe of his Clerk. He then ordered the Criminals to button up their Boſoms, and, if they pleaſed, proceed to their Duel. Upon which they both went very quietly out of the Court, and retired to their reſpective Lodgings.

The Court then adjourned till after the Holidays.

Copia Vera,

Charles Lillie.

The TATLER. [N° 266.

Rideat & pulſet laſciva decentius Ætas. Hor.

From *Tueſd. Dec.* 19. to *Thurſd. Dec.* 21. 1710.

From my own Apartment, December 20.

IT would be a good Appendix to *the Art of Living and Dying,* if any one would write *the Art of Growing Old,* and teach Men to reſign their Pretenſions to the Pleaſures and Gallantries of Youth, in Proportion to the Alteration they find in themſelves by the Approach of Age and Infirmities. The Infirmities of this Stage of Life would be much fewer, if we did not affect thoſe which attend the more vigorous and active Part of our Days; but inſtead of ſtudying to be wiſer, or being contented with our preſent Follies, the Ambition of many of us is alſo to be the ſame Sort of Fools we formerly have been. I have often argued, as I am a profeſſed Lover of Women, that our Sex grows old with a much worſe Grace than the other does; and have ever been of Opinion, that there are more well-pleaſed old Women than old Men. I thought it a good Reaſon for this, that the Ambition of the Fair Sex being confined to advantageous Marriages, or ſhining in the Eyes of Men, their Parts were over ſooner, and conſequently the Errors in the Performance of them. The Converſation of this Evening has not convinced me of the contrary; for one or two Fop Women ſhall not make a Ballance for the Crowds of Coxcombs among our ſelves, diverſified according to the different Purſuits of Pleaſure and Buſineſs.

Re-

Returning Home this Evening a little before my usual Hour, I scarce had seated my self in my Easy Chair, stirred the Fire, and stroaked my Cat, but I heard some Body come rumbling up Stairs. I saw my Door opened, and a Humane Figure advancing towards me, so fantastically put together, 'twas some Minutes before I discovered it to be my old and intimate Friend *Sam. Trusty.* Immediately I rose up, and placed him in my own Seat, a Compliment I pay to few. The first Thing he utter'd was, *Isaac*, Fetch me a Cup of your Cherry-Brandy before you offer to ask me any Question. He drunk a lusty Draught, sat silent for some Time, and at last broke out; I am come (quoth he) to insult Thee for an old fantastick Dotard as thou art in ever defending the Women. I have this Evening visited Two Widows, who are now in that State I have often heard you call an After-Life: I suppose you mean by it, an Existence which grows out of past Entertainments, and is an untimely Delight in the Satisfactions which they once set their Hearts upon too much to be ever able to relinquish. Have but Patience, (continued he) till I give you a succinct Account of my Ladies, and of this Night's Adventure. They are much of an Age, but very different in their Characters: The one of them, with all the Advances which Years have made upon her, goes on in a certain Romantick Road of Love and Friendship which she fell into in her Teens; the other has transferred the amorous Passions of her first Years to the Love of Cronies, Petts and Favourites, with which she is always surrounded; but the Genius of each of them will best appear by the Account of what happened to me at their Houses. About Five this Afternoon, being tired with Study, the Weather inviting, and Time lying a little upon my Hands, I resolved, at the Instigation of my Evil Genius, to visit them, their Husbands having been our

Contemporaries. This I thought I could do without much Trouble, for both live in the very next Street. I went first to my Lady *Camomile*, and the Butler, who had lived long in the Family, and seen me often in his Master's Time, ushered me very civilly into the Parlour, and told me, Though my Lady had given strict Orders to be denied, he was sure I might be admitted, and bid the Black-Boy acquaint his Lady, that I was to wait upon her. In the Window lay Two Letters, one broke open, the other fresh sealed with a Wafer: The first directed to the Divine *Cosmelia*, the second to the Charming *Lucinda*; but both, by the indented Characters, appeared to have been writ by very unsteady Hands. Such uncommon Addresses increased my Curiosity, and put me upon asking my old Friend the Butler, If he knew who those Persons were? Very well, says he: This is from Mrs. *Furbish* to my Lady, an old School-Fellow and great Crony of her Ladyship's, and this the Answer. I enquired in what Country she lived. Oh dear! says he, but just by in the Neighbourhood. Why, she was here all this Morning, and that Letter came and was answered within these Two Hours. They have taken an odd Fancy, you must know, to call one another hard Names, but for all that they love one another hugely. By this Time the Boy returned with his Lady's humble Service to me, desiring I would excuse her, for she could not possibly see me, nor any Body else, for it was Opera Night.

Methinks, (says I) such innocent Folly as Two old Women's Courtship to each other should rather make you merry, than put you out of Humour. Peace, good *Isaac*, (says he) no Interruption I beseech you. I got soon to Mrs. *Feeble's*, she that was formerly *Betty Frisk*; you must needs remember her, *Tom. Feeble* of *Brazen-Nose* fell in Love with her for her fine Dancing.

Well,

Well, Mrs. *Ursula*, without further Ceremony, carries me directly up to her Mistress's Chamber, where I found her environ'd by Four of the most mischievous Animals that can ever infest a Family: An old Shock Dog with one Eye, a Monkey chained to one Side of the Chimney, a great grey Squirrel to the other, and a Parrat waddling in the middle of the Room. However, for a while, all was in a profound Tranquillity. Upon the Mantle-Tree, for I am a pretty curious Observer, stood a Pot of Lambetive Electuary, with a Stick of Liquorish, and near it a Phyal of Rose-Water and Powder of Tutty. Upon the Table lay a Pipe filled with Bettony and Colts-Foot, a Roll of Wax-Candle, a Silver Spitting-Pot, and a *Seville* Orange. The Lady was placed in a large Wicker Chair, and her Feet wrapped up in Flannel, supported by Cushions; and in this Attitude (would you believe it *Isaac*) was she reading a Romance with Spectacles on. The first Compliments over, as she was industriously endeavouring to enter upon Conversation, a violent Fit of Coughing seized her. This awakened Shock, and in a Trice the whole Room was in an Uproar; for the Dog barked, the Squirrel squealed, the Monkey chattered, the Parrat screamed, and *Ursula*, to appease them, was more clamorous than all the rest. You *Isaac*, who know how any harsh Noise affects my Head, may guess what I suffered from the hideous Din of these discordant Sounds. At length all was appeased, and Quiet restored: A Chair was drawn for me, where I was no sooner seated, but the Parrat fixed his Horny Beak, as sharp as a Pair of Sheers, in one of my Heels, just above the Shoe. I sprung from the Place with an unusual Agility, and so being within the Monkey's Reach, he snatches off my new Bob Wig, and throws it upon Two Apples that were roasting by a sullen Sea-Coal Fire. I was

nimble enough to save it from any further Damage than singeing the Foretop. I put it on, and composing my self as well as I could, I drew my Chair towards the other Side of the Chimney. The good Lady, as soon as she had recovered Breath, employed it in making a Thousand Apologies, and with great Eloquence, and a numerous Train of Words, lamented my Misfortune. In the middle of her Harangue, I felt something scratching near my Knee, and feeling what it should be, found the Squirrel had got into my Coat-Pocket. As I endeavoured to remove him from his Burrow, he made his Teeth meet through the Fleshy Part of my Fore-Finger. This gave me an unexpressible Pain. The *Hungary* Water was immediately brought to bath it, and Gold-beaters Skin applied to stop the Blood. The Lady renewed her Excuses; but being now out of all Patience, I abruptly took my Leave, and hobbling down Stairs with heedless Hast, I set my Foot full in a Pail of Water, and down we came to the Bottom together. Here my Friend concluded his Narrative, and, with a composed Countenance, I began to make him Compliments of Condoleance; but he started from his Chair, and said, *Isaac*, you may spare your Speeches, I expect no Reply: When I told you this, I knew you would laugh at me; but the next Woman that makes me ridiculous shall be a young one.

The

The TATLER. [N° 267.

Qui Genus humanum Ingenio superavit, & omnes
Restinxit Stellas, exortus uti Aerius Sol. Lucr.

From *Thursd.* *Dec.* 21. to *Saturd.* *Dec.* 23. 1710.

From my own Apartment, December 22.

I Have heard, that it is a Rule among the Conventuals of several Orders in the *Romish* Church, to shut themselves up at a certain Time of the Year, not only from the World in general, but from the Members of their own Fraternity, and to pass away several Days by themselves in settling Accounts between their Maker and their own Souls, in cancelling unrepented Crimes, and renewing their Contracts of Obedience for the future. Such stated Times for particular Acts of Devotion, or the Exercise of certain religious Duties, have been enjoined in all civil Governments, whatever Deity they worshipped, or whatever Religion they professed. That which may be done at all Times, is often totally neglected and forgotten, unless fixed and determined to some Time more than another; and therefore, though several Duties may be suitable to every Day of our Lives, they are most likely to be performed if some Days are more particularly set apart for the Practice of them. Our Church has accordingly instituted several Seasons of Devotion, when Time, Custom, Prescription, and (if I may so say) the Fashion it self, call upon a Man to be serious and attentive to the great End of his Being.

I have hinted in some former Papers, that the greatest and wisest of Men in all Ages and Countries, particularly in *Rome* and *Greece*, were renowned for their Piety and Virtue. It is now my Intention to show how those in our own Nation, that have been unquestionably the most eminent for Learning and Knowledge, were likewise the most eminent for their Adherence to the Religion of their Country.

I might produce very shining Examples from among the Clergy; but because Priestcraft is the common Cry of every cavelling empty Scribbler, I shall show, that all the Laymen who have exerted a more than ordinary Genius in their Writings, and were the Glory of their Times, were Men whose Hopes were filled with Immortality, and the Prospect of future Rewards, and Men who lived in a dutiful Submission to all the Doctrines of Revealed Religion.

I shall in this Paper only instance Sir *Francis Bacon*, a Man who for the Greatness of Genius, and Compass of Knowledge, did Honour to his Age and Country. I could almost say to Humane Nature it self. He possessed at once all those extraordinary Talents which were divided amongst the greatest Authors of Antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive Knowledge of *Aristotle*, with all the beautiful Lights, Graces and Embellishments, of *Cicero*. One does not know which to admire most in his Writings, the Strength of Reason, Force of Style, or Brightness of Imagination.

This Author has remarked in several Parts of his Works, that a thorough Insight into Philosophy makes a good Believer, and that a Smattering in it naturally produces such a Race of despicable Infidels as the little profligate Writers of the present Age, whom (I must confess) I have always accused to my self, not so much for their Want of Faith as their Want of Learning.

I was

I was infinitely pleased to find among the Works of this extraordinary Man a Prayer of his own composing, which, for the Elevation of Thought, and Greatness of Expression, seems rather the Devotion of an Angel than a Man. His principal Fault seems to have been the Excess of that Virtue which covers a Multitude of Faults. This betrayed him to so great an Indulgence towards his Servants, who made a corrupt Use of it, that it strip'd him of all those Riches and Honours which a long Series of Merits had heaped upon him. But in this Prayer, at the same Time that we find him prostrating himself before the great Mercy-Seat, and humbled under Afflictions which at that Time lay heavy upon him, we see him supported by the Sense of his Integrity, his Zeal, his Devotion, and his Love to Mankind, which give him a much higher Figure in the Minds of Thinking Men, than that Greatness had done from which he was fallen. I shall beg Leave to write down the Prayer it self, with the Title to it, as it was found among his Lordship's Papers, written in his own Hand; not being able to furnish my Reader with an Entertainment more suitable to this solemn Time.

A Prayer or Psalm made by my Lord Bacon, *Chancellor of* England.

' MOST gracious Lord God, my merciful
' Father; from my Youth up my Creator,
' my Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord,
' soundest and searchest the Depths and Secrets
' of all Hearts; Thou acknowledgest the Up-
' right of Heart; Thou judgest the Hypocrite;
' Thou ponderest Men's Thoughts and Doings as
' in a Ballance; Thou measurest their Intentions
' as with a Line; Vanity and crooked Ways
' cannot be hid from Thee.

' Remem-

‘ Remember, O Lord! how thy Servant hath walked before thee; remember what I have firſt ſought, and what hath been principal in my Intentions. I have loved thy Aſſemblies, I have mourned for the Diviſions of thy Church, I have delighted in the Brightneſs of thy Sanctuary. This Vine which thy Right Hand hath planted in this Nation, I have ever prayed unto Thee that it might have the firſt and the latter Rain, and that it might ſtretch her Branches to the Seas, and to the Floods. The State and Bread of the Poor and Oppreſſed have been precious in mine Eyes; I have hated all Cruelty and Hardneſs of Heart; I have (though in a deſpiſed Weed) procured the Good of all Men. If any have been my Enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the Sun almoſt ſet upon my Diſpleaſure; but I have been as a Dove, free from Superfluity of Malicioufneſs. Thy Creatures have been my Books, but thy Scriptures much more. I have ſought Thee in the Courts, Fields and Gardens, but I have found Thee in thy Temples.

‘ Thouſands have been my Sins, and Ten Thouſands my Tranſgreſſions, but thy Sanctifications have remained with me, and my Heart (through thy Grace) hath been an unquenched Coal upon thine Altar.

‘ O Lord, my Strength! I have ſince my Youth met with Thee in all my Ways, by thy Fatherly Compaſſions, by thy comfortable Chaſtiſements, and by thy moſt viſible Providence. As thy Favours have increaſed upon me, ſo have thy Corrections; ſo as Thou haſt been always near me, O Lord! And ever as my Worldly Bleſſings were exalted, ſo ſecret Darts from Thee have pierced me; and when I have aſcended before Men, I have deſcended in Humiliation before Thee. And now when I thought moſt of Peace and Honour, thy Hand

'is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to thy former loving Kindneſs, keeping me ſtill in thy Fatherly School, not as a Baſtard, but as a Child. Juſt are thy Judgments upon me for my Sins, which are more in Number than the Sands of the Sea, but have no Proportion to thy Mercies; for what are the Sands of the Sea? Earth, Heavens, and all theſe, are nothing to thy Mercies. Beſides my innumerable Sins, I confeſs before Thee, that I am Debtor to Thee for the gracious Talent of thy Gifts and Graces, which I have neither put into a Napkin, nor put it (as I ought) to Exchangers, where it might have made beſt Profit, but miſpent it in Things for which I was leaſt fit: So I may truly ſay, my Soul hath been a Stranger in the Courſe of my Pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's Sake, and receive me unto thy Boſom, or guide me in thy Ways.

The TATLER. [N° 268.

——*O te, Bollane, Cerebri*
Felicem! Aiebam tacitus, cum quidlibet ille
Garriret.—— Hor.

From *Saturd. Dec.* 23. to *Tueſd. Dec.* 26. 1710.

From my own Apartment.

AT my coming Home laſt Night, I found upon my Table the following Petition or Project, ſent me from *Lloyd's* Coffee-houſe in the City, with a Preſent of *Port* Wine, which had

had been bought at a late Auction held in that Place.

To Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq*; *Cenſor of* Great Britain.

Lloyd's Coffee-houſe, Lombard-ſtreet, Dec. 23.

'WE the Cuſtomers of this Coffee houſe, obſerving that you have taken into your Conſideration the great Miſchiefs daily done in this City by Coffee-houſe Orators, do humbly beg Leave to repreſent to you, That this Coffee-houſe being provided with a Pulpit for the Benefit of ſuch Auctions that are frequently made in this Place, it is our Cuſtom, upon the firſt coming in of the News, to order a Youth, who officiates as the Kidney of the Coffee-houſe, to get into the Pulpit, and read every Paper with a loud and diſtinct Voice, while the whole Audience are ſipping their reſpective Liquors. We do therefore, Sir, humbly propoſe, that there be a Pulpit erected within every Coffee-houſe of this City and the adjacent Parts; That one of the Waiters of the Coffee-houſe be nominated as Reader to the ſaid Pulpit; That after the News of the Day has been publiſhed by the ſaid Lecturer, ſome Politician of good Note do aſcend into the ſaid Pulpit; and after having choſen for his Text any Article of the ſaid News, that he do eſtabliſh the Authority of ſuch Article, clear the Doubts that may ariſe thereupon, compare it with Parellel Texts in other Papers, advance upon it wholeſome Points of Doctrine, and draw from it ſalutary Concluſions for the Benefit and Edification of all that hear him. We do likewiſe humbly propoſe, That upon any ſuch Politician's quitting the Pulpit, he ſhall be ſucceeded by any other Orator that finds himſelf moved by the ſame publick Spirit, who ſhall be at full Liberty either to enforce or

over-

'overthrow what the other has ſaid before him, 'and may in the ſame Manner be ſucceeded by 'any other Politician, who ſhall with the ſame 'Liberty confirm or impugn his Reaſons, ſtrengthen 'or invalidate his Conjectures, enlarge upon 'his Schemes, or erect new ones of his own. 'We do likewiſe further propoſe, That if any 'Perſon, of what Age or Rank ſoever, do preſume 'to cavil at any Paper that has been read, 'or to hold forth upon it longer than the Space 'of one Minute, that he be immediately ordered 'up into the Pulpit, there to make good any 'Thing that he has ſuggeſted upon the Floor. 'We do likewiſe further propoſe, That if any 'one plays the Orator in the ordinary Coffee-houſe 'Converſation, whether it be upon Peace 'or War, on Plays or Sermons, Buſineſs or Poetry, 'that he be forthwith deſired to take his Place in 'the Pulpit.

'This, Sir, we humbly preſume may in a great 'Meaſure put a Stop to thoſe ſuperficial Stateſmen 'who would not dare to ſtand up in this Manner 'before a whole Congregation of Politicians, notwithſtanding 'the long and tedious Harangues 'and Diſſertations which they daily utter in private 'Circles, to the breaking of many honeſt 'Tradeſmen, the ſeducing of ſeveral eminent 'Citizens, the making of numberleſs Malecontents, 'and to the great Detriment and Diſquiet 'of Her Majeſty's Subjects.

I do heartily concur with my ingenious Friends of the above-mentioned Coffee-houſe in theſe their Propoſals; and becauſe I apprehend there may be Reaſons to put an immediate Stop to the Grievance complained of, it is my Intention, That, till ſuch Time as the aforeſaid Pulpits can be erected, every Orator do place himſelf within the Bar, and from thence dictate whatſoever he ſhall think neceſſary for the publick Good.

And further, because I am very desirous that proper Ways and Means should be found out for the suppressing of Story-Tellers and fine Talkers in all ordinary Conversation whatsoever, I do insist, That in every private Club, Company, or Meeting over a Bottle, there be always an Elbow-Chair placed at the Table, and that as soon as any one begins a long Story, or extends his Discourse beyond the Space of one Minute, he be forthwith thrust into the said Elbow Chair, unless upon any of the Company's calling out to the Chair, he breaks off abruptly, and holds his Tongue.

There are Two Species of Men, notwithstanding any Thing that has been here said, whom I would exempt from the Disgrace of the Elbow Chair. The First are those Buffoons that have a Talent of mimicking the Speech and Behaviour of other Persons, and turning all their Patrons, Friends and Acquaintance, into Ridicule. I look upon your *Pantomime* as a Legion in a Man, or at least to be like *Virgil's* Monster, with an Hundred Mouths and as many Tongues.

—— *Linguæ centum sunt, Oraque centum.*

And therefore would give him as much Time to talk in, as would be allowed to the whole Body of Persons he represents, were they actually in the Company which they divert by Proxy. Provided however, That the said *Pantomime* do not, upon any Pretence whatsoever, utter any Thing in his own particular Opinion, Language, or Character.

I would likewise in the Second Place grant an Exemption from the Elbow Chair to any Person who treats the Company, and by that Means may be supposed to pay for his Audience. A Guest cannot take it ill if he be not allowed to talk in his Turn by a Person who puts his Mouth to a better Employment, and stops it with good Beef

and

and Mutton. In this Caſe the Gueſt is very agreeably ſilenced, and ſeems to hold his Tongue under that Kind of Bribery which the Ancients called, *Bos in Lingua*.

If I can once extirpate the Race of ſolid and ſubſtantial Humdrums, I hope by my wholeſome and repeated Advices, quickly to reduce the inſignificant Tittle-tattles and Matter-of-Fact-Men that abound in every Quarter of this great City.

Epictetus, in his little Syſtem of Morality, preſcribes the following Rule with that beautiful Simplicity which ſhines through all his Precepts. *Beware that thou never tell thy Dreams in Company; for notwithſtanding thou may'ſt take a Pleaſure in Telling thy Dreams, the Company will take no Pleaſure in Hearing them.*

This Rule is conformable to a Maxim which I have laid down in a late Paper, and muſt always inculcate into thoſe of my Readers who find in themſelves an Inclination to be very talkative and impertinent, That they ſhould not ſpeak to pleaſe themſelves, but thoſe that hear them.

It has been often obſerved by witty Eſſay-Writers, That the deepeſt Waters are always the moſt ſilent; That empty Veſſels make the greateſt Sound, and tinckling Cymbals the worſt Muſick. The Marqueſs of *Hallifax*, in his admirable Advice to a Daughter, tells her, That good Senſe has always ſomething ſullen in it: But as Sullenneſs does not only imply Silence, but an ill-natured Silence, I wiſh his Lordſhip had given a ſofter Name to it. Since I am engaged unawares in Quotations, I muſt not omit the Satyr which *Horace* has written againſt this impertinent talkative Companion, and which, I think, is fuller of Humour than any other Satyr he has written. This great Author, who had the niceſt Taſt of Converſation, and was himſelf a moſt agreeable Companion, had ſo ſtrong an Antipathy to a great Talker,

Talker, that he was afraid some Time or other it would be mortal to him, as he has very humourously described it in his Conversation with an impertinent Fellow who had like to have been the Death of him.

Interpellandi Locus hic erat: Est tibi Mater,
Cognati, queis te salvo est Opus? Haud mihi quisquam:
Omnes composui. Felices, nunc ego resto.
Confice, namq; instat Fatum mihi triste Sabella,
Quod puero cecinit divinâ mota Anus Urnâ.
Hunc neque dira Venena, nec hosticus auferet Ensis,
Nec Laterum Dolor, aut Tussis, nec tarda Podagra.
Garrulus hunc quando consumet cumque: Loquaces,
Si sapiat, vitet, simul atque adoleverit Ætas.

Thus translated by Mr. *Oldham*:

' Here I got Room to interrupt: Have you
' A Mother, Sir, or Kindred living now?
' Not one, they all are dead. Troth, so I guess,
' The happier they (said I) who are at Rest.
' Poor I am only left unmurder'd yet:
' Hast, I beseech you, and dispatch me quite,
' For I am well convinc'd my Time is come;
' When I was young, a Gipsy told my Doom.
' This Lad (said she, and looked upon my Hand)
' Shall not by Sword or Poison come to's End,
' Nor by the Fever, Dropsy, Gout, or Stone;
' But he shall die by an eternal Tongue:
' Therefore, when he's grown up, if he be wise,
' Let him avoid great Talkers, I advise.

The

The TATLER. [Nº 269.

——— *Hæ Nugæ seria ducunt*
In mala. ——— Hor.

From *Tuesday Dec.* 26. to *Thursday Dec.* 28. 1710.

From my own Apartment, December 27.

I Find my Correspondents are universally offended at me for taking Notice so seldom of their Letters, and fear People have taken the Advantage of my Silence to go on in their Errors; for which Reason I shall hereafter be more careful to answer all lawful Questions and just Complaints as soon as they come to my Hands. The Two following Epistles relate to very great Mischiefs in the most important Articles of Life, Love, and Friendship.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*, *Dorsetshire, Decemb.* 20.

'TIS my Misfortune to be enamoured of a 'Lady that is neither very beautiful, very 'witty, nor at all well-natured; but has the Va-'nity to think she excels in all these Qualifica-'tions, and therefore is cruel, insolent, and scorn-'ful. When I study to please her, she treats me 'with the utmost Rudeness and ill Manners: If 'I approach her Person, she fights, she scratches 'me: If I offer a civil Salute, she bites me; inso-'much, that very lately, before a whole Assem-'bly of Ladies and Gentlemen, she rip'd out a 'considerable Part of my Left Cheek. This is no 'sooner done, but she begs my Pardon in the 'most handsome and becoming Terms imagina-'ble, gives her self worse Language than I could

find

'find in my Heart to do, lets me embrace her to 'pacify her while she is railing at her self, pro-'tests she deserves the Esteem of no one living, 'says I am too good to contradict her when she 'thus accuses her self. This attones for all; 'tempts me to renew my Addresses, which are 'ever returned in the same obliging Manner. 'Thus, without some speedy Relief, I am in 'Danger of losing my whole Face. Notwith-'standing all this, I doat upon her, and am sa-'tisfied she loves me, because she takes me for 'a Man of Sense, which I have been generally 'thought, except in this one Instance. Your Re-'flections upon this strange Amour would be very 'useful in these Parts, where we are over-run 'with wild Beauties and Romps. I earnestly beg 'your Assistance, either to deliver me from the 'Power of this unaccountable Inchantment, or, 'by some proper Animadversions, civilize the Be-'haviour of this agreeable Rustick. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Ebenezer.

Mr. *Bickerstaff,*

'I Now take Leave to address you in your Cha-'racter of Censor, and complain to you, That 'among the various Errors in Conversation which 'you have corrected, there is one which, tho' it 'has not escap'd a general Reproof, yet seems to 'deserve a more particular Severity. 'Tis an Hu-'mour of jesting on disagreeable Subjects, and in-'sisting on the Jest, the more it creates Uneasi-'ness; and this some Men think they have a Ti-'tle to do as Friends. Is the Design of Jesting to 'provoke? Or does Friendship give a Privilege 'to say Things with a Design to shock? How 'can that be call'd a Jest, which has nothing in it 'but Bitterness? 'Tis generally allow'd necessary,

'for

'for the Peace of Company, that Men ſhould a
'little ſtudy the Tempers of each other; but cer-
'tainly that muſt be in order to ſhun what's of-
'fenſive, not to make it a conſtant Entertain-
'ment. The frequent Repetition of what appears
'harſh, will unavoidably leave a Rancour that's
'fatal to Friendſhip; and I doubt much, whether
'it would be an Argument of a Man's good Hu-
'mour, if he ſhould be rouzed by perpetual Tea-
'zing, to treat thoſe that do it as his Enemies. In
'a Word, whereas 'tis a common Practice to let
'a Story die, meerly becauſe it does not touch, I
'think ſuch as mention one they find does, are
'as troubleſome to Society, and as unfit for it, as
'*Wags, Men of Fire, good Talkers*, or any other
'Apes in Converſation; and therefore, for the
'publick Benefit, I hope you'll cauſe them to be
'branded with ſuch a Name as they deſerve. I
'am,

S I R, Yours,

Patient Friendly.

The Caſe of *Ebenezer* is a very common one, and is always cured by Neglect. Theſe fantaſtical Returns of Affection proceed from a certain Vanity in the other Sex, ſupported by a perverted Taſt in ours. I muſt publiſh it as a Rule, That no Faults which proceed from the Will, either in a Miſtreſs or a Friend, are to be tolerated: But we ſhould be ſo complaiſant to Ladies, to let them diſpleaſe when they aim at doing it. Pluck up a Spirit, *Ebenezer*, recover the Uſe of your Judgment, and her Faults will appear, or her Beauties vaniſh. *Her Faults begin to pleaſe me as well as my own*, is a Sentence very prettily put into the Mouth of a Lover by the Comick Poet; but he never deſigned it for a Maxim of Life, but the Picture of an Imperfection. If *Ebenezer* takes my

Advice,

Advice, the ſame Temper which made her inſolent to his Love, will make her ſubmiſſive to his Indifference.

I cannot wholly aſcribe the Faults mentioned in the Second Letter to the ſame Vanity or Pride in Companions who ſecretly triumph over their Friends, in being ſharp upon them in Things where they are moſt tender. But when this ſort of Behaviour does not proceed from that Source, it does from Barrenneſs of Invention, and an Inability to ſupport a Converſation in a Way leſs offenſive. It is the ſame Poverty which makes Men ſpeak or write ſmuttily, that forces them to talk vexingly. As obſcene Language is an Addreſs to the Lewd for Applauſe, ſo are ſharp Alluſions an Appeal to the Ill-natured. But mean and illiterate is that Converſation where one Man exerciſes his Wit to make another exerciſe his Patience.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Plagius *has been told again and again, both in publick and private, That he preaches excellently well, and ſtill goes on to preach as well as ever; and all this to a polite and learned Audience; This is to deſire, That he would not hereafter be ſo eloquent, except to a Country Congregation, the Proprietors of* Tillotſon's *Works having conſulted the Learned in the Law, whether preaching a Sermon they have purchaſed, is not to be conſtrued publiſhing their Copy.*

Mr. Dogood *is deſired to conſider, that his Story is ſevere upon a Weakneſs, and not a Folly.*

The

The TATLER. [N° 270.

Cum pulchris Tunicis sumet nova Consilia & Spes.
Hor.

From *Thursday* Dec. 28. to *Saturday* Dec. 30. 1710.

From my own Apartment, December 29.

ACcording to my late Resolution, I take the Holydays to be no improper Season to entertain the Town with the Addresses of my Correspondents. In my Walks every Day there appear all round me very great Offenders in the Point of Dress. An armed Taylor had the Impudence Yesterday in the *Park* to smile in my Face, and pull off a Laced Hat to me, as it were in Contempt of my Authority and Censure. However, it is a very great Satisfaction, that other People as well as my self are offended with these Improprieties. The following Notices from Persons of different Sexes and Qualities are a sufficient Instance how useful my Lucubrations are to the Publick.

Jack's Coffee-house near Guildhall, Dec. 27.

Cousin *Bickerstaff,*

' IT has been the peculiar Blessing of our Family ' to be always above the Smiles or Frowns ' of Fortune, and by a certain Greatness of ' Mind to restrain all irregular Fondnesses or ' Passions. From hence it is, that though a long ' Decay, and a numerous Descent, have obliged ' many of our House to fall into the Arts of ' Trade and Business, no one Person of us has ' ever made an Appearance that betrayed our being unsatisfied with our own Station of Life,

' or

'or has ever affected a Mien or Gesture unsuit-
'able to it.

'You have up and down in your Writings very 'justly remarked, That it is not this or the other 'Profession or Quality among Men that gives us 'Honour and Esteem, but the well or ill beha-'ving our selves in those Characters. It is there-'fore with no small Concern, that I behold in 'Coffee-houses and publick Places my Brethren, 'the Tradesmen of this City, put off the smooth, 'even and ancient Decorum of thriving Citi-'zens, for a fantastical Dress and Figure, im-'proper for their Persons and Characters, to 'the utter Destruction of that Order and Di-'stinction which of Right ought to be between 'St. *James*'s and *Milkstreet*, the Camp and *Cheap-side*.

'I have given my self some Time to find out, 'how distinguishing the Frays in a Lot of Mus-'lins, or drawing up a Regiment of Thread 'Laces, or making a Panegyrick on Pieces of 'Sagathy or *Scotch*-Plod, should entitle a Man to 'a Laced Hat or Sword, a Wig tied up with Ri-'bands, or an embroidered Coat. The College 'say, this Enormity proceeds from a Sort of De-'lirium in the Brain, which makes it break out 'first about the Head, and, for Want of timely 'Remedies, fall upon the Left Thigh, and from 'thence in little Mazes and Windings run over 'the whole Body, as appears by pretty Orna-'ments on the Buttons, Button-holes, Garter-'ings, Sides of the Breeches, and the like. I 'beg the Favour of you to give us a Discourse 'wholly upon the Subject of Habits, which will 'contribute to the better Government of Conver-'sation amongst us, and in particular oblige,

SIR,

Your affectionate Cousin,

Felix Tranquillus.

To

To Isaac Bickerstaff *Esq*; *Censor of* Great Britain.

The humble Petition of Ralph Nab, *Haberdasher of Hats, and many other poor Sufferers of the same Trade,*

SHEWETH,

'THat for some Years last past the Use of 'Gold and Silver Galloon upon Hats has 'been almost universal, being undistinguishably 'worn by Soldiers, 'Squires, Lords, Footmen, 'Beaus, Sportsmen, Traders, Clerks, Prigs, Smarts, 'Cullies, Pretty Fellows, and Sharpers.

'That the said Use and Custom has been Two 'Ways very prejudicial to your Petitioners: *First*, 'in that it has induced Men, to the great Damage 'of your Petitioners, to wear their Hats upon 'their Heads, by which Means the said Hats last 'much longer whole than they would do if worn 'under their Arms. *Secondly*, in that very often 'a new Dressing and a new Lace supply the Place 'of a new Hat, which Grievance we are chiefly 'sensible of in the Spring-time, when the Com-'pany is leaving the Town; it so happening 'commonly, that a Hat shall frequent all Winter 'the finest and best Assemblies without any Or-'naments at all, and in *May* shall be tricked up 'with Gold or Silver to keep Company with Ru-'sticks, and ride in the Rain.

'All which Premisses your Petitioners humbly 'pray you to take into your Consideration, and 'either to appoint a Day in your *Court of Honour*, 'when all Pretenders to the Galloon may enter 'their Claims, and have them approved or re-'jected, or to give us such other Relief as to 'your great Wisdom shall seem meet.'

'And your Petitioners, *&c.*

Order my Friend near Temple-Bar, *the Author of the* Hunting-Cock, *to assist the Court when this Petition is read, of which Mr.* Lillie *to give him Notice.*

To Isaac Bickerstaff *Esq*; *Censor of* Great Britain.

The humble Petition of Elizabeth Slender, *Spinster*;

SHEWETH,

'THat on the 20th of this Instant *December*, ' her Friend *Rebecca Hive* and your Peti- ' tioner walking in the *Strand*, saw a Gentleman ' before us in a Gown, whose Periwig was so ' long and so much powder'd, that your Peti- ' tioner took Notice of it, and said, She wonder'd ' that Lawyer would so spoil a new Gown with ' Powder. To which it was answered, That he ' was no Lawyer but a Clergyman. Upon a ' Wager of a Pot of Coffee we overtook him, ' and your Petitioner was soon convinced she had ' lost.

' Your Petitioner therefore desires your Wor- ' ship to cite the Clergyman before you, and to ' settle and adjust the Length of Canonical Peri- ' wigs, and the Quantity of Powder to be made ' use of in them, and to give such other Di- ' rections as you shall think fit.

And your Petitioner, *&c.*

Q. *Whether this Gentleman be not Chaplain to a Regiment, and in such Case allow Powder accordingly?*

After all that can be thought on these Subjects, I must confess, That the Men who dress with a certain Ambition to appear more than they are, are much more excusable than those who betray, in the adorning their Persons, a secret Vanity and Inclination to shine in Things, wherein if they did succeed, it would rather lessen than advance their Character. For this Reason I am more provoked at the Allegations relating to the Clergyman, than any other hinted at in these Complaints. I have indeed a long Time with much Concern observed abundance of *Pretty Fellows* in Sacred Orders,

Orders, and shall in due Time let them know, that I pretend to give *Ecclesiastical* as well as *Civil* Censures. A Man well bred and well dressed in that Habit, adds to the Sacredness of his Function and Agreeableness not to be met with among the Laity. I own I have spent some Evenings among the Men of Wit of that Profession with an inexpressible Delight. Their habitual Care of their Character gives such a Chastisement to their Fancy, that all which they utter in Company is as much above what you meet with in other Conversations, as the Charms of a modest are superior to those of a light Woman. I therefore earnestly desire our young Missionaries from the Universities to consider where they are, and not dress, and look, and move like young Officers. It is no Disadvantage to have a very handsome white Hand; but were I to preach Repentance to a Gallery of Ladies, I would, methinks, keep my Gloves on. I have an unfeigned Affection to the Class of Mankind appointed to serve at the Altar, therefore am in Danger of running out of my Way, and growing too serious on this Occasion; for which Reason I shall end with the following Epistle, which, by my Interest in *Tom. Trot* the Penny-Post, I procured a Copy of.

To the Rev. Mr. Ralph Incense, *Chaplain to the Countess Dowager of* Brumpton.

SIR,

'I Heard and saw you preach last *Sunday*. I 'am an ignorant young Woman, and under-'stood not half you said: But ah! Your Manner, 'when you held up both your Hands toward our 'Pew! Did you design to win me to Heaven or 'your self?

Your humble Servant,

Penitence Gentle.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Mr. Proctorstaff *of* Clare-Hall *in* Cambridge, *is received as a Kinsman, according to his Request bearing Date the 20th Instant.*

The Distressed Son of Æsculapius *is desired to be more particular.*

The TATLER. [N° 271.

From *Saturday Dec.* 30. to *Tuesday Jan.* 2. 1710.

THE Printer having informed me, That there are as many of these Papers printed as will make Four Volumes, I am now come to the End of my Ambition in this Matter, and have nothing further to say to the World, under the Character of *Isaac Bickerstaff*. This Work has indeed for some Time been disagreeable to me, and the Purpose of it wholly lost by my being so long understood as the Author. I never designed in it to give any Man any secret Wound by my Concealment, but spoke in the Character of an old Man, a Philosopher, an Humorist, an Astrologer, and a Censor, to allure my Reader with the Variety of my Subjects, and insinuate, if I could, the Weight of Reason with the Agreeableness of Wit. The general Purpose of the whole has been to recommend Truth, Innocence, Honour, and Virtue, as the chief Ornaments of Life; but I considered, that Severity of Manners was absolutely necessary to him who would censure others, and for that Reason, and that only, chose to talk in a Mask. I shall not carry my Humility so far as to call my self a vicious Man; but at the same Time must confess, my Life is at best but pardonable. And with no greater Character

than

than this, a Man would make but an indifferent Progreſs in attacking prevailing and faſhionable Vices, which Mr. *Bickerſtaff* has done with a Freedom of Spirit that would have loſt both its Beauty and Efficacy, had it been pretended to by Mr. *Steele.*

As to the Work it ſelf, the Acceptance it has met with is the beſt Proof of its Value; but I ſhould err againſt that Candour which an honeſt Man ſhould always carry about him, if I did not own, that the moſt approved Pieces in it were written by others, and thoſe which have been moſt excepted againſt by my ſelf. The Hand that has aſſiſted me in thoſe noble Diſcourſes upon the Immortality of the Soul, the glorious Proſpects of another Life, and the moſt ſublime Idea's of Religion and Virtue, is a Perſon who is too fondly my Friend ever to own them; but I ſhould little deſerve to be his, if I uſurped the Glory of them. I muſt acknowledge at the ſame Time, that I think the fineſt Strokes of Wit and Humour in all Mr. *Bickerſtaff*'s Lucubrations are thoſe for which he is alſo beholden to him.

As for the Satyrical Parts of theſe Writings, thoſe againſt the Gentlemen who profeſs Gaming are the moſt licentious; but the main of them I take to come from loſing Gameſters, as Invectives againſt the Fortunate; for in very many of them, I was very little elſe but the Tranſcriber. If any have been more particularly marked at, ſuch Perſons may impute it to their own Behaviour, (before they were touched upon) in publickly ſpeaking their Reſentment againſt the Author, and profeſſing they would ſupport any Man who ſhould inſult him. When I mention this Subject, I hope Major-General *Davenport*, Brigadier *Biſſet*, and my Lord *Forbes*, will accept of my Thanks for their frequent good Offices, in profeſſing their Readineſs to partake any Danger

that ſhould befal me in ſo juſt an Undertaking, as the Endeavour to baniſh Fraud and Couzenage from the Preſence and Converſation of Gentlemen.

But what I find is the leaſt excuſable Part of all this Work is, That I have, in ſome Places in it, touched upon Matters which concern both the Church and State. All I ſhall ſay for this is, That the Points I alluded to are ſuch as concerned every Chriſtian and Freeholder in *England*; and I could not be cold enough to conceal my Opinion on Subjects which related to either of thoſe Characters. But Politicks apart. I muſt confeſs, it has been a moſt exquiſite Pleaſure to me to frame Characters of Domeſtick Life, and put thoſe Parts of it which are leaſt obſerved into an agreeable View; to enquire into the Seeds of Vanity and Affectation, to lay before my Readers the Emptineſs of Ambition: In a Word, to trace Humane Life through all its Mazes and Receſſes, and ſhow much ſhorter Methods than Men ordinarily practiſe, to be happy, agreeable, and great.

But to enquire into Men's Faults and Weakneſſes has ſomething in it ſo unwelcome, that I have often ſeen People in Pain to act before me, whoſe Modeſty only make them think themſelves liable to Cenſure. This, and a Thouſand other nameleſs Things, have made it an irkſome Task to me to perſonate Mr. *Bickerſtaff* any longer; and I believe it does not often happen, that the Reader is delighted where the Author is diſpleaſed.

All I can now do for the further Gratification of the Town, is to give them a faithful Index and Explication of Paſſages and Alluſions, and ſometimes of Perſons intended in the ſeveral ſcattered Parts of the Work. At the ſame Time, the ſucceeding Volumes ſhall diſcover which of the whole have been written by me, and which

by

by others, and by whom, as far as I am able, or permitted.

Thus I have voluntarily done what I think all Authors ſhould do when call'd upon. I have publiſhed my Name to my Writings, and given my ſelf up to the Mercy of the Town (as *Shakeſpear* expreſſes it) with all my Imperfections on my Head. The indulgent Readers

Moſt Obliged,

Moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant,

Richard Steele.

The End of the Fourth Volume.

AN
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